

# *The Church Missionary Gleaner*

Church Missionary Society













THE

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# CHURCH MISSIONARY

## GLEANER.

1850—1851.



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A SHEAF OF THE FIRST-FRUITS.

LEV. XXIII. 10.  
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THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



NATIVES OF ABBEOKUTA.

#### A FEW WORDS TO OUR READERS.

IT is painful to remember how many millions there are of our fellow men who are suffering, not from a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but a famine of hearing the words of the Lord. A famine of bodily food is most fearful. When the rice crops have failed in India, or the potato crops in Ireland, the scenes of distress which have followed have been sad indeed. Who could be present in the midst of a suffering people, and refuse to help to the utmost of his power? But when the bread of life is withheld from men, do their souls suffer less than their bodies when they are destitute of needful food? Does not the sickness of the soul, the pestilence of sin, rage fearfully wherever the bread of life is wanting? And is it not true that the sickness of sin, if not healed, is indeed a sickness unto death?

Shall we behold unmoved the misery of man, the darkness which covers the earth, and the gross darkness the people? How necessary that they should be more felt for, that they should be helped more willingly! And this is the object of the present Publication, the first Number of which we now present, to bring before our readers some of the realities of distant lands, that they may have an opportunity of comparing the condition of their inhabitants with our own. How great the difference between the English Christian on the tranquil Sunday morning, going with his family to Church—the full Congregation, the sounds of prayer and praise, the welcome Gospel coming with such refreshing power on the soul—and the dark deeds of heathen lands, the war Chief leading forth his followers to strife and bloodshed, the cruel murders, the cannibal feasts! How different the scenes that are going forward on the same day in different portions of the earth! When we find our own spiritual privileges welcome, how slow we are to think of the numbers who have none! How little we have of the mind of Him, who, when He was in glory, thought of those who were in sorrow; and though He was rich, yet for our sakes became He poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich.

But we would wish to bring before our readers, not only what is sorrowful, but what is encouraging and joyous. We would tell what God has done among the Heathen; that He has done great things for us, whereof we are glad. The means we have used, and the efforts we have made, God has blessed beyond all we could have expected. Missionaries have been sent out to distant lands, and light has been kindled where there was none. Sinners have been converted, and souls have been saved. Congregations have been collected, and they who wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way, who found no city to dwell in, have found Him who is as “the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.” There are bright specks

on the dark wastes of Heathenism: there are the Missionary Stations where the Gospel is beginning to shine. How bright they seem amidst the gloom around! And at these places many wonderful things are going forward, of which no English Christian ought to be ignorant. We would wish to bring near these happy scenes, to make more fully known what is so delightful and encouraging.

Such are the objects we propose. We would glean here and there from the wide field of Missionary labour. We do not promise more than gleanings. Still, we have eaten good bread made of the gleanings of the corn-field; and when the field of Missionary information has been reaped for our larger publications, we doubt not that more than enough will remain for the benefit of this.

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#### OUR MISSION AMONG THE YORUBAS.

THERE is no part of the world which has a stronger claim on the pity of Englishmen than Africa. In every portion of the earth, man, left to himself, without light from above, grows worse and worse: horrible superstitions get power over him, and he is drawn away into fearful crimes. But Africa has been a sufferer, not only from the evils which have arisen from the corrupt hearts of her own children, but from evils which have come upon her from without. The slave-trade did not *begin* with the Native: he was taught it by others. The Moors on the north, and White Men on the western shore, taught him to be a man-stealer. At first he was averse to such a traffic. He would have preferred to give his ivory, or indigo, or gold-dust, in exchange for the European goods which he wished to have; but the trader's law was—Slaves, or no trade; and the temptation was too strong for him; and thus Africa has been for ages wasted with the slave-trade. Its working on the coast has been felt far in the interior, and has made nations to sorrow who have never seen a White Man.

As the Sheik of Bournu said to Major Denham twenty-five years ago, "You say true, we are all the sons of one father. You say, also, that the sons of Adam should not sell one another, and you know every thing: God has given you great talents. But what are we to do? The Arabs who come here will have nothing else but slaves."

Perhaps there are few of the African nations which have suffered more severely from the effects of the slave-trade than the Yorubas. They were once the most populous and powerful nation of Western Africa, even more so than Dahomey, which is now in great strength. But the slave-trade has wasted them.

The slave-dealers began to frequent their coasts, and the people began to taste the profit of slave-dealing. They had now the opportunity of having European goods, if they could only find the means of purchasing them. About the year 1817 tribe rose against tribe, and they began to wage deadly feuds with each other.

Petty quarrels, like sparks falling among combustibles, kindled bitter wars. The worst people in the country, uniting in a strong body, went from place to place, attacking one town after another, until the whole country was in disorder. The prisoners were driven down to the sea-shore and sold as slaves. The part of the Yoruba kingdom which suffered most from these causes is the Egba province, which lies between the Kong mountains and the sea-shore. It used to have a King, who was subject to the King of Yoruba ; but the town where he resided, called Ake, was ruined in these times of trouble, and since then the Egbas have had no King.

It pleased God, in His providence, that many of the Yorubas, who had thus been sold as slaves out of their country, should be brought to Sierra Leone. The Rev. Samuel Crowther was one of the first of these. He reached Sierra Leone in the year 1822. He did not come from the Egba province, but from Eyó, the upper part of the Yoruba kingdom, beyond the Kong mountains. The wars in this part of the kingdom commenced before those in the Egba province. Mr. Crowther was soon followed by very many others of his own nation, and especially, after a time, from the Egba province. These people were thus brought within the reach of Christian instruction. Heathen in their own country, they had now the opportunity of learning Christ, and many of them did so : they became sincere Christians ; and as Christianity, whenever it obtains influence over a man, and becomes the religion of his heart, wonderfully changes him for the better, they became very different from what they would have been had they continued in their own heathen land.

Meanwhile, in the Egba province a new town had been commenced. Several of the Egbas had fled for security to a rocky lonely place called Olumo. Here, under a great rock,\* was a large cave, where they hid themselves, living as well as they could on roots, and such wild animals as they could catch. Others found out the same hiding-place ; and, as their numbers increased, they built a town around the rock, which they called Abbe-okuta, or Under-stone. When their enemies heard this, they came to fight with them ; but they defended themselves valiantly, and the population of Abbeokuta continued to increase.

In the year 1839 some of the Egbas went back to their own country, and sent to Sierra Leone such encouraging accounts of what they had seen at Abbeokuta, that many were persuaded to follow them. The pious Yorubas in the Colony also wished to go back to their own land. They remembered the relatives and friends from whom they had been separated, and hoped to find them again. They were long prevented from returning, by a dread of losing their Christian privileges ; and often, with tears in their eyes,

\* An Engraving of this rock is given in the Church Missionary Paper for Lady-Day 1850.

they begged that a Missionary might be sent with them. At last their entreaties prevailed. The Rev. H. Townsend was sent, in the year 1842-43, to examine what encouragement there was for the commencement of a new Mission, and his report was so favourable, that a Yoruba Mission was begun. Our Missionaries, after long delay on the sea-coast, in consequence of fresh wars which had broken out, reached Abbeokuta in 1846.

Mr. Townsend, when he lately visited England, published some engravings of the people of Abbeokuta, their customs and idolatries, accompanied with notes of explanation.\* Our Frontispiece is one of them. It represents a group of Abbeokuta people, and the different dresses worn by men and women. The figures are thus described by Mr. Townsend—

The figure in the centre is dressed in short trousers, and a sort of white frock without sleeves, adorned with braiding disposed in fanciful forms. This garment is made of a strong material, and commonly worn by those engaged in the active business of life. The cap resembles an English hat without the brim, and is such as is commonly worn.

The figure to the left wears a large cloth of ample size, passed over the left shoulder, under the right arm, over the breast, and then again over the left shoulder, terminating at the back, and leaving the right arm at liberty. This cloth is not fastened, but is merely held together by the left arm, and frequently needs re-adjustment. Old and respectable men usually shave their heads, and wear no covering on them, except occasionally a sort of handkerchief, which is laid flat on the head.

The female figure on the right is attired in two or three cloths, tied round the body under the arms: in her left hand is a small calabash. The women frequently go about without a head-dress; but sometimes wear a piece of narrow cloth tied round the head in a knot behind, the ends of which are fringed, and hang down to the back, forming a sort of tiara. They take great pride in plaiting their hair, in which they display much neatness and taste.

Both males and females are fond of adorning themselves with beads, metal armlets and ankle rings: they also tattoo the face and various parts of the body, each family or tribe possessing a mark of its own.

At the end of three years we find that this new Mission in its growth has surpassed all we could have hoped for. What can be more encouraging than the following account, which we lately received from Mr. Crowther—

*Aug. 3, 1849*—This Mission is to-day three years old; and if we look back during that period, we have much cause for thankfulness for the protecting care of our Heavenly Father in the midst of superstitious enemies who would have swallowed us up, or driven us from the field. What has God wrought during this short interval of conflict between light and darkness! At the lowest calculation, we have 500 constant attendants or the Means of Grace, about 80 Communicants, and nearly 200 Candi-

\* Published by G. Townsend, 5, Bear Street, Exeter. The Engraving mentioned at the foot of the opposite page was also copied from Mr. Townsend's Engravings.

dates for Baptism and the Lord's Supper. A great number of Heathen have ceased worshipping their country gods: others have cast theirs away altogether, and are not far from enlisting themselves as soldiers to serve under the banner of Christ. The Gospel has been preached nearly in all the remote ends of this extensive town. The religion of Christ becomes a topic of conversation and discussion in their war expeditions, in the farms, and in markets remote from this place.

Thus there is a dawn of hope for this distracted country. The Gospel alone can give the Yorubas continued peace. Without this the same causes will produce the same results, and towns rise out of their ruins only to be again destroyed. The same bad practices which brought down all these evils on their country are still pursued by a large portion of the Abbeokuta people. They love to make war and capture slaves. But the Gospel is contending with these evils; and there are very many among the Chiefs and people who are convinced that all such practices must recoil on themselves, and who are becoming more and more resolute in opposing them. May He who said to the winds and waves, Peace, be still, and there was a great calm, by the power of His Gospel calm men's minds, and give peace to Yoruba.



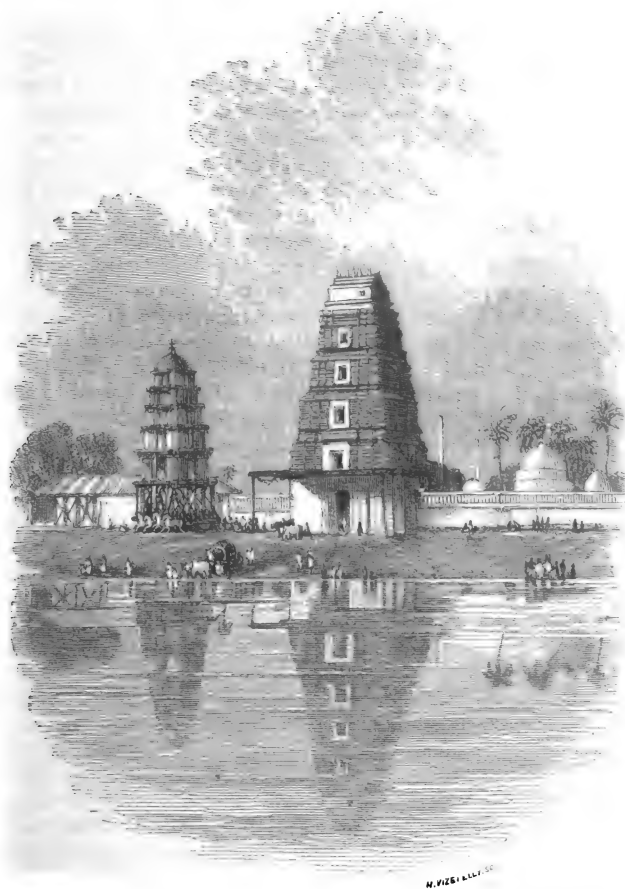
#### CULLAPILLY, IN THE TELUGU COUNTRY.

THE Memoir of the late Rev. Henry Watson Fox, B.A., Missionary to the Telugu people, South India, and afterward Assistant Secretary to the Church Missionary Society, has just issued from the Press. It is a deeply-interesting and instructive book, which we would strongly recommend every one to read who has the opportunity of doing so; interesting, because full of descriptions of Missionary life and labour among a nation—the Telugus—of whom we knew little, and, so far as the Church of England is concerned, had done nothing, until the Rev. Messrs. Noble and Fox reached Masulipatam, their chief town, in 1841; and instructive, because it makes us acquainted with a Christian of no ordinary devotedness, one who could say, like Peter of old, "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee." Through the kindness of the publishers of this valuable Memoir, Messrs. Seeley, we have been permitted to introduce one of its Engravings, the Goparam or gateway of the temple at Cullapilly, with the idol car. Cullapilly is a considerable village, about twelve miles due south of Masulipatam, on the northern branch of the river Kistna. It is dedicated to the god Siva, under his common name of Nagavara-waka, or the lord of snakes. Mr. Fox went there in 1847, on the occasion of the great annual bathing festival, which takes place on Siva-râtri or Siva night. He thus describes his visit, and what he witnessed of the practices of a people who seemed to be mad on their idolatry—

As I neared the place I had no difficulty in discerning my way, for I



found crowds of people streaming in from all directions along the main path; and for the last two miles I was continually passing a string of people trudging to the festival, the majority on foot, and a few in common bullock-carts. There were old and young, the tottering and bent figure of the old woman, and little children toddling alongside their parents, or carried on their sides. There was about an equal number of men and women, but nearly all were of a poor and shabby appearance. On reaching Cullapilly, I found the pagoda very prettily situated on the side of a tank full of water-lilies, both red and white, and the whole place alive with the visitors to the festival.



After giving directions about the pitching of my tent on the bund (embankment) of the tank, about a quarter of a mile from the pagoda, I rode down toward the river, which lies at about half-a-mile distance from the village. There was a solid stream of people the whole distance—a few returning from the water-side, but the majority on their way thither; and

already I could hear the roar of the voices of the multitude engaged in their ablutions, and the occasional screechings and drummings of music proceeding from them. As we drew near to the river we passed several small raree-shows, consisting each of a box, gaily painted with strange figures, and opening with folding doors so as to display inside the tawdry image of either Vishnu or Siva: these were placed in the road by their owners, who stood by begging for money. When I asked some of them why they provided mere toys for worship, instead of serving God, they made the common answer of patting their stomach, to show that it was their livelihood. There was also a large number of clamorous beggars, lining one side of the road for the distance of about a quarter of a mile: each beggar spread out a long cloth or mat by the roadside, and as the people came back from the river they threw a few grains of rice, or now and then a single chili, or less frequently, a cowrie-shell—in value about one fiftieth of a farthing—on each cloth; so that there was a prospect of two or three handfuls of rice being gathered from each cloth. I found the crowd of bathers lining the river-side for a distance of six hundred yards, or half a mile: in the river itself stood hundreds in the act of bathing. The process appeared to be generally of this kind: the party, after scrambling down the steep and slippery bank, proceeded into the water till a little beyond the knees, of course without removing any part of their dress. Some friend commenced by pouring a number of potfuls of the water over their heads and backs; then there was the raising of a little of the water to the mouth in the two hands, and drinking it; then the throwing two or three handfuls of water upward by way of libation; then some over the head backwards; and then plunging the whole body several times in the water. Men and women were mingled together promiscuously. I stood watching them for a considerable time. The noise of so many voices rendered conversation of scarcely any use; so I was a silent observer of many hundreds going through a ceremony which they all believe to acquire for them a great amount of religious merit, and which many believe removes their sin. I saw two or three men with little baskets, which they took into the water with them, and dipped in the water. On inquiry, I found that the basket contained the little household god of the party, an image a few inches long.

On my return I found a boy going about chaunting and begging, with a long wire thrust through both his cheeks. Siva is the bloody deity, and it is in honour of him or his wife that cuttings and mutilations are made. This is the only one I have seen to-day; but I am told this evening, that, near the temple, there are some men cutting themselves and piercing their flesh. As I returned, I found the same close streams of people still moving down to the river: there could not have been less than four or five thousand in all, either on the river banks or on the way thither, during the three-quarters of an hour that I was there. There were about twenty bullock-carts, covered with mats, in which women of the wealthier class changed their dress, and about a dozen palanquins, in which those who could afford the expense had come to the festival; but the mass were on foot. Before I left Masulipatam I was told that not many people of wealth come out to this festival, on account of the sums they are expected to expend in case they do so. I found this to be the case: the majority of the visitors seem to be of the lower classes. On coming back

I found a considerable part of the road leading to the temple lined with temporary booths for the sale of toys, bangles, ornaments, or simple articles of food. The booths reminded me much, as indeed did much of the scene beside, of the outskirts of an English race-course: of course the booths had no table, or any thing to raise them from the ground: they consisted of a few sticks so arranged as to allow a cloth or mat to be stretched on them, which sheltered the seller and his goods from the sun. I was glad to take rest and get my breakfast in my tent. It was not long before all the neighbourhood was covered with groups of people cooking their food, eating it, or lying down to sleep after it; for out of the six or seven thousand strangers who have come for this occasion, none seem to have any place to lodge in: the open field is their parlour and their bedroom. The continual noise of their talking, and the unceasing hummings of the large drums at the Pagoda, have been far from agreeable all day. In the afternoon, finding that no one came to my tent for conversation, I went out into the crowd, and wended my way to the temple, after two or three conversations by the way. The people were loitering about, with no other occupation than that of a few jugglers and mountebanks to amuse them. While waiting about the temple gateway, watching the continual passing of the crowds in and out, there came forth a bridal palanquin, in which was placed a small brazen trident, eight or nine inches high, half wrapped up in cloth. This is the "Trishulam," and is, I believe, a representative of the god. By the side walked a man with a horse-hair flapper, to drive away the flies from the god. Before the palanquin went a Brahmin, who laid down on the ground, every here and there, a large leaf, and on it placed a handful of boiled rice: he was followed by a boy, who gathered leaves and rice into his basket. I found that nearly every one that went into the pagoda purchased as he went a little earthenware saucer, such as is used for a lamp, with a wick and a few drops of oil, to offer to the idol inside. There was no uproar or riot, or excitement, only a large crowd. I obtained a good many opportunities of speaking to groups of people, and two or three times went over the history of Christ as the only Saviour from sin.

I had no opposition, for which I was thankful. On returning, after about a couple of hours' ramble, I brought with me to my tent a crowd of people, and, sitting there, I continued for two hours more to talk to successive groups who sat on the ground, until I was quite tired. A good many asked for Tracts, which I supplied.

It is a serious reflection that I am here alone in the midst of Satan's kingdom: here he is rampant and triumphant. Not a soul out of the thousands here but is a sworn servant of his: he has all his own way with them, and would do his worst toward me. It is a consideration to make me run to Christ more lovingly and earnestly, as my only defence against the powerful and evil one.

Who would venture into scenes like this, without such a hiding-place and refuge? But, with Christ to run to, the Christian can say, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

## NEW ZEALAND.

NOWHERE has the power of the Gospel more remarkably displayed itself than in New Zealand. The Natives in their heathen state were accustomed to tattoo their faces. The marks once made could never be removed; and the features were disfigured, and deprived of the expression which God had put upon them. This practice in a figure explains how sin had spoiled the character of this people. The crimes they practised, war and cannibalism, made them hideous to look upon. But very many amongst them have been "transformed by the renewing of their mind:" they have put on Christ, and been renewed in knowledge, righteousness, and true holiness. A pleasing instance of this is mentioned by the Rev. R. Davis in one of his late Journals.

A Chief named Maika, of Mangakahia, together with several of his people, was baptized a year back. Anxious to see how he was getting on, Mr. Davis recently visited his Pa. He found there proofs of rapid improvement. A new, decent, slab chapel had been built, sufficient to accommodate a hundred people. Many of the Chief's young men had learned to read the Scriptures correctly; and nearly the whole of his people, both old and young, were well acquainted with the Church Catechism. A great change had taken place in the neighbourhood. Of course, like all other persons who try to do good service to Christ, he met with difficulties, which only served to show more clearly the reality of his Christian character. Some vicious young men, who had fallen away from their Christian profession, had resolved on taking possession of some rich land in the neighbourhood, which the owner, an elderly Chief and a Christian, whom Maika calls his elder brother, had kindly permitted them to cultivate for a time. The old Chief was angry; and serious consequences might have followed, had not Maika interposed. He warned his old friend that this was a device of the enemy to hinder him in his Christian course, and recommended him to suffer evil, and give up the land. The young men, ignorant of what was going forward, and supposing, from Maika's friendship for the old Chief, that he would take part with him in the quarrel, came to his place to challenge him. Maika soon undeceived them, and spoke to them most closely on their falling away.

The Society, on the occasion of the Jubilee, addressed a Letter to its Native Converts throughout the world. Amongst other places, it reached Mr. Davis's district in New Zealand. It was read to the Native Christians, who were much pleased with it, especially the Mangakahia Chief Maika, who sent back the following answer—

TO THE ELDERS OF THE CHURCH.

*Kaihohe, July 16, 1849.*

This is my love to you [in thus writing] that you may know that I love you in Jesus Christ. There is a God above who has caused my children to grow [in that which is good]. I have considered my salvation

to be of God, because His loving-kindness toward this land has been great: yes, His love to this land has been very great, and the people of this Island have been much strengthened from the clothing of the Holy Spirit. On this account my heart loves my Father which is in Heaven; because He has given, through your gracious design, [His] saving grace to this Island. It is true, it was from the Missionaries you sent that we heard the words of this salvation. And my prayer to God is, to strengthen my heart and my body by His Holy Spirit, that I may be sacred to Him, in order that I may be strong to give the saving word to my children, to my fathers, and to all the people of my place. I am well acquainted with the wickedness of the world: it is my desire to cast off the world with all its evil. Let Christ [now] be a Father to me and to my children. When I go to God [in prayer] He pours His loving-kindness into my heart: He is the spring of the water of life: these are the riches I am seeking after. As soon as I was baptized I built a House of Prayer for my people, and fenced it in: I am now waiting to receive a bell from you. Be gracious, and send a bell for the House of Prayer—a calling voice for my children both morning and evening.

Your loving Friend,

REWETI MAIKA.

The following is the reply of David Taiwanga, one of the oldest of the Christian Natives in New Zealand—

TO THE ELDERS OF THE CHURCH.

*Kaikōhe, July 12, 1849.*

It was in this the year of Jubilee that your Letter came to our Minister, Mr. Davis. He is wise in looking into our sins, and in proclaiming to us the Word of God. Mr. Marsden was the first messenger to us wicked people of New Zealand: the second messengers were Mr. Williams and Mr. Davis: these are the elders of the Church in this country. The desire of my heart with regard to your words is, that I may seriously consider them in my mind: the consideration must be an inward one. And I pray to the Father to help me—to give me earnestness in prayer to Him, and the sanctification of the Holy Spirit. I rejoice at your words, which come, through you, from the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who is the director of all things in heaven and earth. You are the sanctified people of that God. Jehovah has chosen you to devise means whereby His Word may be disseminated. My heart's desire is, to bow down and cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," a sinful man. O God, Thou hast seen, Thou knowest my ignorance, nor are my sins hid from Thee! "Search me, and see if there be any wicked way in me." I will smite upon my breast and say, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Yes, you shall behold me, and I shall behold you, at the last day, although some are living in the north, south, east, and west.

From your loving Friend,

DAVID TAIWANGA.

What a glorious moment that will be to which this faithful Christian would have us look forward, when God shall gather together in one all things in Christ!

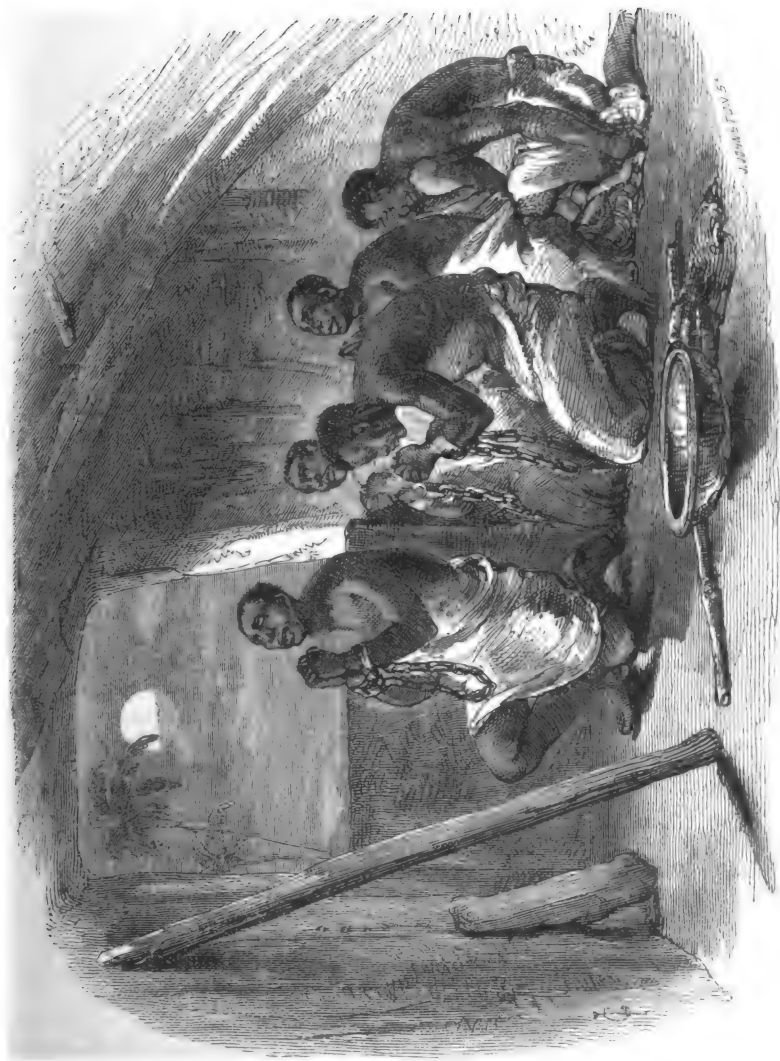
As o'er the features of the dead  
 The covering of death is spread,  
 And he who lifts that vail must see  
 Something of dread solemnity—  
 Mysterious traces which declare  
 The life is gone which once was there—  
 So, as the gloomy mists which hide  
 Far distant tribes are drawn aside,  
 And heathen nations, long conceal'd  
 From observation, stand reveal'd,  
 We see but death—the vital spark  
 Of life extinguish'd, all is dark!  
 The heav'nly love which Godward lives,  
 And while in healthful action gives  
 Superior life, this grace has fled,  
 And men are left, while living, dead!  
 Shall it not come—the glorious hour,  
 The time of manifested pow'r,  
 When, midst these gloomy graves of sin,  
 The Resurrection shall begin?  
 When the strong voice of Christ shall sound  
 Far as the world's remotest bound,  
 And nations, quicken'd by His word,  
 Rise from their sins to own their Lord?  
 Rise, Saviour, rise! ascend Thy throne,  
 And claim the nations as Thine own!  
 Put forth Thy strength, for Thou art strong:  
 Honour and pow'r to Thee belong!  
 Rend the high heav'ns! in light descend!  
 Scatter Thy foes! Thy cause defend!  
 The victim from the spoiler wrest,  
 And in Thy glory stand confess'd!  
 Thy faithful people long to see  
 Thy kingdom in its majesty;  
 The vict'ry won; the work complete;  
 And all submissive at Thy feet!  
 Then shall the world be hush'd to peace;  
 The conflict of the nations cease;  
 The crash of war, the bitter strife,  
 The stern demand of life for life,  
 Be heard no more: the angry tide  
 Of human passions all subside.  
 Idols shall then be cast away,  
 The heathen tremble and obey;  
 The East shall hasten to believe,  
 And the far West the truth receive.  
 On many a dark and distant shore,  
 Where hope had never dawn'd before,  
 O'er lonely isle and mountain height,  
 Truth shall diffuse its golden light;  
 And absolute dominion be  
 Conceded, Lord, by all to Thee!  
 Come, then, expected morn, break forth!  
 Rise from the East, refresh the North!  
 Westward and South extend Thy sway,  
 And yield us universal Day!



No. 2. NEW SERIES.]

[MAY, 1850.

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



JAMES GERBER AND HIS COMPANIONS PRAYING FOR DELIVERANCE.—*Vide* p. 22.

ADDRESS OF THE REV. W. JOWETT, AT THE OPENING OF THE  
MISSIONARIES' CHILDREN'S HOME, ISLINGTON.

THE children of our Missionaries have strong claims upon us. Some are orphans: they have neither father nor mother living, both having died in the service of the Gospel. The parents of others are in distant lands: they have been sent home, not only on account of their bodily health—which must have suffered had they been kept in the hot climates of Africa and the East—but also because the sinful examples of the heathen would have been injurious to their souls. Thus, far distant from a father's watchful eye and a mother's tender care, they are, in a certain sense, orphans even during their parents' lifetime. These lambs of His flock the good Shepherd, "who gathers the lambs in His arms, and carries them in His bosom," would have us "feed" and cherish.

At the Jubilee, the Missionaries' children were not forgotten. It was then resolved, with the blessing of God, to provide a Home for them. An excellent Clergyman and his wife, the Rev. S. H. Unwin and Mrs. Unwin, have been placed over it; and they will endeavour to be in every possible way as parents to the children. We are now enabled to present to our readers the truly paternal address of the Rev. W. Jowett on the opening of the Children's Home in March last. The portion of Scripture read on this occasion was Colossians iii. 14 to iv. 4. After a few remarks of a preliminary nature, Mr. Jowett proceeded to say—

I will first beg to throw out a few general suggestions on the position occupied by our brother and sister in Christ, Mr. and Mrs. Unwin; and then show how these suggestions are supported and strengthened by the passage of Scripture which I have just read.

1. With regard to YOUR TWO SELVES, let me briefly observe, that it is because you are one in the Lord, that the Committee have confided to you this important and interesting charge. And it is their earnest prayer, that, through the supply of the Spirit, you may be enabled to conduct the affairs of this House, as those who are perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment.

2. Next, in reference to YOUR ADOPTION OF THESE CHILDREN, let me offer a remark or two. Our desire is, that you should adopt them with a kind of parental affection. You are the Father and the Mother of this whole house. The children in it are, for the time, committed to you as *your* children. We are not ignorant of the difficulty of your maintaining this kind of affection, especially as it will sometimes be put to severe trials. There is in the heart of parents a natural affection toward their offspring, implanted by the Divine Parent of all things: and when this is violated or cast off, we deem it something perfectly unnatural. Now it is the glory of the Gospel-dispensation to have fully revealed to us, that corresponding to this instinct there may be, and there often has been, a kind of spiritual instinct, infused into the soul by the abundant influences of the Holy Spirit, leading persons to adopt others with the fulness of parental affection. Such, pre-eminently, was the

case with the Apostle Paul. He cared for the Thessalonians, as "a nurse cherisheth her children." He speaks of the Galatian converts as his "little children:" and, standing in doubt of them, he declares that he a second time travailed in birth of them. He speaks of Onesimus as a son, whom he had begotten in his bonds. And still more remarkable is his language concerning Timothy; to whom he writes (1 Tim. i. 2), calling him his own son in the faith, "a genuine son:" and more than this, he alludes to this same Timothy as being "like-minded" with himself in his love for the saints at Philippi (Phil. ii. 20), caring "naturally" (with a genuine, own love) for their state. Perhaps we may apprehend the idea more distinctly, if we take an instance in contrast—the case, namely, of Moses, the great legislator of Israel; who, under the temporary influence of impatience and irritation, even deemed that office an affliction, which was his highest honour: "Wherefore hast Thou afflicted Thy servant? . . . Have I conceived all this people? have I begotten them, that Thou shouldest say unto me, Carry them in thy bosom, as a nursing father beareth the sucking child?" "How can I myself alone bear your cumbrance and your burden, and your strife?" (Numbers xi. 11, 12. Deut. i. 12.) Thus, by contrast as well as example, you may perceive the nature of that spiritual affection, with which we trust your hearts are now adopting and embracing the young Missionary children of this Home.

3. To this let me add a remark on YOUR MANAGEMENT OF THEIR DISPOSITIONS. You will soon find that tempers, habits, and inclinations of every kind, are here collected together under your notice. Even among children of the same parents we often see dispositions wonderfully diverse. How much more may this be expected in the offspring of so many parents! I might delineate many varieties of temper; but I will notice only that some of them you will probably find so violent, that it will be no easy matter to curb them; while others will be so torpid, inert, and weakly, that it will be a difficult task to rouse them, or to have patience with them. Besides which, as they have all come into the world inheritors of our common nature, with hearts "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," you will often have to deal with that most inconvenient and unhappy temper of all, a cunning one. And all these dispositions you will find further aggravated by the circumstances through which the children have previously passed. Foreign climate will have affected them; so that you would almost be able to tell the geography of their birth from their temperament. And foreign false religions will probably have affected their minds: they will have seen and heard sights and words that do harm; sometimes infecting the tender mind with a taint or a stain, which years of education scarcely suffice effectually to remove. I can never forget the anxiety of a Missionary mother at Bombay, when, with her little boy in palanquin with her, they passed the heathen temples; and the little fellow's inquisitive mind must needs be informed, "Whose temple is this? who is in it? let me look at those figures on the wall." And then he would clap his little hands, in imitation of the cymbals; repeating, in an under tone, the name of the heathen deity, "Narayunu! Narayunu!"\* Add to all this, that the parents of these children

\* *Vide* page 30 of the "Church Missionary Record" for February 1835.

will, in some instances at least, have furnished you with a charge somewhat neglected. The fathers abroad have been too deeply absorbed in their work, or separated from the family by their journeys; the mothers may have been delicate, and too much overpowered by the climate to give due attention to the house: these various circumstances, you, dear brother and sister, will take into your view. We are persuaded that you have well studied the subject, and counted the cost of feeling which you must expend.

4. This brings me to a fourth remark, which must be touched very briefly; the necessity of your being PREPARED FOR DISCONTENTS. I allude more particularly to what the parents of these children may feel. Some may possibly be expecting that you are to make their children Missionaries: a fallacious idea, this; for grace, in general, and Missionary grace in particular, is not an inheritance. But, usually, all parents view their own offspring with partiality; and are prone to fancy that their children, if not successful, have not had their due share of attention. On this point it may suffice, by way of encouragement, to say—Use your own best judgment: serve God in truth and simplicity: consult with the Committee: and when you have satisfied your own consciences, leave consequences with God. You cannot please every body: the attempt would be vain: but you may be blameless. And it will be for your comfort, viewing the work as a whole, to fall back on that general principle, “Wisdom is justified of all her children.”

5. I might here very properly add a few remarks on the duty and privilege of your constantly committing this House to the blessing and protection of Almighty God. He is a Father! With peculiar condescension, He calls Himself the Father of the fatherless: and such, in a sense, are the children of this Home. So that you are standing, not only in the place of their natural parents, but in God’s stead for them. May He pour out abundantly His Spirit upon you all! Then shall these children “spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses. One shall say, I am the Lord’s; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel” (Isaiah xlv. 4, 5).

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

#### SWINGING-FESTIVAL AT PEDDANA, NEAR MASULIPATAM.

THROUGH the kindness of Messrs. Seeley we are enabled to introduce an engraving of this scene, from the recently-published Memoir of the Rev. H. W. Fox. The description of it has been forwarded to us by the Rev. G. T. Fox, of Durham, from amongst the unpublished papers of his brother.

On the 26th of December 1844 I left Masulipatam, and rode over to a village called Peddana, distant about five miles, for the purpose of witnessing a swinging festival which was going on there in honour of Paidamma, the Ammavaru, or village goddess.

As soon as our tent was pitched, just outside the village, my companion, Mr. B ———, and I went to look at the pagoda of the goddess, which was to be the scene of the festival. It lay about 600 yards off the village,

and was prettily situated on the raised mound of a large tank : it consisted of a small room about eight feet square, surmounted with the usual irregular dome, and had a few rude pillars in front, on which a shed might be erected. Its materials were brick and mortar, and it was altogether of a superior character to the ordinary temples of the village goddesses. Some men who were hanging about very willingly opened the low door, at our request, to let us see the idols : there were two of them, both representing the same deity. The oldest and most sacred one was a stone about three feet high by two broad, on which was rudely carved a female figure : it was at that time daubed all over with a yellow powder, and dotted with red spots, to make it look beautiful. The other image, though less sacred, was much gayer : it was a wooden figure of a woman about three feet high, and had only just come from Masulipatam, where it had been in the painter's hands, and had been freshly bedizened with every bright colour. It was dressed in a cloth like a native woman, and had a few garlands of flowers hung about its neck, and a nosegay stuck into one of its four hands. The people who showed us them maintained that these idols were the very goddess, and that she was deserving of all honour and worship.

There was no swinging all this day, nor had there been any before, though this was the fourth or fifth day of the festival, which was to last ten days. The only ceremony which took place was the sacrifice of a sheep, by cutting off its head, before the temple. On the 27th, however, about four o'clock in the afternoon, we were made aware of the approach of the swinging car by the rude music and shouting of the crowd who were accompanying it from the village. It soon made its appearance, and passed our tent in the direction of the temple : it consisted of the wheels and axle of a rude cart, with a long beam placed lengthwise across the axle to balance it, and a stout beam, ten feet high, fixed perpendicularly in the axle : across the top of this was another long beam working on a pivot, from which the victims were to be suspended. We accompanied it toward the pagoda, but found that nothing could take place until the offering of rice was ready for laying before the idols.

While this was being prepared by being boiled in four large earthen vessels, we mingled with the crowd, who amounted to about 200 persons, and talked with them about the folly and wickedness of the idol-worship. Some earnestly expressed their belief in the deity of the idols, and in the mighty power of the goddess, but the majority treated it as a laughing matter. When we urged them to abandon the worship, and particularly the brutal swinging-festival, their answer repeatedly was to this effect—“Why should *we* give it up? the Company have hitherto encouraged us in it. Till a few years ago the Collector used to give money to the festival, and gentlemen used to come out from Masulipatam, and sit down on their chairs to look at it along with us. Why should *we* give it up? Let the Government forbid it, and we will stop at once; but till they do so, why should we take any step in abandoning it?” We fell in with the man who was to be swung that evening, and used every argument to prevent him from swinging, and at times he seemed half persuaded; but he was already somewhat stupefied by liquor, and his answer was, “I have often swung before”—and so saying he showed us about a dozen scars on his back—“and besides, I have received four rupees to swing, and have already

‘drunk half of it.’ While we were talking with him, the man who was to act as executioner came up, with the hooks in his hand, to call him away to the village to prepare for the ceremony; so taking off his dress, and giving it to his daughter, a girl about twelve years old, he went away in spite of all we could say.

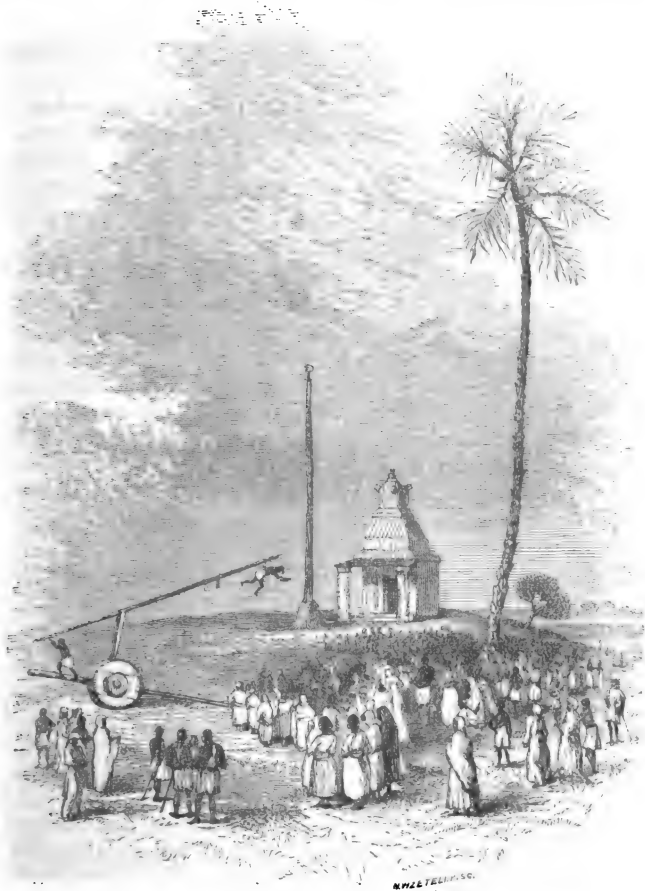
In the course of twenty minutes more the rice was ready, and laid out in a great heap upon a mat before the door of the temple; and presently the poor victim made his appearance in the distance, prepared for action. He was now rubbed all over, from the crown of his head to his feet, with turmeric—a yellow powder—and had his feet striped with red: a small cloth round his waist, and a small turban on his head, formed the whole of his dress, while round the calves of his legs were tied strings of little bells, which rattled as he moved. He came along dancing and leaping, flinging his arms and legs about like a maniac, sometimes bellowing, sometimes screeching, sometimes shouting in praise of the goddess, and altogether presenting a most disgusting and degrading appearance. The crowd of spectators were highly delighted, and called out, “See the power of the Ammavaru!” “Great is our goddess!” with other like expressions; and telling us that now he was possessed by, and actually represented, the goddess.

For the next ten minutes he was a quiet and an unnoticed object, for two sheep were brought forward as victims to the goddess: one had its head quickly struck off, the other was led away a short distance to the swinging-car. When brought under the end of the swinging-beam, it was held down on the ground by three or four men, while the officiating priest, or executioner, produced his hooks, which were of the size and appearance of two shark-hooks, and, fitting on a moveable sharp point to one of them, ran it through the skin of the poor sheep’s back: it took a little twisting and wrenching of the hook already in the back before the second hook, which was attached to the shaft of the first, could also be run through the skin, the sheep meanwhile twisting about in some pain. When both the hooks were inserted, the rope attached to them was tied to the end of the swinging-beam, and the sheep further secured by another rope, so that but little strain bore on the pierced skin: it was now well fastened, the beam was hoisted up by lowering the other end, and then run round on its pivot by four or five men, while the poor sheep hung at the end of it, about twenty feet from the ground. After this it was again lowered, the rope untied, the hooks drawn out, and the sheep let go: they told us it was now sacred, and would be allowed to roam at large without any risk of its being slaughtered.

It was now the man’s turn to undergo similar treatment; but instead of being swung near the pagoda, the car was rolled back about 150 yards from its former position, the man all the while dancing and shouting before it: he was then brought under the end of the horizontal beam, and the executioner drew near with his hooks. He first struck, but not smartly, the part of the back which was to be pierced, and then pinched up the flesh two or three times in order to get a good hold of it. After fixing on the same little moveable point to the hook, he ran it through the skin of the small of the back of the man, taking up the flesh about an inch wide and a quarter of an inch deep. With a little twisting and wrenching the second hook was similarly inserted. All this time several



men with drums kept up a great noise, and the crowd round about shouted as they saw the hooks applied. It is their saying and belief, that the man who swings does not feel any pain, in consequence of the protection of the good goddess; but on this occasion I heard the cry of pain which the poor man uttered, as the hooks entered his skin, clear above all the noise of the bystanders, and the expression of pain in his face was not to be concealed by all the daubing upon it. When the hooks were well secured in his back, the rope attached to them was fastened to the horizontal beam, about two feet from its end; and then, with no other support for his body, the poor victim was hoisted up aloft. At first he suffered a good deal, for he held himself steady by a loose rope hanging from the beam over his head by holding it with both his hands; but as the car was rolled up toward the pagoda, and when it had got about half way, he let go that rope, and began flinging his arms and legs about, so as to make us fear lest, by his exertions and jerkings, the skin of his back might give way, and he be thrown to the ground.



As soon as the car was brought back to its original position near the pagoda, he was let down, and the rope unloosed from the beam—the time during which he was suspended was exactly two minutes. The hooks, however, were not taken out of his back, and he ran wildly about, with the rope attached to them dangling after him. After some minutes they were taken out, and he was laid down on his face, while the executioner rubbed and pressed the wounds and the flesh round about them to squeeze out the congealed blood, and then rubbed into them turmeric powder to prevent further bleeding. This ended the day's ceremony, and the people began to move slowly toward the village, highly pleased with the afternoon's entertainment: the whole was over before sunset.

The next day we did not stay to see a repetition of a scene which had so sickened us; but as we rode away in the afternoon we found much larger crowds than those of the preceding day gathering from the neighbouring villages, and preparations were being made on a larger scale for fresh swingings.



#### THE SUFFERINGS AND DELIVERANCE OF JAMES GERBER, A TWICE-LIBERATED AFRICAN.

IN our last Number we described the evil influence of the slave-trade, and the troubles which it has caused amongst the people of the Yoruba kingdom. We regret to say that wars for the purpose of capturing slaves still prevail. In Abbeokuta, where the Gospel is being preached, the people begin to see the evil of such practices; and as light increases they will be more and more anxious that the slave-trade should cease. But it is not more than three years and a half since our Missionaries reached Abbeokuta; and although much has been done—much more than we could possibly have expected—for which we desire to be thankful, yet much more remains to be done. Many of the Chiefs and people of Abbeokuta persevere in their old ways. They harass the neighbouring tribes, particularly the Ijebbus, and are themselves attacked when they are going from one market to another. On these occasions the innocent often suffer with the guilty, and persons are seized and sold as slaves who have taken no part in kidnapping and slave-trading.

A Liberated African of the name of James Gerber, who had lived fifteen years at Sierra Leone, and had been a Communicant of the Church at Hastings, arrived at Badagry, with his wife and one child, in 1843. He was at first employed as a labourer in the Society's service. After a time he became a trader, dealing between Abbeokuta and Ijaye in various kinds of European articles. At the end of August 1848 he proceeded to Ijaye to sell some goods, and, having a brother residing there, a slave-dealer, he went to his house. A few days after, a number of people entered the yard of the house, and required Gerber and his brother to go with them to Ikumi, the Chief, who wished to see them. Distrusting the intentions of these men, they refused to do so. Gerber's brother was

immediately seized, his hands were tied behind his back, and he was then dragged, with one of his slaves, into the Chief's yard. While this was going on, Gerber had contrived to escape from them, and ran into his room, where he resolved to defend himself to the last. They then began to parley with him, assured him that there was no intention of injuring him, that the Chief had no thoughts toward him but those of peace, and wished only to see him. After such repeated assurances, Gerber at last yielded, and went with the people, who, however, were not satisfied until they were in possession of his weapons. On entering Ikumi's yard, Gerber, his brother, and his brother's slave, were commanded to prostrate themselves; and while they were in the act of doing so, Ikumi seized his sword, and smote, with the intention of killing one of them, he cared not which. The blow fell, not on the poor slave, nor on Gerber, but on his brother, and it slew him. The two survivors were immediately led away from the presence of the Chief, whose slaves they were now considered to be. Not long after, Gerber was taken, with many other Egbas, to a town called Ibatang, and sold there. Poor fellow! from the ill treatment he had met with his head and body had become all covered with sores, and when his new master wished to sell him, there was no purchaser. This enraged the man. He accused Gerber of practising witchcraft to prevent any one buying him. In his rage and fury he began to treat him with barbarous cruelty, such as poor slaves, when they become sick and unfit for sale, often meet with at the hands of their masters. He tied Gerber's hands upon his back, and fastened his head to two sticks, notwithstanding the entreaties of his two wives and his brother, who said he had committed no fault. "Let him die," was the man's answer: "I am able to pay for him." Poor Gerber's strength was gone, and he fainted away, when they loosed his bonds.

Who can fully conceive the miseries of a slave, the injustice and cruelty of which he is the subject? Mr. James Richardson, who travelled in the Great Desert in the years 1845 and 1846, thus describes some of these sad scenes, of which Africa is full—

This morning Haj Essnousee [the owner of the slave caravan with which Mr. Richardson was travelling] being on foot, called out for his camel to stop, in a tone which showed he had something of importance in hand. I turned to see what was the matter. I saw Essnousee bringing up a slave girl, about a dozen years of age, pulling her violently along. When he got her up to the camel he took a small cord, and began tying it round her neck. Afterward, bethinking himself of something, he tied the cord round the wrist of her right arm. This done, he drove the camel on. In a few minutes she fell down. A man attempted to raise her up. The slave-dealer cursed him, and desired him to let her alone. The wretched girl was then dragged on the ground over the sharp stones. Her wounded legs bled profusely, but she never cried or uttered a word of complaint. At length she was lifted up by some of the Arabs, and continued to hold on, the rope being bound round her body

so as to help her along; and thus she was dragged, limping, tumbling down, and crippled, a long day's journey.

To return to Gerber—an Ibu man, pitying his wretched condition, bought him for six heads of cowries. He was then carried to the Jebu Country, where severe trials awaited him; and at length reached Lagos, where he was sold to the Portuguese, and immediately put in chains.

Several attempts were made to ship him on board a slave-ship; but the men-of-war were cruising about, and it was found impossible to do so.

During the time in which slaves are detained on the coast they are kept in barracoons, which are enclosures of considerable spaces of ground, with sleeping-houses and day-sheds for the slaves. In the barracoons the men are generally fastened two and two, one ankle of each being fettered. The women and girls are made secure by a brass ring round the neck, through which a chain is passed, and they are thus grouped together in companies of forty or fifty each. Bad as their state is here, it is as nothing when compared with the horrors of the slave-ship.

Meanwhile Gerber's friends had discovered where he was, and were anxiously endeavouring to accomplish his redemption. There existed, however, but little hope of their being enabled to procure a sufficient sum for this purpose in time to prevent his embarkation. The slave-dealer had received information that a slave-ship was daily expected at Benin, and thither the poor slaves were despatched in all haste. It was only a four days' journey, and on their arrival they expected to be shipped immediately, when nothing remained save the prospect of hopeless bondage, unless, in the providence of God, the British cruisers interposed for their deliverance. Gerber felt that it was indeed a critical period of his life; but he knew of One who could help; One who had died to redeem his soul from the bondage of sin, and who was able to rescue him from the chains of the slave-dealer. To Him, therefore, who is a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, the poor African looked in the time of his trouble: nay, he called his companions in slavery together, who, unlike himself, were poor ignorant Heathen. He told them God could help them; he told them what He had done for sinners; and encouraged them to believe that He, who had given His Son to die for them, could save them out of their present trouble; for "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" He exhorted them to ask God, if they were put on board the slave-ship, to deliver them into the hands of the British. In bitterness of soul, and strong cries and tears, these poor creatures all prayed together, as represented in our Frontispiece; and He who compassionates the afflicted saw and heard them. On reaching Benin they found the dreaded slave-ship had not arrived. Four weeks they lay hid in the bushes: still it came not. At length tidings

arrived that she had capsized at sea, and that all lives, save one, had been lost. Thus it became necessary to send them back to Lagos. His friends soon arrived with his ransom, and Gerber, twice rescued from bondage, went back to Abbeokuta, where he now lives.

And does not God see the misery of Africa? and does He not hear the cries of those who pray for her deliverance? Is there not One who considers all the oppressions that are done under the sun? Is there not One who sees the tears of the oppressed, and how many there are who have no comforter, on the side of whose oppressors there is power, but they have no comforter? Is His hand shortened? Has He no power to deliver? Nay! He shall break in pieces the oppressor.

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### THE TRUE REPORT.

THE Rev. S. W. Koelle, in a Letter dated Fourah Bay, Jan. 21, 1850, mentions the following deeply-interesting circumstance with regard to two Bournu Mahomedans, who must have travelled from 1000 to 1500 miles to effect the object they had in view—

I had invited to-day two men, who came last week from Bournu and Haussa, to take dinner with me, which pleased them exceedingly; so much so, that they promised to mention my name—Abdul Isa—to any King whom they might meet with on their long journey homeward. They had heard, on their way to the Gold Coast, of a country where White Men, for God's sake, liberate all slaves whom they capture at sea; so that now, in this country, all African nations lived together as free men. Upon this they determined not to return home before they had seen that country. They are filled with amazement by what they have seen here; but the liberation of slaves, for God's sake, made such an impression on them, that they said, "Truly White people are a God-people: if one does not fear White Man, he can also not fear God." I gave them each an Arabic New Testament, which they promised to take home with them.

Redemption without money! the slave from bondage freed!  
His liberty recovered! can this be true indeed?  
A welcome for the stranger—a quiet home for those  
Who long had been oppressed and crushed by unrelenting foes—  
Where men are kind, for God's sake, to do each other good,  
To yield the homeless shelter, and give the hungry food—  
Where each may sow and gather the produce of the soil,  
And hordes of robbers come not, his heritage to spoil—  
We heard of such a country: we thought it might be found,  
And came, resolv'd to seek it in earth's remotest bound.

Our journey has been tedious from Bournu's distant land,  
Where round the sea of Soudan its wide domains expand:  
We've passed through mighty Haussa, at Sockatoo have been,  
Have traversed many a region, and marked each varied scene—  
Each Sultan in his grandeur, each Moslem in his pride—  
Until our wearied feet we bathed in Niger's flowing tide.

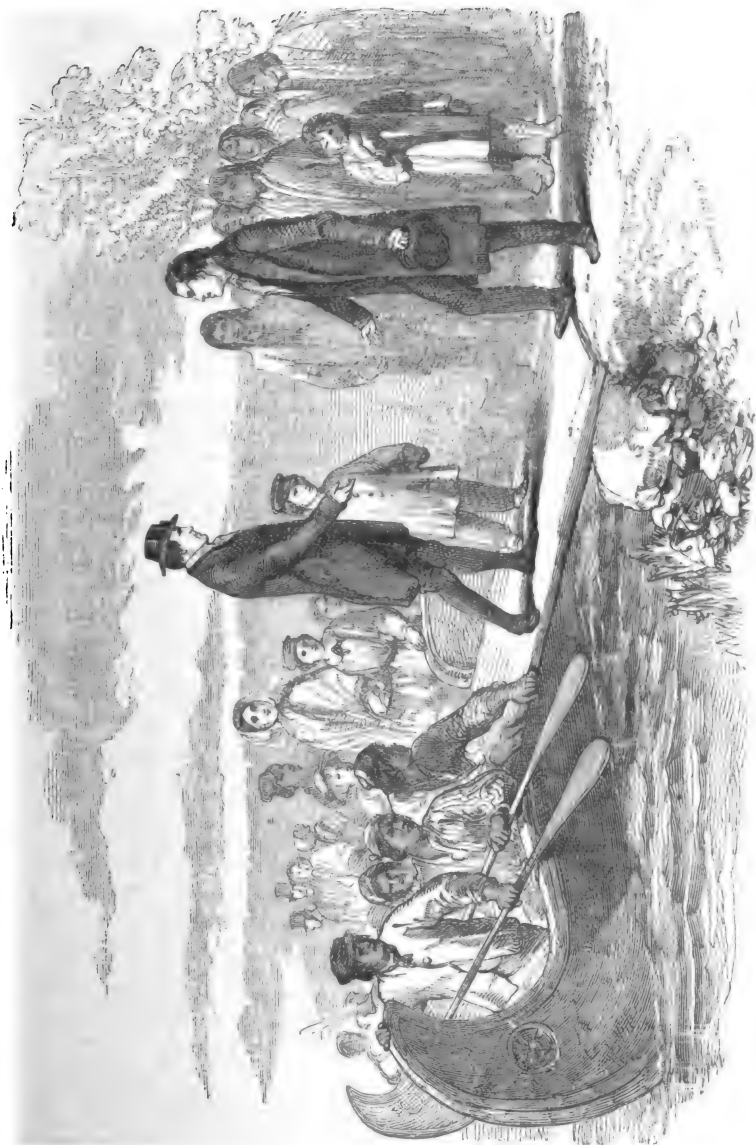
And still, where'er we journeyed, oppression met our eyes—  
 The groans of the defenceless; the widow's tears and sighs;  
 The ruined town and village, of busy life bereft;  
 The blackened walls and wasted home in desolation left;  
 The troops of cruel rovers; the poor degraded slave—  
 No rest for him until he sinks unpitied in the grave.  
 Such, such has been our pathway, though God with open hand  
 His gifts of royal bounty has poured on ev'ry land:  
 Some universal evil, some deep mysterious woe,  
 Embitters man's condition where'er we've sought to go.

But strange reports had reached us, so wonderfully new,  
 So different from all beside, we scarce could think them true—  
 That where the mighty ocean, with never-ceasing roar,  
 Wars with the rock-bound barriers of Afric's western shore,  
 A stranger race of White Men, from lands beyond the sea,  
 The destitute befriended, and set the captive free.  
 We've come to prove this story, solicitous to find  
 If man to man, for God's sake, can cease to be unkind.  
 'Tis true, indeed! here homes are safe, the spoiler is not near,  
 The day continues tranquil, the night is without fear,  
 The gifts which God has granted—the earth, the air, the light—  
 Are free for each to use at will if only used aright.  
 To walk abroad, and look above, and know that we are free;  
 To rest within our homestead, and unmolested be;  
 How wondrous this! Oh, White Man! we wish you to explain,  
 Why other lands in Africa so different remain.  
 There tribe with tribe is struggling, and contests never cease:  
 Here men of various nations are harmonized in peace!

#### THE WHITE MAN'S ANSWER.

Yes; there's a cause: 'tis well to know  
 This bless'd preservative from woe.  
 Earth yields it not—it comes from heaven,  
 And God Himself the boon has given;  
 A soothing balm which lulls to rest  
 The troubled passions of the breast.  
 The secret this—that God above,  
 The Lord of earth and heaven, is LOVE!  
 Perverse, rebellious from the womb,  
 Man well deserves a sinner's doom;  
 But God a precious Ransom gave,  
 From endless pain mankind to save.  
 He help'd the helpless; sent His Son  
 To die for sins which we have done.  
 He breaks the adamant chain,  
 And sets the captive free again.  
 Mercy received subdues the soul,  
 Bends the whole man to just control.  
 Once slaves ourselves, we long to see  
 Our fellow man from bondage free.  
 Redemption taught, delight to break  
 Th' oppressor's yoke for Jesus' sake.  
 But to remove the chains of sin,  
 To liberate the soul within,  
 This is the Saviour's office: He  
 Alone can give this liberty.  
 This is Redemption: ask in prayer,  
 And you this privilege shall share.

# THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



ARRIVAL OF THE BISHOP OF RUPERT'S LAND AT THE INDIAN SETTLEMENT.—*Vide* p. 34.

ADDRESS OF THE REV. W. JOWETT, AT THE OPENING OF THE  
MISSIONARIES' CHILDREN'S HOME, ISLINGTON.

*(Concluded from p. 16 of our last Number.)*

BUT I hasten to recur to that passage of Scripture—Col. iii. 14 to iv. 4—  
which I have selected for the present occasion.

And here our dear brother and sister will find broad standing-ground :  
such a developement of Christian principles and Relative duties, as will  
meet all their circumstances. And let me add, here our foot “standeth  
in an even place:” we shall not slide: we shall never be moved.

Not as intending to give a commentary or a paraphrase on the  
passage, yet let me touch rapidly on the several verses, as they may  
bear on the case of this Missionaries' Children's Home.

And first observe (ver. 14) that holy love is to be the all-pervading  
principle in this house. Let it penetrate everywhere: let it encircle  
your dwelling. It will bind all together in harmony. It will perfect  
every thing.

And let the peace of God rule here! (ver. 15.) Peace, through  
faith in Christ's atoning blood: peace, the fruit of the Spirit: peace,  
established as a law: peace, first in the heart—for here all must be  
felt and done “heartily, as unto the Lord”—and then ruling all in  
the house. And our sister, Mrs. Unwin, will permit me to say, that  
Peace depends very much on Order: your office is to “guide the  
house.” The late venerable Inspector Blumhardt, of Bâle, told me, that,  
addressing a person in a similar office to yours, he had said, “You are  
the centre of order:” words most worthy to be remembered. Thankful-  
ness is also here mentioned; which is very conducive to peace of mind.  
It would calm many a ruffle of our tempers, and wipe away many a tear,  
both with old and young, could we ask ourselves, at the right moment,  
“What have I to be thankful for? What! nothing!” Little children  
should often be taught to call their mercies to mind, and so have cheer-  
fulness.

Then (ver. 16, 17) we are next shown what are the Devout Exercises,  
which will unceasingly resound in this place. Scripture verses, Scripture  
stories, prayers, hymns and spiritual songs, form half the education of  
our little children. And how delightful will it be, when grace fills  
every heart, and all is done in the name of the Lord Jesus!

On the next verses, (18, 19) concerning husbands and wives, I do not  
dwell particularly; referring you only to the parallel passages in the  
Epistle to the Ephesians. But when I come to the twentieth verse, and  
look upon that little group of children before me, the first-fruits unto  
God in this house; when I see those bright young eyes fixed upon me  
as I speak; it awakens feelings like the spring-time of the year; when, as  
at this season, all nature is budding forth, with the promise of a beautiful  
summer. “Children, obey your parents:” it is pleasing to man: much  
more is it well pleasing unto the Lord! And let us remember that  
obedience is best won by love; but it must be established by the  
authority of wisdom. And here enters a very significant hint to the  
Father as well as the Mother of this Home. “Provoke not your  
children to anger:” severity hardens some, and discourages more: strict-



ness, not severity, is the rule of parental authority. And here it seems to me as if the affections of the two parents, in blending, almost interchange their natures. The mother must have her fondness strengthened into firmness: the father must unbend the masculine rigour of his hand, too heavy and too hard for little children, and condescend to gentleness.

Yet further, the relative duties of Masters and Servants (ver. 22—iv. 1) claim your attention: dwell on them for a moment. Christian servants are here reminded of their obligation to serve the Lord Christ: while masters are kept in awe by the admonition that they also have a Master in heaven: "and there is no respect of persons." Were I asked to sum up in one word this and all other relative duties, I should refer my inquirer to that word with which the Fifth Commandment opens, "Honour." We are commanded to honour all men. Let, then, the servants of this house honour both the parents and the children: and let these honour the servants. This one word is the basis of all duty in every circle of society, from the smallest to the widest.—It will not be deemed, I trust, any deviation from the respect due to servants, if I just advert to the necessity of keeping a strict eye on their intercourse with children and young persons. This I may do the more freely, because, in our well-ordered country, Christian servants better know their place, than those living in most foreign lands. Many years did I spend as a family-man in a foreign country; and on no point have I more reason to remember the vigilant maternal character of the late Mrs. Jowett than this. Among her papers I found one Letter—addressed to a Missionary sister who had been residing in Mount Lebanon, but was retiring for a season to Malta—so exactly to this purpose, that an extract from it will not be inappropriate to the present occasion. "Such a country," she writes, "as you have been residing in, affords very few advantages for the training up of children, and very many hindrances or disadvantages: the example of the people around them, their religion, manners, and morals so exceedingly depraved! Malta, perhaps, is somewhat better; but even there you will find much to lament. Especially there is a necessity to guard against the many evils they may learn from servants, whose language children will learn sooner than that of their parents. I hope your dear little ones may be mercifully preserved from those many snares and temptations, which the most vigilant parent cannot prevent; yea, of which she may be utterly ignorant. After all our care and attention to them, our only security will be in committing them continually in prayer to our Heavenly Father, who alone can restrain the evil passions of mankind, and give our dear children grace to choose the right way." This Letter, dated London, March 25, 1829, exactly three months before her removal to a happier world, may be regarded as her dying testimony on a subject of the tenderest solicitude to parents.

But returning to the passage before us, our thoughts are directed, finally, to the need of persevering prayer, watchfulness, and thanks giving: all which imply a deep sense of our dependence on God, our manifold dangers and temptations, our helplessness, and our unworthiness; together with a lively enjoyment of His perpetual presence in the midst of us, and of His good will toward those who, as dear children, walk before Him in love. Humility, although not expressly named in all this passage, yet is implied in every part of it; and it is

the fundamental grace of the Gospel. It is that feeling which sends us continually to the throne of grace, and keeps us there, low in our own eyes, patiently waiting on the Lord, until He have mercy upon us.—But there is one subject for prayer here specified by the Apostle, which it is peculiarly important to notice in its bearing on the present occasion. He says, (ver. 3, 4) “Withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ, for which I am also in bonds: that I may make it manifest, as I ought to speak.” The exhortation suggests to my mind, that in this house prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, will be made continually on behalf of our beloved Missionaries labouring in distant lands. They will be severally named from time to time according to their various circumstances; their joys and their sorrows, their labours, sufferings, successes, trials, sicknesses, and occasionally their lamented deaths—all these will be personally noted by those who lead the devotions of this mingled family: and to keep alive the interest felt for Africa, for the Indies, for China, for New Zealand, for America, and other regions of the earth, there will be present in this very spot young Representatives of those various countries, in the children collected under the shadow of this roof; some of them the children of Missionaries who are yet bearing the burden and heat of the day; others, the orphans of those who have spent their lives in the Lord’s service. Happy family! In many a Christian household the worship is limited, or nearly so, to the personal and domestic wants of those assembled, with allusions only occasional and brief to the state of our country and of the world. But from this house there will be a continual out-breathing of prayer on behalf of Missions; which will prove a source of rich blessing to the great human family, and of choicest consolations to those who are privileged, to join in these devotions.

Suffer me, dear brother and sister in Christ, to quote, in conclusion, a saying, which I have heard attributed to that eminently wise and holy man, Jonathan Edwards. It has been told me—for I have never seen the statement in print—that he was wont to express himself in some such terms as the following—“When it is well between me and my God, then it is well between me and my wife: and when it is well between me and my wife, then it is well between us and our children: and when it is well between us and our children, then it is well between our family and the servants: and when it is well with the house, then it is well between me and my people.” Here, as reported to me, the saying ended. But in your case, the circle must be enlarged far beyond this. When it is well between this Home and those two other Establishments of our Society, the Church Missionary House and the Church Missionary Institution—a threefold cord, we humbly trust, not quickly to be broken—then shall it be well with our Church, with our Missions, and the cause of the Gospel throughout all the world. Therefore, brother and sister in Christ, let us return to the first principle. Let it be your prayer for yourselves, and ours also on your behalf, that, now and evermore, it may be well between you and your God!

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## MANIS, OR PRAYING-MACHINES, OF THE PEOPLE OF THIBET.

THIBET is the highest part of the great continent of Asia. It is separated from India by the great mountains called the Himalaya. The plains of Thibet, on the north of the mountains, are much higher than the plains of India on the south. Thibet, of which we know little, is supposed to consist of stony and sandy plains, with mountains of moderate height occasionally rising. For three months of the year, between October and March, the cold is very severe, especially in the parts to the south, which lie nearest to the snowy mountains. Near these mountains fish and meat are frozen in autumn, and thus preserved through the winter.

Thibet is unfavourable to vegetable life—rice is not grown, and wheat is very scarce: barley and coarse peas are the principal crops—but it abounds in animal life. The quantities of fowl, wild-beasts, flocks and herds, are astonishing. It is remarkable how God has graciously suited the clothing of the different animals to the coldness of the climate. The sheep in the district near the mountains have very thick and heavy fleeces. The goat has a very fine fur at the root of his long and shaggy hair: these goats are called the shawl goats. They are smaller than the smallest sheep in England, and are of different colours, black, white, faint blue, and light fawn colour. Shawls are made of the soft, light, firm material which grows next the skin, and which is covered over, and protected from the weather, by the long coarse hair. This goat cannot be reared in any other country.

The religion of the people of Thibet is Buddhism, the same which prevails in Ceylon and Birmah, and which is professed by many of the Chinese. It is the most widely-spread of all false religions. Buddh is a general term for Divinity, and not the name of any particular god. There have been, as they say, four Buddhs, and there is to be a fifth. Each of these Buddhs lasts only for a time, and then comes to nothing. Until the next Buddh appears, the image of the last Buddh, called Goudama, is worshipped, and temples, called pagodas, are built to his memory. The Buddhist Priests in Thibet are called Lamas, and the ruler of the country is called the Grand Lama. Each Grand Lama is considered as an incarnation of the divinity, which, when one Lama dies, is supposed to enter into another. The Grand Lama is nominally the temporal as well as the spiritual ruler of the country. He lives, however, in his palace, shut out from the world, only appearing in public once a year. As Thibet is subject to China, the real power of the state rests with the Chinese officer, called Tazin, who resides at Lassa, the capital.

There are many orders of Priests. Some are dressed in yellow, others in red. They live in monasteries, where they lead a lazy life, mumbling over their prayers, counting beads, and performing useless ceremonies. Vain repetitions of mindless prayers, both by

Priests and people, seem to form one leading feature in their religion. The merit of the individual is according to the number of prayers which he repeats; and our Missionaries at Kotghur, in the Hill country, and who sometimes in their journeys meet with the people of Thibet, describe the following strange mode they have of multiplying their prayers. When our readers have perused it, they will be disposed to think that a human being muttering over a number of prayers in which his heart is not engaged, is no better than a Mani, or Praying-Machine.

I met a company of Tartars and Lamas with their cattle, in the Sutledge valley: some had Manis, but would not sell them. Some time ago I met one here turning his Mani most quickly whilst he walked, his small bundle of property being on his back. I stopped him, and asked him if he would sell it to me, as I have been asked frequently by friends to procure some of these Manis (Prayer-wheels), for forwarding to Europe. He refused it; but entering into conversation with him, and telling him he should fix his own price, he asked three rupees for it: it was, however, a very inferior one, made of leather, whilst the valuable ones are made of copper, inlaid with silver letters, &c. I paid him the money, and he gave me the Mani; when all at once, after a little while, he asked me to give it back to him. As soon as he had it in his hands again he put it three times to his forehead, made his salaam to it, and returned it to me, poor fellow, and off he went. It is difficult to get these Manis here, as very few like to part with them. Once, at the Rampur fair, I asked a Ladak man to sell me his; but he refused to do so, on the ground that I might turn it round the wrong way—from the right to the left, as it must always be turned to the right—in consequence of which he would have to suffer if he sold it to me.

These little Manis are a remarkable invention. They are wooden, or iron, or copper cylinders—filled with a long, but narrow roll of paper or cloth, on which their idols and symbols are painted, and, below, prayers, either printed or written in the Thibetian character—about two inches in diameter and three inches long. It moves on points like a horizontal wheel, and in a small string is a kind of iron or brass frame attached to the wheel to make it swing nicely. Not only the Buddhist clergy, but also any of the laity who feel inclined to do so, use this wheel. Those who are too poor, buy at least the prayers without the wheel, and carry the roll of paper on which they are written, or printed from a wood block, on their chest, sewn in a rag. A part of the Lamas procure their subsistence from writing or printing these prayers or sacred sentences. In Upper Kanawr they have very big Manis in their temples, which one man turns round by a handle. In 1845 I saw a very fine one at Sabrung: one turned it, and a number of people sat near it, so that the wind caused by turning it might touch their face, which is considered not only fortunate, but also blessed. The people have such Manis or Prayer-wheels built even in small streams close to their houses, so that the water, by turning the wheel, performs the necessary prayers for them!



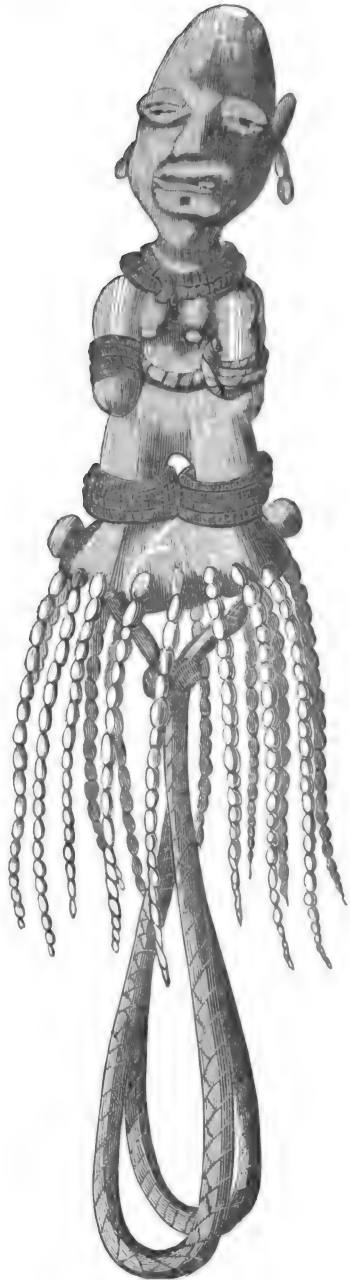
## AN AFRICAN IDOL.

OUR Engraving represents Igbeji, the god of twins, one of the many gods the poor benighted Africans worship. It is worshipped as a substitute for twins, or a twin child, that may have died; or else with a view to obtain such. The people think it an honour to have many children.

The idol from which the drawing was made was obtained by the Rev. C. A. Gollmer, our Missionary at Badagry, from a man who came to look at his house. It was suspended from his wrist by the loops below the figure. The idol itself is rudely carved in wood, the ears, neck, body, arms, and legs, being adorned with coloured beads. The round leathern pad or cushion, on which the idol stands, has several strings of beads suspended from the edge—with the loops in the centre, made of plaited leather, similar to the cushion.

Mr. Gollmer spoke to the man about the vanity and sinfulness of worshipping such things, and pointed out to him the nature of the one only true God, and the worship due to Him alone; and then desired him to give him his idol, to which request the man reluctantly consented.

Painful as it is to the true Christian's mind to hear of such sinful practices, we know that the day is coming, and is probably nearer at hand than many imagine, when "the idols He shall utterly abolish;" and when there shall be but one Lord known and loved and served throughout the earth.



## RED-RIVER COLONY—ARRIVAL OF THE BISHOP OF RUPERT'S LAND.

THE North-West parts of British America, beyond the boundaries of Canada, called Rupert's Land, consist of large lakes, arms of the sea running far inland, rivers, wide plains called prairies, without a tree, and barren hills and hollows tossed together in a strange and confused manner. By one person it was called the fag end of the world. Here and there are spots which, with much care, may be made productive; but the country generally is barren, and how to rear and preserve a sufficient quantity of food is a source of constant care to the inhabitants. In many parts no corn can be grown; and the potatoes and other crops which can be raised are often cut off by summer frosts.

The Indians, who are the Natives of this country, are divided into many tribes, and are thinly scattered over it. They have no settled habitations, but—as they live principally by hunting and fishing—wander about from place to place. They are naturally unsettled, thoughtless, and wasteful: they are also drunken when they can succeed in getting spirituous liquors. Aged parents are entirely neglected; and one-half of the aged men and women are left to starve, or perish of cold and want. The drudgery and heavy labour are thrown upon the women. An Indian, in moving from place to place, if he travel on foot, loads his wives with the heavy burdens, and spares himself. War and hunting alone rouse him to effort: at other times the women toil, while he lounges smoking and basking in the sun the live-long day.

Quarrelsome and revengeful, the different tribes have deadly strifes with each other. On the banks of one river, called the Saskatchewan, about forty Indians were killed the summer before last, at no very great distance from one of our Missionary Stations. Nineteen Blackfeet Indians having ventured near the camp of another tribe, called the Crees, the latter sprang to their weapons and horses, and in less than one hour the whole party of nineteen were killed, their scalps floating in the air, suspended to long poles, and their hands and feet hung to the tails and necks of the horses.

For such a sad state of things there is but one remedy—the Gospel of Peace; and our Church Missionary Society has been engaged for many years in this good work. It is impossible that a Missionary could wander about with the Indians, or while doing so be able to teach them. In order that they may have line upon line, and precept upon precept, they must be persuaded to settle down in villages, and till the ground. An attempt of this kind was made by our Missionary, the Rev. W. Cockran, in 1832, at Red River, to the south of Lake Winnipeg, at a short distance from a Colony of British settlers who were first planted there in 1811. Many looked upon it as a very wild scheme; and, no doubt, to try and persuade men to change their habits of life while their hearts and incli-

nations remain the same is a discouraging task. The plan which the Christian Missionary pursues is very different. While he is teaching a wild Indian to build a log house, or dig a garden, or sow seed, he is also teaching him the Gospel of Christ. This, by the blessing of God, changes the heart; and when the heart is changed, and the man's desires become different from what they were before, his way of life will soon change. It was thus with some of the Indians amongst whom Mr. Cockran was labouring: they built houses and prepared the ground, and they did not wish to stray away, because they found the word which they heard to be sweet to their taste. They remained themselves, and encouraged others to do the same, and thus the work prospered.

The Indian Settlement at the Red River is now like an Indian parish. There is a nice Church—a wooden building painted white, fifty feet or more in length, with a cupola over the entrance—attended on the Sunday mornings by a regular Congregation of 350 Indians, except when a portion of them are absent on hunting expeditions. The Services are conducted with the greatest order and regularity: the singing is altogether Indian, and very sweet. The Indians behave most properly, joining in the prayers, and listening attentively to the instructions given them. They are not the same people there, which they are in their wild state. The blessed Gospel has changed them, and the Red-River Settlement shows what may be done with a savage Indian.

Other Settlements were afterward formed; one at Cumberland Station, a little to the north-west of Lake Winnipeg, 500 miles distant from the Red River; and another at Lac-la-Ronge, 200 miles further north-west from Cumberland Station. The Indians in different directions are anxious to be taught. They feel themselves to be wretched, and that they want something to better their state, and many of them come long journeys to inquire. At a place called Fort Chippewyan, more than a thousand miles from the Red River, they are wishing for instruction. Our great difficulty has been the want of Missionaries. If God would graciously enable us to raise up Teachers from amongst the Indians themselves, who might be able to instruct their countrymen, then we could help many a suffering tribe, and visit many a distant place which the Gospel has not yet reached.

It is with the view of raising up such help, and providing for the spiritual wants of the Indian tribes, that a Bishop has gone out to Rupert's Land. He landed at York Fort, in Hudson's Bay, in August last, and after remaining there a fortnight, proceeded to the Red River. Two boats were placed by the Hudson's-Bay Company at the disposal of the Bishop and his party, which included his three children and his sister, and our Missionary, the Rev. R. Hunt, and Mrs. Hunt. The boats, or canoes, used on these occasions are made of birch-rind: the largest are about thirty-six feet long, and are manned by a crew of fourteen men.

The Bishop had hoped to reach the Indian Settlement by the last Sunday in September, but was delayed by contrary winds in Lake Winnipeg. It was not until Wednesday, the 3d of October, that the Indian Settlement was reached. What pleasant, thankful thoughts, must have been awakened in the minds of the Bishop and his companions! The neat Church and Parsonage, the nice laid-out garden and premises, the village, and its Christian Indians coming down to welcome the Bishop, with their Pastor at their head, as seen in our Frontispiece—what an evidence of the power of the Gospel! how agreeable to the gracious promise, “I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water. I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah tree, and the myrtle, and the oil tree; I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine, and the box tree together: that they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it.”

Pigwys, the old Indian Chief, who has been many years a Christian, had hoisted his flag in honour of the Bishop's arrival. He afterward came up the river to see the Bishop at the Colony, who on that occasion presented him with two handsome bows which he had brought from England, and also with some books, with which he was much pleased: nor was he less delighted at hearing some sacred music played by the Bishop's sister on an instrument which had come out with them from England. The Chief wore a medal, one of George III., which is with them a badge of royalty, the same as a crown with us.

The Bishop expects, after the necessary arrangements have been made, to have, as a commencement, six Natives under his instruction. But this, and other interesting particulars of his arrival, we must reserve to another Number.

#### ~~~~~ VISIT TO A BOILING SPRING IN NEW ZEALAND.

WE extract the following from a recent Journal of the Rev. R. Taylor, one of our Missionaries in New Zealand—

*March 19, 1849*—I arose early, and after prayers, accompanied by Mr. Lowry\*, I went to see the large puia, or boiling spring, called Te Tarata. Its first appearance is that of an immense flight of steps, of a circular form, with water running over them, which seems to have frozen as it fell, assuming the colour of snow. The water is of a different character from that of the Tukupurangi puia†: it is of a blueish milky hue, and has a very soft and slightly saline taste. I pulled off my shoes and stockings the better to ascend it, as an inch or two of water was constantly trickling down the steps. I found that in some parts the water was quite cold; in others, warm or hot. On some of the steps

\* A gentleman who was travelling in New Zealand, and had accompanied Mr. Taylor from Wanganui.

† An account of Mr. Taylor's visit to this spring is given in pp. 279, 280 of the “Church Missionary Intelligencer” for April last.



there was a very slippery deposit—a brown ochre; on others, a formation closely resembling a kind of moss slightly petrified. As I ascended, I found the steps increase in height and width, each containing one or more baths, some of cold water, others of warm, and some of both in the same basin. In one of the largest my companion, and some of the Natives who accompanied us, entered. As I wished to ascend to the higher steps to see the boiling gulf, I requested Mr. Lowry to call his dog to stay with him, which he did, and the animal immediately ran to him. In going up I found the water almost too hot for the naked feet, and therefore crept up along the sides, where the manuka and fern were growing luxuriantly; and, strange to say, though hanging over the steaming water, it felt extremely cold to the feet, and was dripping with dew. On ascending to the top step I found the siliceous deposit had formed a level pavement, over which about one or two inches of very hot water was flowing; beyond which was a small pool, and close to that the profound gulf from which the boiling stream proceeded, sending forth volumes of steam which completely concealed it from the view. In the middle of this platform was a rocky mound, which, overhanging the chasm, enabled those who could reach it to gain a nearer view of the abyss. To facilitate this, a row of stepping-stones had been laid for the visitor to pass over. As I was going along these, the poor dog—which, without our being aware, had followed me—ran past, and, finding the water scald his feet, he bounded on with a yell of pain, splashing my naked feet as he went, and causing me nearly to lose my balance. In an instant he plunged into a pool of hot water several feet deep: he made a vain attempt to get out, and then rolled over and over, and in a minute or less was dead, and sank to the bottom. The poor creature's agonizing struggles quite unnerved me: it was one of the most distressing and painful sights I ever witnessed. We could render no aid, and knew, if we had, we should only have prolonged its torments. We therefore retraced our steps, when we saw it lying at the bottom of the clear water which had thus suddenly become its grave. I had its dying struggles constantly before my eyes the rest of the day, and offered up a silent prayer of thanksgiving for that protecting care which had preserved me from the fearful death which overtook the poor dumb creature. As I returned, I could not help meditating upon the different views which different circumstances give us of death. The Christian, when called forth to meet it by the gun, the sword, or the hatchet, may do so with unshrinking courage; but, standing on the verge of a boiling gulf, death appears most horrible.

I learned that two poor children met a similar end some few years back in a neighbouring puia. The elder one, who was carrying an infant, went to take out a basket of potatoes which had been cooked in it, and, when standing on the verge, the infant struggled in its little bearer's arms, and, it is supposed, fell in: the other, without thinking, jumped after it to try and save it. The place has ever since been tapu.

The poor dog's death seems to teach us a lesson which should never be lost sight of. When we find we have left the right path, we should immediately strive to retrace our steps. It first got its feet into hot water an inch or two deep; but instead of going back, he bounded madly on, and plunged into a boiling pool. One false step thus led to another, and

to certain death. How many, like the poor dog, have persisted, and so perished, when, had they stayed to reflect, they would have returned and been safe! The prodigal, when he reflected, returned, and again was clasped in his father's bosom.

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THE GOSPEL.

In seasons of profound distress,  
When cares innumerable press,  
And earthly scenes are wrapped in gloom,  
What comes, the prospect to illumine?  
The Gospel.

When youth is gone, and health gives way,  
And the frame weakens day by day,  
And, sick and faint, support we need,  
What tells us of a Friend indeed?  
The Gospel.

When they who climbed with us the road  
That upward leads to Heaven's abode  
Are caught away, and few remain,  
What whispers, We shall meet again?  
The Gospel.

When children in succession die,  
Like flow'rs that droop when winter's nigh,  
And anxious parents see them pine,  
What helps such loved ones to resign?  
The Gospel.

What gilds the mourning time with light,  
And makes impending clouds look bright,  
Illuminates the op'ning grave,  
And points to One supreme to save?  
The Gospel.

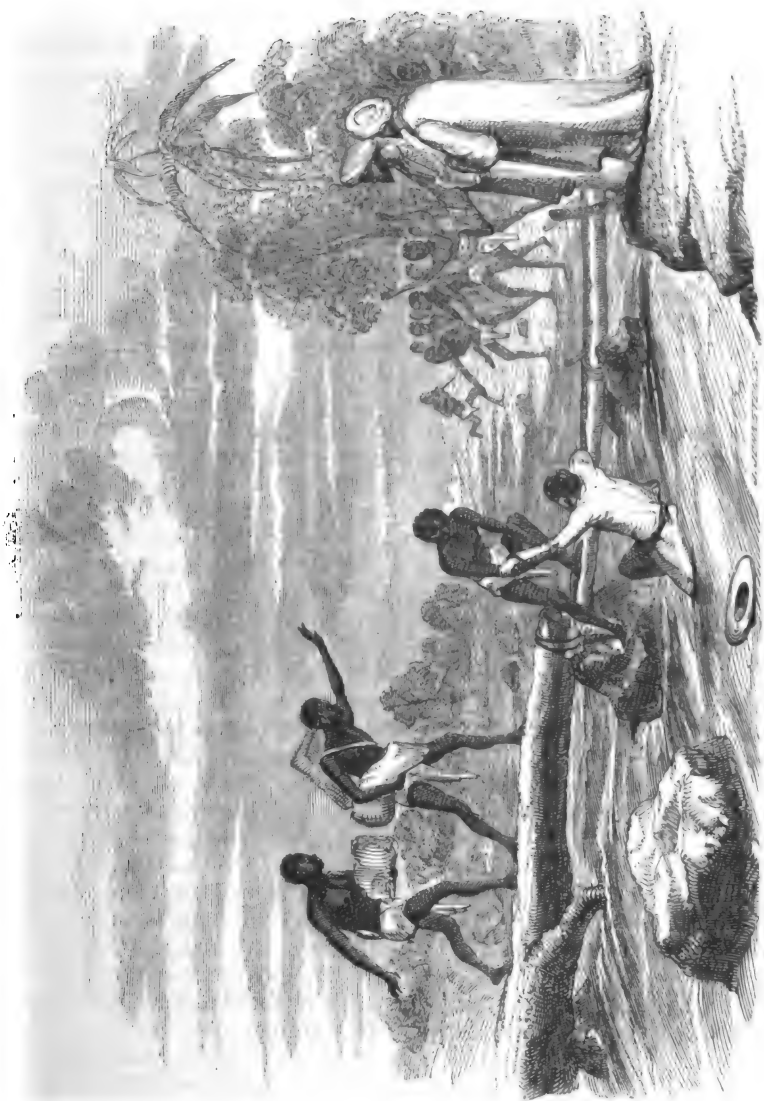
What tames the savage, makes him mild;  
What purifies the heart defiled;  
And comes majestic to control  
The wayward passions of the soul?  
The Gospel.

Message of mercy from above,  
Which publishes that God is love—  
The rainbow on the cloud portrayed,  
Which tells us how the flood is stayed—  
The outstretched olive-branch of peace—  
The voice that bids the tempest cease—  
The soldier's strength—the pilgrim's staff—  
The joy that makes the mourner laugh—  
The living water from the well—  
The words which love of Christ to tell—  
Speed onward, glorious Gospel! speed  
On wings of light to those in need!  
Compass the world—the joyful news  
Wider, and wider still, diffuse!  
Gladden the North, the South illumine,  
Break through and dissipate the gloom;  
Extend thy conquests East and West,  
Till all in Christ the Lord are blest!

No. 4. NEW SERIES.]

[JULY, 1850.]

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



MERCIFUL PRESERVATION OF THE REV. J. REBMAN.—*Vide* pp. 45, 46.

VOL. I.

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#### LIVES OF MISSIONARIES.—THE REV. C. F. SWARTZ.

WE desire, in this our new Periodical, to glean from the past as well as from the present, especially from the lives of the earlier Protestant Missionaries. It is now nearly 150 years since the first Missionaries went forth from the Churches of the Reformation. Numbers of devoted Christian men have gone to labour in different heathen lands, and their lives are rich in wholesome instruction. The manner in which they were led to give themselves to God, and to the special work of Missions, their trials, their labours, their lives and deaths, all are full of interest. It is good to read how these men prayed and toiled. It may lead us, by the help of God, to follow their example. We shall have what is interesting and what is useful united. We shall be led on to read, and be the better for our reading. We shall see what it is to be a real Christian, and the blessedness of being so.

We commence with the life of Christian Frederick Swartz, who died at Tanjore on the 13th of February 1798, aged seventy-two years, forty-eight of which were spent in Missionary service.

Bartholomew Ziegenbalg was the first Protestant Missionary to India. He was sent out by the King of Denmark in 1705, to labour at Tranquebar, on the Tanjore coast, amongst the Tamil-speaking people. Here the seed was first planted, which is now becoming a great tree. He was followed by other good German Missionaries, who carried on the work, and completed that which he had begun—the translation of the Holy Scriptures into Tamil. One of these good men, whose name was Schultz, after labouring for twenty years in India, returned to Europe in 1742, in consequence of ill health, and took up his abode at Halle, in Germany. The Tamil Mission was not forgotten by him. Although absent in body, he was present in spirit. He wished to do something for it, and resolved to print a new edition of the Tamil Bible. There was in the Grammar-school at Halle a student of the name of Swartz, the son of pious parents. His mother died when he was an infant, but on her death-bed she had dedicated him to the Lord, and her prayers proved to be a rich legacy. When pious parents are dead to their children, the prayers which they have offered for them are not dead, but live on their behalf before God. It was thought that this lad might give help in the printing, and he was told to try and learn something of the Tamil language, that he might be more useful. While he was thus occupied, Swartz heard that new Missionaries were wanted for India, and the thought then, for the first time, came into his mind, of going forth to teach the Gospel to the people whose language he was learning.

It is very remarkable, the way in which the Holy Spirit calls out men for the work He wishes them to do, how He prepares them for it when they have other objects in view, and, when the proper time arrives, bends their will to His own purpose.

Swartz went home to tell his brothers and sisters of what had come into his mind. They seemed to think his father never would consent, because he was the eldest son, and looked upon as the chief prop of the family. He, however, very seriously opened his mind to his father, who told him that he must take two or three days to consider before he could give him any answer. This was an anxious time to Swartz, and no doubt a time of much prayer. All the members of the family expected very anxiously what the father's decision might be. At length the hour that had been fixed upon arrived, and his father, coming down from his chamber, gave him his blessing, and bade him depart in God's name, charging him to forget his native country and his father's house, and go and win many souls to Christ.

Thus, like Abraham of old, this pious father was willing to surrender his son at the command of God. How privileged the fathers are who have such an opportunity of showing how much they value God's work, by giving up that which is of such value to them—an eldest son, and one of promise, and who thus humbly imitate the love of Him who spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all.

Swartz reached Tranquebar, his first Station, on the 30th of July 1750. The pains which he had taken to learn the Tamil language before he left Europe now proved of great use to him, as he was enabled to preach his first Sermon in Tamil on the 5th of November of the same year, little more than three months after his arrival. His text was one rich in the love of the Gospel—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and the message of mercy which he then declared he continued to make known, both by preaching and living, for nearly half a century.

He was soon permitted to see that his labour was not in vain in the Lord. He spoke to the people simply, affectionately, and yet with power, and God gave the increase. Many were turned from their evil ways: some even of the most obstinate Brahmins began to inquire. In 1767 he became a Missionary of the Christian-Knowledge Society, and commenced a new Mission at Trichinopoly. This is a much more populous city than Tranquebar, and Swartz had more opportunities of doing good. In 1771 he mentions that he had six Native Helpers, who were of great service to him in enabling him to extend his labours among the people. They were indeed very necessary, so rapidly was his Congregation increasing; so much so, that, during the year we have just mentioned, no fewer than 140 persons were added to it, of whom 99 were grown persons.

The Heathen listened in thousands to the Word, and would gladly have come under instruction, but for the Cross. The great difficulty is, that their idolatry encourages them to indulge themselves, while the Gospel commands men to crucify and deny sinful

self. Once a Brahmin said, "It is the lust of the eyes and of pleasure that prevents us from embracing the Truth." This was a true confession. Swartz remarks—"The Apostle Paul numbers idolatry among the works of the flesh, from which the sinful flesh derives support in more ways than one. If it were only an error of the understanding, the greater number of the Heathen would already have forsaken it. But being a work of the flesh, and Christianity requiring the crucifixion of the flesh, they hang there. May Divine Power rescue them from it, through Jesus Christ ! Amen."

Swartz, however, persevered in his own faithful and affectionate manner. "Were we," he says, "to address the Heathen in an angry and cutting manner, it would be just as if we were to throw sand in a man's eyes, and then bid him see distinctly and accurately. But addressing them in love and meekness, or, when overhearing some evil speech, we graft on it a representation of Christianity in its loveliness, they usually listen with attention and reflection.

The following is a pleasing account of one of his Converts, given by Swartz—

A young man from the country was met by a Helper, who brought him to us. He remained with us several days, heard in silence, and declared he was convinced of the abomination of Heathenism. He then desired to go into the country, intending to return with his mother and his betrothed wife. After a few days, he arrived with the mother, and they then placed themselves under instruction. Both were of a quiet, and, in the eyes of the world, of a moral disposition. The young man began to attend to reading, which he had before almost forgotten. At the Evening Prayer hour—when we read a chapter in the New Testament, and when the Helpers inquire as to what is difficult to them—he was very attentive. Beside the other instruction given him, he had to read over to himself frequently, during the day, the chapter to be read at the evening hour of prayer, when he read it aloud before us all, distinctly, and without hesitation. By this daily exercise he soon learned to read. He and his aged mother prayed most earnestly, and we all remarked with joy that God was in the youth. He received the name of Sattianaden, or, Possessor of the Truth. His friends and relatives were ill-content. He, after this, went into the country to bring his wife and mother-in-law back with him; but this was attended with sorrow, for the wife came in much distress, would listen to nothing, and wept when she was addressed. The aged mother-in-law came likewise from a distance, but soon returned; "for," said she, "there is no standing it: every day there are twenty coming to me to converse about Christianity: this is not to be borne;" and so she returned into the country. Our Sattianaden now learned the Truth more and more; went forth and returned with the Helpers; carried my bag for me in my journeys very humbly; and showed his humility in little things. His brother-in-law came one day from the country, and set on him with so much wrath, in public, that the whole street was full. He would not enter the house, but insulted as he sat on the threshold. The Helpers wanted to set him right,

but it proved in vain. After a day his anger lessened, and he became more sociable. He was civilly invited to attend the Evening Prayer, which he did. We all conversed with him, and he acknowledged that he was in fault; promised that he would soon come with his wife, and place himself under instruction; confided to us his son, a dear little lamb, six years of age, to be instructed in the School; and then returned to the country. Sattianaden I have received as a Helper, and he now goes forth in peace; only I never send him forth alone, but in the society of an elder Helper; so that should he be roughly treated, which is no unusual case here, he may have some one with him to console him

Sattianaden was afterwards ordained.

*(To be continued.)*

#### THE INDIAN SETTLEMENT, RED-RIVER COLONY.

In our last Number we related the arrival of the Bishop of Rupert's Land at the Red-River Colony. We now proceed to mention some of the many encouraging circumstances which serve to show how truly and deeply the Christian Indians value their privileges. The Bishop had arranged to spend Christmas-day at the Indian Settlement, and on the 24th of December he proceeded thither. He thus describes the circumstances of his visit—

The ride from the Fort to the Indian Church is the prettiest in the Settlement, and the day was bright and beautiful, so that I saw it to great advantage. The greater part of the way you drive through the woods, until you suddenly come on the river at a small island, where the river widens and forms a larger sheet of water, almost like a lake, between the island and the Indian Church. The flag was hoisted in front of the house of the Chief Pigwys, and before Mr. Smithurst's house, in honour of my arrival. In the afternoon I visited the Chief, and conversed with him for some time; and, hearing that his grandson was to be baptized the next day, I promised to do this myself. In the evening, according to good old English custom, Mr. Smithurst distributed some meat and vegetables among the poor: he gave six pounds of beef and a quarter of a bushel of turnips to each of the widows of the Settlement: their number he found to have increased by deaths to 23. We had Service in the Church in the evening, as they have always a short Indian sermon, bearing on the Sacrament, the evening before every administration of the Lord's Supper.

The following morning, the weather had entirely changed: a very high wind, with a severe and drifting snow-storm. We found, notwithstanding, no empty places in Church. Above 250 assembled to celebrate the birth of their Saviour, and out of these 86 joined together in commemorating His dying love at His Holy Table. There is a remarkable stillness during Service in the Indian Church, great reverence of manner, and we noticed that many of them were in tears while kneeling to communicate. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt had joined us, having been prevented from attending the Lord's Supper with us at St. Andrew's Church. I preached in the morning from St. Luke ii. 15, telling them that I

felt grieved that, as it happened, they were the last to hear my voice among them from the pulpit; but that I could not have had a more suitable day, to appear for the first time, than that on which we hail the glad tidings of great joy, the birth of the Infant Saviour for the redemption of a lost and guilty world. In the afternoon the first part of the Service was read in English by Mr. Hunt; the remainder, from the Second Collect, in Cree by Mr. Smithurst. I then baptized the little grandson of the Chief, the son of his *eldest Christian* son; after which there was a short Indian sermon, a translation of one, on "the Image of God," in Jowett's Christian Visitor. This was read by the Schoolmaster. He prepares it over-night, and reads it off fluently. This is found here, as in New Zealand, to be much better than to have the words of the Clergyman translated by an interpreter, sentence by sentence. The singing in the afternoon was remarkably good: they seem to enjoy it themselves; and, having been well trained by Mr. Smithurst, with some additional instruction by Mr. Hunt, they can now sing, taking parts, extremely well. We had the usual Christmas Hymns—'While shepherds,' 'High let us swell our tuneful notes,' 'Hark! the herald angels sing,' &c.—and, at the conclusion, the Evening Hymn. I could not restrain the expression of my pleasure after all was finished, and told them how much I had enjoyed the Services of the day, and how much I was delighted to find that they could join in such a way in the praises of our Heavenly Father.

Next morning, before I left Mr. Smithurst's house, the Chief called. I found it was to present a Calumet of Peace. It is a pretty one, with an ornamented handle. The mouthpiece is from the celebrated red-stone quarry mentioned by Catlin. It had been given to the Chief in a war with the Sioux, and he begged my acceptance of it. Immediately after, I took leave, with many very pleasing recollections of my first Christmas in this distant and remote land.

The history of this Mission is most instructive. It teaches us never to disregard the smallest opportunity of doing good. To do so is just the same as if a man should despise a seed because it is small, and say there is no use in sowing it. Yet, small as it is, what great things grow from a little seed! The noble oak, with its immense trunk, and huge branches stretching out in every direction, beneath which it is so pleasant to sit on a summer's day and find shelter from the heat, sprung from an acorn! He who first commenced the work among the poor Indians of Rupert's Land had learned not to despise the day of small things. He showed this when he took home with him two Red-Indian boys, whom their parents had entrusted to his care, that he might teach them about the true God and Jesus Christ. We give on the next page a picture of the Rev. John West, in his log house at the Red River, with these two Red boys before him, teaching them their letters. It required great pains, and greater patience; but Mr. West was a good man, and a great man, because he was willing to become as nothing for Christ, and because he contented himself with very small beginnings, in the hope that God would bless them to great



results. He taught the boys a prayer. It was short and simple—"Great Father! bless me, through Jesus Christ our Lord;" and in



the Letter in which he told the Society of this, he added, "May our gracious God hear their cry morning and evening, and raise them up as heralds of His salvation in this truly benighted and barbarous part of the world!"

How remarkably God has answered the prayers of this devoted Minister! One of these Indian boys is now the Native Catechist, Henry Budd, whom the Bishop hopes to have with him next winter to prepare for Ordination, and who already has done much good amongst his countrymen.

In another Letter Mr. West says, "Those boys, who have been with me since last year, can now converse pretty freely in English, are beginning to read, and can repeat the Lord's Prayer correctly. The other day I gave them a small portion of ground for a garden,

and I never saw boys in Europe more delighted than they were in hoeing and planting it."

The little Red Indian boy working at his garden has grown up to be a Christian man, and his sphere of labour has changed. He is a labourer in the husbandry of God, watching over the plants which his Heavenly Father has planted. May many such Labourers be sent forth to break up the hard soil, and sow the good seed, until the dreary wastes of Rupert's Land become as the garden of the Lord!

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### PERILS IN THE WILDERNESS.

AFRICA is a very large continent. The greater portion of its interior is as yet unknown to us; and hitherto, when a map of Africa has been printed, the centre part has been left blank. Europeans have been curious on the subject. They have thought it strange, that, although Africa is nearer to them than either Asia or America, it should nevertheless be the least known. From our own country many brave men have been sent out, from time to time, to try and reach the centre. None of them have succeeded, and most of them have died from sickness and fatigue.

We have some Missionaries on the East Coast of Africa, and they have been enabled to travel some hundred miles from the coast, and to make some very remarkable discoveries.

The surface of the earth is divided into five zones, or belts. One is very hot, two are very cold, and two temperate. We live in one of the temperate zones. The hot or tropical zone lies to the south of us, and occupies the centre part of the earth's surface. The greater portion of Africa lies within this hot zone. Our Missionaries on the East Coast are near the centre of it. Yet here, where it was least expected, our Missionaries have discovered mountains covered with perpetual snow. Mr. Rebmann discovered one mountain of this kind in a journey which he made in the year 1848; and Dr. Krapf, in a long journey which he accomplished in November and December of last year, discovered another. Central Africa may therefore prove to be a hilly and mountainous country. Now we know that the higher we go the colder it gets. We find, from the East-African snow mountains, that even in the parts of the earth where the sun has most power there is a height where there is snow, and snow which never melts away all the year round. Thus the centre of Africa may be so high that it may be a temperate climate like our own. We also know that such climates suit man best, that they are the most populous, and that man there has most power of mind and body. What a field for Missionary effort may there not be in the heart of Africa waiting for the Gospel! numerous and interesting nations, who have never seen its light nor heard its joyful sound.

It is from love to souls that our Missionaries have made these

journeys, to try what openings might exist for introducing the Gospel into the interior. They have undergone many fatigues and dangers. Wild beasts of various kinds—the lion, the elephant, the rhinoceros—abound in these lands. The latter is especially formidable to the traveller, as, if he is met in the jungle, it is almost impossible to get away from him. But their principal danger has been from selfish men. Mr. Rebmann, on his last journey, suffered much in this respect.

A great ruler in the interior, called Mamkinga, had promised Mr. Rebmann once before, that when he came again he would help him on his way to new countries beyond; and about a year ago Mr. Rebmann proceeded to visit him, in the hope that he would do as he had said. This was not, however, the case. It soon became plain that this King would not suffer him to go further, and that he would keep him there until he had robbed him, by beggary, of all the goods he had brought with him to pay the expenses of his journey. Day after day he sent, or came himself, for presents. Mr. Rebmann saw his goods lessening rapidly, and, with them, his hopes of getting on. This troubled him very much; so much so, that one day, when he was obliged to tear off, with his own hands, the pieces of cloth which the King asked for, he could no longer restrain himself, but burst into tears. When they saw him weeping, they said it was because he was losing his goods. But he said this was not so: it was because good people in Europe had given them to him that he might visit the nations of Africa so far as he could, and teach them the Gospel, and now Africans themselves were preventing him from doing so.

Moreover, the weather was wet and cold, his miserable hut generally full of smoke, his food very bad, and not enough even of that, and Mr. Rebmann at length became very ill. His bearers became discontented, and nothing remained but to return. Afraid to take the beaten road by which they had come, lest they might be ill-treated by the Chiefs when it was found they had no more presents, it was resolved to leave the beaten path, and go home through the wilderness. This, however, was no easy task. Some of the people who had hatchets went first to open a way through the thick jungle. Others climbed the highest trees, to find out, the direction they ought to take, for they would not trust to Mr. Rebmann's compass. Sometimes, during the dark and rainy night, no fire could be lighted. They could neither warm themselves nor cook their food, and Mr. Rebmann's bedding and clothes were soaked with wet.

After having passed many small rivers, they reached one larger than the rest, and it caused much thought to know how they were to cross it. At length a tree was cut down and thrown across the river, the rocks catching it so as to prevent it being swept away. It came short of the other bank by about fifteen feet, and stakes were therefore fastened to the end of it, and to some large stones which were above the water. In crossing by this rude bridge, Mr. Rebmann lost his balance, and fell into the water. The danger was that he

would be swept away, for the current was very strong, and the water so deep as to reach beneath his arms. But God had mercy on him, and not on him only, but on us also, lest we should have sorrow upon sorrow. He was enabled to get hold of the stakes, and even then, such was the force of the stream, he could scarcely hold on while wading through to the other bank. One of his porters assisted in getting him out of the water, as represented in our Frontispiece. The next bridge of this kind Mr. Rebmann dragged himself over in a riding posture.

Mr. Rebmann says—"On praying to God amidst the thorns of the wilderness, my heart melted within me, and my eyes overflowed with tears, in remembrance of the experience which I had made on this journey, which showed me much more of the wickedness of these African Heathen, but also of my own heart."

It is indeed in times of trial that we learn most of ourselves, and most also of the goodness of Him who bears with us, sinful as we are, and continues to watch over and protect us. We are also on our journey—the journey through life; and the road is often sharp and thorny, and there are difficult and dangerous places—temptations which must be met, and sins into which we may fall, and so be swept away. What need, therefore, have we to place ourselves under the care of that merciful Father, who spared not His own Son, but delivered him up for us all! He will be near to help when we most need it. "He sent from above, He took me; He drew me out of many waters."

#### ENCOURAGING INSTANCE OF PAROCHIAL EFFORT IN THE CAUSE OF MISSIONS.

THE following sketch of the growth of Missionary work in a country parish of small capabilities is interesting and instructive. It shows what may be done where there is a willing mind, and remarkably verifies a passage in our Report for the present year—that the funds of this Society are mainly dependent, under God, upon individual exertion, springing from a sense of personal responsibility.

A small agricultural village in a southern county, without one landowner resident within its bounds, has, since the year 1828, contributed 240*l.* 18*s.* 6½*d.* to the funds of the Church Missionary Society. Of that sum, 127*l.* have been raised, since the year 1844, by annual instalments of, on an average, 24*l.* From that date, Evening Meetings have been held in the National Schoolroom, once, and sometimes twice, every year. At those Meetings, friends from the neighbourhood, and Deputations from the Parent Society, have spoken. But before 1844—that is, for the first sixteen years of the existence of the Association—only three Meetings, the first in 1835, were held in the place, and no Public Meetings within six miles.

Yet during that period the Income from this little Branch steadily increased, from 5*l.* to 10*l.* 10*s.* per annum, amounting in all to 113*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

How is this to be explained? How did the work begin? How was it carried on? It began with a young tradesman of the village. He came down from his business employments in London, full of what he had seen and heard at a Public Meeting of the Church Missionary Society. He began, and first his mother, then his brother, carried on the humble work of collecting penny and halfpenny weekly subscriptions, and circulating from month to month, with untiring regularity, the Church Missionary Record. Thus the work went on, steadily and noiselessly. Many were its discouragements: at times all things seemed to be against us; but the hand of the Lord was with His servants, and after many years of patient labour He cheered them by sending them a Pastor who loves the work as they do.

The brother is still a warm friend of the Society; while his daughters from month to month circulate the periodical publications of the Society; and the little annual gatherings in the School-room are such as cheer the Minister's heart, and refresh the spirits even of men who, like Bernau, have seen and addressed much larger and more influential assemblies.

We add a statement, which may, we trust, in connexion with what has already been advanced, tend to encourage some fainting ones, and perhaps, also, may rouse to exertion some who, under circumstances equally—but scarcely less—hopeless, are tempted to say, “The time is not come, the time that the Lord's House should be built.”

Midsummer	1829	£5 14 6	Midsummer	1840	£10 10 0
„	1830	3 18 0	„	1841	10 10 0
„	1831	4 0 0	„	1842	10 10 0
„	1832	3 10 0	„	1843	10 10 0
„	1833	5 5 0	„	1844	10 10 0
„	1834	5 5 0	„	1845	20 7 11
„	1835	5 5 0	„	1846	22 10 9
„	1836	6 10 0	„	1847	23 7 4
„	1837	6 10 0	„	1848	22 15 0½
„	1838	7 7 0	„	1849	25 12 0
„	1839	7 7 0	Jubilee Fund . . .		13 4 0
			£240 18 6½		

State of the Funds of the Association at Midsummer 1849—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collection at Annual Meeting,	3	0	10	Twenty-two Missionary Boxes, 10	13	10	
Annual Subscriptions . . .	3	19	0	Other Sums . . . . .		11	0
Twenty-five Weekly ditto						£25	12 0
at 1d. . . . .	5	8	4				
Eighteen ditto at ½d. . . . .	1	19	0				

Population of the village in 1841, 600.

THE RUINED TEMPLE.

THE Rev. G. G. Cuthbert, in visiting the Krishnaghur Mission, discovered a singular temple near the Station of Bholobpur. It had evidently been built with great care and at much expense, but it had been cleft in twain by a peepul tree, which had rooted itself in the building, and, with its swelling roots and branches, had torn the whole asunder.

Where, by Jelingha's tide, the Hindu youth  
 Welcomes with joy the sound of Gospel truth ;  
 Where Krishnaghur its rip'ning hopes displays,  
 And Christian Natives join in prayer and praise ;  
 A Heathen shrine is found, by zealous hands  
 In former times constructed—there it stands,  
 An ancient pile : ages had passed away,  
 And left it little injured by decay.  
 But something now despoils it : on the ground  
 The scattered fragments of its strength are found,  
 Stone rent from stone, the massive walls upturned,  
 And its high dome of decoration shorn.  
 Life in its growth has rent the pile in twain,  
 And strewed the shapeless ruins o'er the plain.  
 A seed fell there, within some crevice blown  
 By the strong wind, and there, in secret sown,  
 It grew : the dews refreshed it, and the rain  
 Helped in its turn the seedling to sustain.  
 Its roots so flexible an entrance found  
 Through many a tiny aperture around.  
 Insinuated thus, they grew apace,  
 And, as they grew, required more ample space.  
 The contest then commenced ; a wond'rous strife  
 Between the inert mass and swelling life.  
 The solid walls resisted, but, at length,  
 The slow but sure expansion, in its strength,  
 Burst the stone barriers, and scattered wide  
 The masonry which had its strength defied.

There is a gloomy pile of vice and guilt  
 By Satan's pow'r elaborately built ;  
 Innumerable idols placed within  
 Teach, by their bad example, men to sin ;  
 And, tainted by religion such as this,  
 Men serve their lusts, and call this service bliss.

But there a seed has fall'n, so small and mean  
 That men despised it ; but it fell between  
 Opposing hindrances, and, through God's grace,  
 Found, where it least was hoped, an entrance place.  
 The truth was introduced, and there it lay,  
 Preserved of God, and nourished day by day.  
 And now it grows perceptibly : it shoots  
 Through the hard mass its penetrative roots.  
 Strange sounds are heard, and sudden flaws appear,  
 Which tell the time of dissolution's near ;  
 And now and then, from the enfeebled walls,  
 As ominous of more, a fragment falls ;  
 A living stone rolls off—a village prays  
 To be instructed in the Saviour's ways ;  
 Sinners with willing ears the Truth receive,  
 And come with haste, impatient to believe ;  
 Men break from caste, and friends and home resign ;  
 The fibrous roots grow vigorous and twine  
 Around each buttress, tearing it away,  
 And op'ning the dark building to the day.  
 Soon may it prostrate fall, and in its place  
 Churches of true believers India grace !

No. 5. NEW SERIES.]

[AUGUST, 1850.

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



THE MISSIONARY'S HUT IN THE TREE.—*Vide* p. 55.

VOL. I.

F

## LIVES OF MISSIONARIES.—THE REV. C. F. SWARTZ.

*(Continued from p. 41 of our last Number.)*

SWARTZ was a holy man. God's grace enabled him to live consistently. This, as we shall see, gave him much influence, and won for him the respect of all people, Natives and Europeans. There is nothing gives such weight as character. Men know from their own experience how difficult it is to lead a holy and self-denying life; and when they see a fellow-man like Swartz enabled to do so, then they know that he has a principle and a source of strength within him which they have not. Such a man will be respected, and numbers, who cannot persuade themselves to give up the guilty pleasures of a sinful life, in the depths of their own hearts feel how well it would be for them if they were real Christians also. What the Holy Spirit wrought in Swartz, He can do for us; only let us humble ourselves before our God, and ask for grace in the name of Jesus Christ.

Our readers would wish to know something of the personal appearance of Swartz, of his habits and way of life. He is thus sketched by the pen of his friend, Mr. Chambers—

I had often heard mention of Mr. Swartz, before I went to see him, as a man of great zeal and piety, and learned in the languages of the country; but my ideas of him were very imperfect, and I had a notion that I should find him very strict and austere-looking. The first sight of him, however, made a complete change in my mind as to this point. His garb, indeed, which was very well-worn, seemed foreign and old-fashioned; but in every other respect his appearance was the reverse of what might be called forbidding. Figure to yourself a stout, well-made man, somewhat above the middle size, erect in his carriage and address, with a complexion rather dark, though healthy, black curled hair, and a manly engaging countenance expressive of unaffected openness and benevolence, and you will have an idea of what Mr. Swartz appeared at first sight.

At Trichinopoly his means of living were very narrow. His whole income was about 48*l.* a year; and an European may live in England much better on 24*l.* a year than he could in India for 48*l.* Let us see, then, how he managed with this income. He obtained of the Commanding Officer, who perhaps was ordered to furnish him with quarters, a room in an old Gentoo building, which was just large enough to hold his bed and himself, and in which few men could stand upright. With this apartment he was contented. A dish of rice and vegetables, dressed after the manner of the Natives, was what he could always sit cheerfully down to; and a piece of dimity dyed black, and other materials of the same homely sort, sufficed him for an annual supply of clothing. Thus easily provided as to temporal wants, his only care was to "do the work of an Evangelist."

This he was indeed enabled to do. He preached incessantly to the Natives, both in the town and in villages around. There was before him abundance of work. The country of Tanjore



is one of the richest in Southern India, and the wealthy Hea-then in former times had spent immense sums of money in the building of pagodas, of which there are great numbers. One of the largest is at the Isle of Seringham, about fifteen miles below Trichinopoly. It is one mile long, and, being square, is four miles round. In the centre of each of the sides is a great Cobrum, or tower. The central space within the walls is filled up by one square within another, the innermost square being the seventh. There is the idol, Shiva being the false god worshipped. The hall of reception is supported by no fewer than 1000 great pillars, each being one stone hewn out of the rock. Around are huge figures of the false gods of India in great numbers. The great idol Shiva is of pure gold: it is made in pieces, so that it can be taken down and put up again at the festivals. One of the pieces, forming the hand to the wrist, would reach from a man's elbow to the end of the fingers, so that the whole image when set up cannot be less than fifteen feet high. Conceive an image of gold fifteen feet in height. Beside, there are precious stones, wherewith to dress the idol so as to hide the joints at the wrists, neck, and other parts, in wonderful quantities, chest after chest being full of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, so as to dazzle the eyes. The Brahmins say that the treasures of the temple are worth no less than 625,000*l*.

In a country and amidst a people so wholly given to idolatry, Swartz laboured. He did not seem to know what it was to be discouraged. He believed the Truth was great, and that it would prevail. He went forth in simplicity of spirit, trusting to the power of God. What he said was pointed, and full of meaning. Once a Mahomedan asked him, "What is the difference between your religion and mine?" Swartz replied, "We both have a heavy burden of sin to carry: you have none to remove it, but we have, in Jesus Christ, a powerful deliverer." Another said, "Show me God, that I may see Him, and I will become your disciple." "You speak," said Swartz, "like a sick man who wishes to become well without taking medicine. There is a sure way made known by God Himself: follow it, and you will see Him."

On one occasion he visited the great mosque at Trichinopoly. This mosque is said to contain the remains of a celebrated faqir called Natter, who was supposed to have performed many wonderful miracles 700 years before. At the tomb of this saint the Mahomedans come to worship every Thursday. On the occasion of Swartz' visit, two Mahomedans, entering into conversation with him, began to praise the merit of good works. "I will not," said he, "enter into a long discussion with you, as you have just used the Persian proverb, that 'He who disputes loses every time a drop of blood from his liver.' I will therefore simply state the truth of the Gospel. We are sinners, and deserve to be punished. That punishment we must either bear ourselves, or some other person, duly fitted to do so, must bear it in our stead.

This other person is no other than Jesus Christ. He is now the foundation of all grace; so that unless you seek through Him the forgiveness of your sins, the guilt will rest upon yourselves, and you must bear the punishment."

Nor did he only think of the souls of the Heathen. He found at Trichinopoly a large English garrison without a Chaplain. To these he tried to be of service, and his kind, simple manners soon made him welcome. He persuaded the soldiers in the first instance to meet in a large room in an old Gentoo building. They then resolved to build a Church. Being appointed Chaplain, at a salary of 100*l.*, Swartz expended the first year's income in building next the Church a Mission-house and a School-house.

Thus he sowed beside all waters, and his work at Trichinopoly was owned and blessed of God. Every day he assembled such of his Catechists as were sufficiently near, and instructed them how to explain to the Natives the truths of the Gospel. In the morning they joined him in prayer, and meditation on God's word; after which every one was directed whither to go that day, "trying," to use Swartz' own words, "whether they might not be so happy as to bring some of their wandering fellow-creatures into the way of truth." In the evening they gave an account of their labours, and the day closed, as it began, with meditation and prayer. During the day many of the Natives, of various ranks, came to visit and converse with him, as well as the officers of the garrison, who valued him. One marked feature in the character of Swartz was his love of children and earnest desire to do them good; and we shall end this paper by an extract from a beautiful Letter written by him to the daughters of his valued friend, Colonel Wood, Commandant of the Fort at Trichinopoly, after their father's death.

Oh, my dear young friends, regard the admonitions, example, nay, and the correction, of your pious mamma; despise them not; prize them higher than all jewels. Rejoice her heart by your humble and obedient behaviour, as I hope you have hitherto done. Doubtless you see and hear much, in so large a city, which should not so much as be named by Christians. But the Church is at present like a field which is overgrown with weeds, thorns, and thistles. You are happily guarded by your Christian education against the evil influence which the prevailing wickedness might otherwise have over you. Shun those places; turn away your eyes and hearts from all which might vitiate your mind, or at least tempt you, or retard you in your way. Be sure, you may pray, nay, be fervent in prayer; but, except you watch, you will lose all most miserably. Watchfulness is the soul of Christianity. Be therefore careful. Watch: above all, watch over your heart, over your conversation, over the company you keep. In short, be wise virgins. You will then be ready to go out to meet the Lord. You read, you pray, you sing hymns; but take care that all these excellent things may improve your hearts and lives, that by your reading you may grow in the knowledge of Jesus, in faith, in a sincere love towards Him, in willingness to follow Him, in hating and rejecting all things which hinder you

in your desire of winning Christ, and the happiness of being found in Him. I remember you all frequently: my heart wishes you all the riches of grace, of strength, and comfort, which are to be found in Jesus.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### THE HILL ARAANS.

THE centre of India is much higher than the countries next the coast: it is what is called a high table-land. You climb up from the shore by steep valleys and mountains; and when you have reached the top you find yourself in a vast plain country, raised, by the mountains you have ascended, far above the plains below. In these mountains, called ghauts, which separate the highlands from the lowlands of India, and on the sides of the still higher mountains which border India on the north, amidst the jungles and forests, are to be found very many races of people altogether different from the Hindus.

The attention of our Missionary, the Rev. H. Baker, jun., of Palam, in the kingdom of Travancore, has, within these few years, been drawn to an interesting race inhabiting the forest-clad hills and mountains which are to the east of his Station, at the distance of about forty miles. They are called the Hill Araans, and live by cultivation. Mr. Baker describes them as a most interesting people in manners and appearance, and proverbial throughout the country for their truth, their modesty, and industrious habits. They have well-cultivated fruit and other trees, and a large tract of ground for the growth of rice adjoining each village. They number about 2000 in a circle of forty miles, their villages being separated from each other by tracts of thick jungle. Living in villages on the sides of the ghauts, until visited by our Missionary they never had an European among them, with the exception of those who surveyed the country thirty years ago.

About two years ago the Headmen of these people, from five different hills, applied to Mr. Baker, asking for Schools, religious instruction, and protection against some persons who oppressed them. Mr. Baker, thinking they asked for religious teaching only in the hope of being protected, questioned them on this point, and in some measure found that such was the case. But when one of them, the head of thirty-two families, said, "Sir, we worship our ancestors, beside other gods: we know nothing aright. Will you teach us, or not?" and when another said, "The cholera last year, and the fever this spring, killed all but two of my relations: they died like beasts, and we buried them like dogs. Ought you to neglect us?" he felt he could not do otherwise than promise them all the help he could give. He therefore set out to visit them, accompanied by his brother. They had to walk the whole way, often having to wade across the hill streams, and passing the nights in

the houses of the Natives. He found about 500 willing to come under instruction. They said that they wanted no pecuniary help ; that their hill-sides gave them abundance of rice ; and that all they wished was to know how to serve God aright, and that they might not be obliged to obey other than the proper officers.

Afterward a very encouraging Meeting was held, which Mr. Baker thus describes in one of his Letters, dated May 24, 1849—

Ten days since we had a grand Meeting of heads of villages : more than 100 men assembled from a dozen different hamlets. Only a few among them who are office-bearers in each hamlet, and who offer to the spirits of their ancestors the *cover* of all their seed, paddy, &c., wear kudombies, or top-knots of hair : all others wear it long, like women. They agreed to cut off these top-knots, or have the whole head covered with hair ; to learn prayers morning and evening ; abolish all practices contrary to Christianity ; deliver up to me the signs or symbols of Kali\* ; and have all boys and girls, and themselves, taught. They also promised to build a Prayer-house in each place, and requested a Church in a central place ; and begged of me to live amongst them. After this I prayed with them, all kneeling in the open air, and, it being night, we had large fires burning. They repeated the Lord's Prayer, and I blessed them in the name of our Redeemer and Father, praying the Comforter to enlighten their souls. All this was fifty miles from home, in the centre of the ghauts, and these men were the heads of families containing 900 and more souls.

Another Letter, dated three months later, contains more information.

About 190 of them have learned the Lord's Prayer and Belief, and are now getting on with the Ten Commandments. More than 300 are under instruction now ; and many other villages of them have asked for Teachers. I am able to spend a week with these people about once every month.

I consider these mountaineers to be the most promising part of the vineyard entrusted to me. The villages are situated on the mountain sides ; little terraces being cut out on the steep ascents to prevent wild elephants getting to them. They are surrounded by dense forests of splendid trees, every valley having a little stream falling over granite rocks. The Headman of one of the villages, who has joined me, is considered very wealthy. His place is called Combukuthie, from the mountain having at a distance, in their idea, the appearance of an elephant fallen with the tusks to the ground. Copara and Magapata are the two other villages. My Readers and Schoolmasters take it in turn to stay a month each with them ; and, as I have already mentioned, Prayer-houses have been built ; the Sunday is kept holy ; the little huts in which lamps to the memory of their ancestors were kept burning have disappeared ; prayer, morning and evening, as well as on Sundays, is offered up unitedly ; old and young, all capable of learning, are doing so ; and I hope before long I shall have some young men among them capable of teaching others.

\* Kali, or the black mother, one of the false deities of the Hindus, is supposed to be particularly pleased with the shedding of blood. She is much worshipped near Calcutta, which has thence its name—Kali-ghaut, or Calcutta.

The habits, figures, and customs of these Araans are very different from those of the people we have been accustomed to. Truth is very rarely departed from. Industry, hospitality, and freedom of speech appear marked in their character. There is no fawning nor cringing about them; so that even while teaching them, if any thing is told them beyond their understanding or belief, they say so at once. The heathen customs of the women in the lower part of Travancore are not known among them.

Since then Mr. Baker has been several times amongst this interesting people. Their god-houses have been pulled down, and the stones which represented the spirits of their ancestors rolled down the hill-side. Last December he remained an entire fortnight with them, during which time he was the inhabitant of a strange habitation—a hut built in a large tree some twenty-five feet from the ground, which we have endeavoured to represent in our Frontispiece. When our readers remember that tigers and elephants abound in these jungles, they will feel disposed to think that this nest in a tree was, after all, not a bad place to live and sleep in for a time, provided the inmate was careful not to fall out of it. At this place the jungle has been cleared; eight houses for native families built; a School-room, to be used as a Place of Worship, finished; while the whole is to be surrounded with a high bank of earth and granite stones, with a ditch to keep off the elephants. In the centre, instead of the house in the tree, there is to be a bungalow for the Missionary. Meanwhile, until the enclosure is made, they put him in the most secure place they have. As this spot is central to the other villages, all the boys are to come there to School, and several families intend removing to it. Mr. Baker has got from the owner of the soil a space of two miles round the spot, which they can cultivate. As the neighbourhood becomes safe, each house will be built separate in its own garden; and the central enclosure will become the Mission Compound, which will then contain only the bungalow, Church, and School-house.

Let us pray that these poor people may be as a little flock gathered within the fold of Christ, and safe under His care; so that the enemy of souls, who goes about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, may not be able to touch them.

#### THE OLD CHIEF TUMUWAKAIRIA.

IN April of last year our New-Zealand Missionary, the Rev. R. Taylor, who had been at Tauranga, on the north-east coast, for the purpose of meeting and taking counsel with his brethren from other Stations, set out on his return home, a long journey on foot, to his own District, Wanganui, which lies directly across the island on the opposite, or south-western coast.

In this journey several things occurred which our readers may find interesting. Mr. Taylor, wishing to borrow a canoe to take

him some distance down one of the rivers, one of the New Zealanders wrote a Letter to his friend, asking him to oblige Mr. Taylor in this matter. The Letter was wrapped up in a bit of brown paper and tied with flax: it was then fixed in the cleft of a stick, which was tied again at one end to keep it safe. With this stick in her hand the messenger ran on before them. Great numbers of the Natives have learned to read and write, many of them after they had grown old: thus they read their New Testaments diligently, and when they meet a Missionary have many questions to ask him, and they can communicate by letter with their distant friends. They are very fond of writing, and make much use of it.

At one of the villages where he held Service, many of the Natives came afterward to his tent to speak with him. One of them asked what was the meaning of Agrippa's word, Almost a Christian—in native speech, a Christian all but a little bit or space.

Now it happened that, some time before, Te Heuheu, a great Chief, with many of his relatives, had been buried beneath a heavy mass of stones and mud which had fallen from the side of the mountain which rose behind his village. The old Chief, who was nearly seven feet high, might have escaped, for he was warned of the danger; but instead of this he stood at the door of his house and prayed to the sea-god or monster in whom he trusted to turn away the evil, for he was not a Christian, and while he was doing so sudden destruction came upon him. This calamity was spoken of all through New Zealand, and all the Natives knew of it.

Mr. Taylor made use of this to answer the man's question. He said that Te Heuheu was all but a little bit from being saved; that his house was only a little bit from the spot where the rush of mud had ceased, and that had he fled to it he might have been saved; but he did not do so, and so he perished. Thus Agrippa was all but a little bit from being a Christian, but, that little bit remaining, he died without becoming such. Another said that to be almost a Christian was like a bad shilling, which, although almost like a good one, was not altogether so, being only silvered without and copper within.

We now give some very interesting passages from Mr. Taylor's Journal, which will both show the difficulties and hardships of a journey of this kind in New Zealand, and also the affectionate kindness of the Natives to their Minister, and the efforts they will make to help him forward on his way.

*May 22, 1849*—We crossed over Mokau iti by a couple of slippery poles, and very thankful I was when I got safe over, for it is a deep though narrow river. It turned out very rainy. In a dense forest we found a little party of four men, and twice as many women and children. One of the men was a great Chief of the Maniatepoto, named Tumuwakairia, who pressed us to stay the night, although it was only 1 p.m., and declared his intention of accompanying us himself to show us the road.

*May 23*—Another rainy night, and very rainy morning. The Chief's daughter said that had I been an ordinary Pakeha—European—she would not have suffered her father to have gone on any account, espe-

cially on such a rainy day as this. The first part of our journey was through a dense forest, up water courses, and to the summit of a lofty mountain named Taurua, which also gives the name to the road. We then passed over a great extent of pretty level table-land, chiefly covered with grass, which, as we advanced, became more hilly. Alternately passing over fern hills and grassy valleys, we again entered the forest; and, at 3 P.M., encamped for the night, together with the old Chief and his daughter. He went before me with his patiti—small war-hatchet—chopping down obstructing branches to show his regard for me. We found it difficult to light a fire. We were all dripping wet. My tent and every thing in it were so wet that it felt like entering a well.

*May 25*—Another rainy night and day. We found the road very much grown up; but the old Chief, dressed in a ragged blanket, full of patches torn from the extremities to make good the centre, with a feather in his hair and a dirty bunch of albatross-down stuck in the lobe of his right ear, went before us with his little war-hatchet in his hand, with which he kept clearing away an occasional branch which obstructed us more



than usual. About 10 A.M. we came to the banks of a river which we had feared we should not be able to ford, and to our great joy we found the flood had diminished sufficiently for us to cross it. We passed by a nettle-tree, which the old Chief immediately cut down, as being a very disagreeable thing for naked feet to come near. I remarked that nettles abounded in England; when he said he supposed that was the reason Europeans left their country for New Zealand. The place abounds with pigs, so that the road was quite effaced. We passed through an uneven plain of grass and flax, bounded by wooded mountains, most beautiful except when seen in pouring rain. We then again entered the wood, through which the old Chief had to make a path. He remarked, if we had not had him as our guide we should certainly have been lost in the wilderness. I replied, "And if, in the same way, Jesus had not come on earth to be our guide to heaven, we should never have found the road." I had a very interesting conversation with him. He kept asking questions on spiritual subjects, showing that he thought for his soul. The other evening, asking him relative to their native traditions of the creation, when he had finished the account, he added, this was what he had received from his forefathers; but since the Word of God had reached him he knew it all to be false, and had ever since given up his native religion. He reminded me of the eunuch asking Philip the meaning of Scripture as he journeyed through the wilderness. The Lord sent Philip, and bade him join himself to the chariot. It pleased the Lord to send me by this old Chief's residence, and order him to join himself to me as my guide, that, as I trust, I may also become his guide in the way of life. At last we came to a part so overgrown with fern, from six to ten feet high, through which no road was visible, that I feared the old man would soon be too exhausted to force a way. The pouring rain and cold being a sufficient reason for our staying in a little clump of trees close by, a fire was now lit, and the tents pitched.

*May 26*—We had an awful night, loud peals of thunder, and continued torrents of rain. The rushing sound made by it amongst the trees had something very solemn in it. It continued to rain heavily this morning, but although my boys seemed very unwilling to move, I was determined to make an effort to get a little further on our way. We left our encampment about 9 A.M., and proceeded slowly in pouring rain. The road chiefly laid along a ravine, which in fine weather would be dry, but now was a rushing stream knee deep. Afterward we ascended a steep and lofty mountain, which was a work of some difficulty, from the slippery nature of the soil and the many obstructions in the way. On reaching the summit, we found the timber, which had once thickly covered it, had been burnt, and the ground was strewn with fallen trunks, amongst which high fern had grown, which rendered our further progress most fatiguing. The old Chief, however, perseveringly acted as our pioneer, until at last he pulled off his pakikau—a rough flax mat—which he cast down a precipice, that no one might find it again. I asked him why he threw away a good garment, and did not give it to one of my boys to carry for him, as he found the heavy rain had made it too heavy for him to carry any further. He replied, it was tapu—sacred. The garments of Chiefs, even if only filthy rags, are too sacred for others to wear when they cast them off, and formerly were thrown into a wahi tapu (sacred place)



when done with. Our road continued for some miles along this narrow mountain-ridge, in many places not two feet wide, and almost a precipice on either side, and yet most heavily timbered. About 3 P.M. we descended to a little spot which leads to another mountain-ridge. We therefore determined on staying here for the Sabbath, as my boys were wearied, and we should not reach the termination of the next range before dark. We had first, however, to dig with our hatchets and tent-poles a sufficient space of level ground for our tents to stand on. We had some difficulty in getting a fire to burn; and though we had tents, yet, being dripping wet, and carpeted with wet fern-tree leaves, they felt very cold; and all our things being wet also, we sat shivering by the fire, watching until it attained sufficient heat to warm our benumbed bodies. It continued to pour all the evening, and put out the fire of the oven which my boys had made. A warm cup of tea, with some remains of my bread well toasted to destroy the taste of its mouldiness, soon made my body comfortable, and the remains of a pig which they had killed most materially assisted in making them feel the same.

*May 27: Whit Sunday*—Thank God for a comfortable night's rest in wet blankets, tent, &c. ! A rainy day. Our two tents being opposite each other, with a large fire between us, I had only to sit in my tent to preach to my little congregation in the other, which, with the old Chief and his grand-daughter, numbered six. It continued very cold and rainy, and in the evening we had a heavy fall of snow and hail; but this did not hinder us from carrying on a nice conversation on spiritual subjects, my boys selecting passages for me to explain.

*May 28*—We broke up our encampment, and left by 8 A.M. It was very cold, and the trees dripped so that we were soon as wet as though we had been walking in pouring rain. The road was, in places, completely obliterated by the pigs, and in other places very steep. We passed through two large and deep streams. Our guide pointed out a singularly-shaped stone, called "Te kowatu o ta kanga nui," which he informed me was one of their tupuna—ancestors. We kept along another ridge, from which we ascended to a considerable hill of fern, and then descended by a very bad road in a water-course to another plain, which brought us, about sunset, to the Okura, here a fine river, broader than the Waipa. We called to the people of the Pa, and one in a little canoe soon came and put us over one at a time. I only found a man and two women there, the principal part of the inhabitants having gone to a hahunga—disinterment of bones—at Te Rarapa.

*May 29*—This morning I gave Tumuwakairia a large blanket. Although I do not find those I have brought as bedding at all too many, yet from his labour, and readiness to accompany me, I felt that he deserved one. He was much pleased with the gift.

We trust the old Chief carried away with him what was better than the blanket—not only clothing for his body, but the garments of salvation for his soul; and that, while he guided Mr. Taylor through the forests, he had been guided himself to that Saviour, whom to know is life eternal.

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## MEMORIALS OF OTHER LANDS.

THINK of those distant lands, for God has plac'd  
 Memorials on our tables. They are grac'd  
 With foreign contributions. India yields  
 Sugar and rice from her productive fields;  
 And densely-peopled China, o'er the sea,  
 Sends us the grateful beverage of tea.  
 From the Moluccas fragrant spices come,  
 Some from Malacca, from Sumatra some.  
 The sago-palms in those far isles abound,  
 Whose pith with us so nutritive is found.  
 Arabia grows its coffee for our use;  
 The South-Sea isles their arrow-root produce.  
 From Mexico, or rich Potosi's mines,  
 Purg'd from its dross, the glittering silver shines  
 The ivory that decks each polish'd blade  
 Adorn'd some noble elephant which stray'd  
 Amidst the wilds of Africa. This wood  
 Once in the forests of Honduras stood,  
 Now fashion'd into tables. Thus we bring,  
 From earth's remotest parts, some useful thing.  
 Spreading their canvas to the welcome breeze,  
 Our merchant vessels cross the stormy seas.  
 The fearless tar, by dangers undismay'd,  
 Steers for some distant port, where busy trade,  
 The trusty ship disburdening of its store,  
 Yields it a richer cargo than before.  
 Thus we increase our comforts. Shall we use  
 The fruits of other climes, and yet refuse  
 Their deep distress to realize, who need  
 The one thing needful? This is want indeed!

'Tis true their homes are beautiful: they seem  
 Like earthly Edens. Hills and valleys teem  
 With rich munificence: man's daily toil  
 Seems scarcely needed there, so good the soil.  
 Yet vain all this, till something more be given—  
 The gift of Christ, that better gift from heaven.  
 Burden'd with sin, men groan, they know not why;  
 Pine for a rest they find not, droop, and die.  
 Thus sinners come and go, the path between  
 Their birth and death all darkness, Christ unseen.  
 We traffic on their shores: then why not give  
 The Gospel to these tribes, that they may live?  
 Why not the message of salvation send,  
 As God commands, to earth's remotest end?

Compassionate the Heathen! When around  
 The social board in happiness are found  
 Parents and children, loved relations meeting,  
 Each in their place, and each the other greeting,  
 Think on these distant lands, and breathe a prayer,  
 That as we share their gifts, God's gift they soon may share.

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



GUNGOOTREE, THE SACRED SOURCE OF THE GANGES.—*Vide* p. 66.

## LIFE OF THE REV. C. F. SWARTZ—SWARTZ AND TULJAJEE.

*(Continued from p. 53 of our last Number.)*

SWARTZ did not confine his labours to Trichinopoly: he also visited Tanjore, a city thirty-seven miles eastward, a wealthy and important place. There is a large fort, with lofty walls, built of great stones, and a ditch round it cut out of the solid rock, and within this fort is the pagoda. When the Mahomedans entered India they destroyed numbers of the Hindu temples, but they had never remained long enough in the Tanjore country to do this; and therefore, in this part of India, the ancient places of idolatrous worship remain untouched. These buildings are different in form from such as remain in North India, and are called pagodas. They are very numerous, not confined to the great cities, but in almost every village there is one. Some are very magnificent, like that at Seringham, which we described in our last Number, and none more so than the pagoda at Tanjore. Its great tower, called the Cobrum, a square-sided building, tapering upward to a point, is 199 feet high. It is built over the shrine where the image is kept, in the centre of the pagoda, and over against the entrance into this place stands the figure of a bull, carved out of a block of black stone. Millions on millions have been spent by the Heathen in building these temples to their false gods. A few thousands of pounds are all that Christians can be prevailed upon to give, in order that sinners may be converted to the faith of Christ, and lively stones brought in, to build up, on the one Foundation-stone Jesus Christ, the true temple of God.

On his first visit to this city, Swartz sat down under a tree not far from the fort. Near the tree was an idol. Some of the people said he ought not to sit so near the tree, as their Swami was there; on which he civilly asked them, "Why do you speak for him? let him tell me himself to go away." They laughed, and gathered round him, and he began to tell them of the Gospel of Christ. The king's servants came to hear, and, as fresh crowds of people approached, he continued to declare the same blessed truths, until at length, seeing he was very weary and entirely covered with perspiration, some of the people brought a fan to his relief.

But now the King, Tuljajee, sent for him. Swartz found him to be a man in the prime of life, of mild and dignified manners. He was seated on a couch, supported from above by pillars, so that he could rock himself in it. His chief servants sat on the right and left at his feet, and opposite the King was placed a seat for the Missionary. It was a very interesting moment. We might draw a picture of it in our own minds, and conceive Swartz taking the seat that had been prepared for him, and about to converse with the King, yet first silently in his heart asking God to assist and bless him. Here Swartz found how well it was he had been diligent in learning the native languages, as every Missionary ought to be. The conversation commenced in Persian. It soon appeared that Swartz

knew more of this than the King, and it was changed to the Tamil, which is the language of the Natives of Tanjore, although not of the royal family, who are Mahrattas, from another part of India. Afterward, at the King's request, that they might converse more freely, Swartz learned the Mahratta language.

The King asked the Missionary how it happened that among the European nations some worshipped God with images, and others without them. This gave him an opportunity of showing very faithfully how sinful it was to worship idols. "We Europeans," he said, "once did so: we made images, and adored the work of our own hands with salams and salams, but God delivered us from it." The King laughed, and said, "He speaks plain." Swartz then went on to show the true way of calling on God, and how sinful man may be saved through Jesus Christ. After this, refreshments were brought in. Swartz was a true-hearted Christian, of simple habits: he was not to be prevented from doing what he knew to be right from the fear of being laughed at. He therefore said, "We Christians are accustomed, before we partake of food, to praise God for His goodness, and ask Him for power to use what He gives to His glory." He therefore offered up his usual prayer, and, at the King's request, sang some verses of a hymn.

From this time Swartz seems to have gained the good opinion of the King, who sent for him often, as Herod did for John the Baptist, and heard him gladly. Tuljajee was in the prime of life, of good natural talents, which he had cultivated more than was usual with men of his rank in India. He was at this time by no means unkind or oppressive to his subjects, but, like most Hindu Princes, he was fond of ease and self-indulgence. These were the rocks on which he was in danger of being wrecked. From these the Gospel, if believed, was able to preserve him, and there was abundant opportunity given to him of hearing it from the lips of Swartz.

Swartz at first preached outside the fort. It was well known that each morning and evening he would be at his usual place, and the Heathen came in flocks to hear him, and there he declared the counsel of mercy in Christ, although he was often quite covered with the dust which the land-wind blew around him. At length the King sent word that he should come into the fort, and twice a day he preached before the palace, the King himself listening to him from an upper room, and sometimes saying, "He makes out our gods to be downright devils. We must keep him here, in order to instruct this foolish people."

Many of the King's officers and people now became very uneasy lest he should have the Missionary constantly with him. They did not want to have the light so near them, as they knew it would expose their evil ways. It was evident there was a great conflict going on, the King wishing to have Swartz near him, and interested

persons trying to hinder it. Again and again the King sent for him, and again and again Swartz was prevented from seeing him. At last Swartz sent to say that he was ready, in the cause of God, to serve the King from his heart; and that, if the King wished him to stay at Tanjore, it would be necessary that he should get some one to take his place at Trichinopoly, where he had been labouring. He wished, therefore, to know what the King intended. The answer came the next day. It was to this effect—that, for this time, Swartz might go back to Trichinopoly, but that the King looked upon him as his Padre. How dangerous it is not to be honest in acting up to our convictions. “Whosoever hath, to him shall be given; and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have.” How sad to halt between two opinions, and to put off doing that which ought to be done now. Tuljajee unhappily acted like Felix, when he said to Paul, “Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.”

Alas! each future moment, as it came, was found to be less convenient than the one which had gone before it. Two years passed over before Swartz again saw the King. The first day he called, the King did not appear: he had given himself up in the meanwhile to drunkenness and other vices, and very likely was not sober. The next morning Swartz was led beneath a shady tree which stood in the court before the King's chamber. Before he was aware, the King came to him, holding a yellow umbrella. He was much altered, so much so, that Swartz at first did not know him. He had grown very thin. “The way of transgressors is hard,” very hard; for, to indulge their sinful pleasures, men ruin health, and character, and happiness, here and hereafter. His convictions had not yet altogether left him. He was evidently disquieted in mind, and restless. “Padre,” he said, “I want to speak with you privately,” and he took Swartz apart into a detached square. But interruption was at hand. Scarcely had they been a few minutes together, when the great Brahmin, a kind of Court Chaplain, joined them. He was busy in his vocation as the minister of a false religion. Of every false religion the object is, to interfere with the conscience in the wholesome workings of repentance, to prevent the sinner turning to God, and divert him from the grand business of sound conversion by vain substitutes. So soon as the poor Prince saw him, he prostrated himself on his face before him. Men's vices make them the slaves of superstitious influences; and he who bows beneath the yoke of sin, prostrates himself in abject submission at the foot of his Priest. Not far off was an elevated seat, with a mattress and a cushion to recline on. There the Brahmin went and seated himself, while the King stood before him with folded arms, as before a god. So crafty Priests have often ruled through the uneasy consciences of Kings, whose vices they have not reprov'd, because through these they ruled the conscience. The



King then gave a sign to Swartz that he should address the Brahmin, which he did, repeating, at the Priest's request, conveyed by a servant, the substance of a sermon he had preached the day before. The Brahmin heard it, and was silent. Afterward, the conversation with the King was resumed, and Swartz had an opportunity of setting before him, with all fidelity, the evil of sin, and the need of repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. Five times during this visit the King spoke with him. Once, when he was entreated to give his heart to God, he answered, "Alas! my Padre, that is not so easy a matter."

Year after year passed away, and Tuljajee improved not. First the Brahmins hindered him, then his own sins and lusts. There was nothing about him of that genuine repentance which breaks down the heart before God, and leads the sinner to cry in earnest prayer to Him who is mighty to save. Swartz, after a few years, came to live in Tanjore; but months passed away without his seeing the King, of whom he was told that he lived a sensual life, and indulged much in drunkenness. He had put aside that which alone could have rescued him, and what was there to prevent him sinking down deeper and deeper into sin? He was the more guilty in this, inasmuch as he professed to have some sense of the value of the Gospel. "I am convinced," he said on one occasion, "that the Christian religion is an hundred thousand times better than idolatry."

But trying times were at hand. Hyder Ali, of whom we shall speak in our next Number, came down with a great army and wasted the country. They who had heard and not profited by the Gospel were brought into deep affliction—their idols taken from them, their houses burnt, their cattle driven away, their children torn from them and sent into another land. The King was reduced to great straits from want of money. Afflicted by a disease which could not be cured, he lost his son, his daughter, and his grandson, his only lawful heirs. Had he been a true Christian he would have had comfort; but he became gloomy and desponding, and shut himself up in his palace. There, as he brooded over his troubles, his character quite changed. He became harsh to his people, extorted money from them without any pity for their sufferings, until they fled in crowds from the country over which he ruled. Several populous towns and villages were deserted, and whole districts, for want of labourers, were left waste and uncultivated. Compelled at length, by the English Government, he promised to deal more mildly with them if they would come back; but they doubted him, nor would they return until they had the promise of Swartz that the Rajah would be true to his word. On receiving this, 7000 came back at once: others followed. The proper season for cultivating the land was nearly gone, but they promised to work night and day, to show how strongly they felt the kindness of the Missionary, and the harvest was more abundant than it had been the previous year.

The King, now growing feeble and infirm, resolved, as he had no heir, to adopt a child from one of the branches of his house. He sent for Swartz, and, pointing to the child, said, "This is not my son, but yours: into your hands I deliver him." The Missionary immediately replied, "May this child become a child of God!" promising to do what he could for the boy in the way of education, but carefully guarding himself against having any thing to do with the political affairs of the kingdom, which the King, by the advice of Swartz, committed to the hands of his own brother. A few days after, Tuljajee, who had once promised well, and who, amidst all his sins and evil ways, had never been unkind to Swartz, died, but without any expression of faith in the only Saviour.

*(To be continued.)*

#### GUNGOOTREE, THE SACRED SOURCE OF THE GANGES.

THE Ganges is a very large river: it runs a course of 1500 miles. It has its source in the great mountains to the north of India, called the Himalaya, and receives, on its way between the mountains and the sea, eleven rivers, none smaller than the Thames, beside many lesser streams. Thus the great plain of India is watered and made fertile. The rivers that run through it are like the veins in the human body, through which the blood runs, on the circulation of which health and life depend. When the snows melt in the mountains, and heavy rains set in, the rivers become flooded, and overflow their banks, especially as they approach the sea, where the country, at such seasons, is covered with water to the extent of 100 miles, the villages and trees just rising above the water. This happens about the month of July, when the Natives may be seen rowing over the fields in boats to market, having with them their families and domestic animals, lest, during their absence, the waters, rising suddenly, should drown them. But for these rivers, of which the Ganges is the trunk, the great plain which occupies the northern part of India, at the foot of the mountains, would be a desert, instead of being a rich and fertile country inhabited by millions of people.

Thus God mercifully provides for the need of man. In every land may be discovered abundant proofs of this, and in the suitability of the gift we ought to see the goodness of the Giver. We ought to see that if God's gifts be good, God Himself must be still more so: that if we should be grieved to lose the one, how much more sad should we be to be deprived of the other: that if God's gifts gladden us, what happiness and enjoyment may we not find in God Himself. Alas! how differently sinful man acts: he uses the gift; he disregards the Giver. He estranges his heart from the one, that he may bestow it on the other. This is done by professing Christians, and in heathen lands they go further: they worship and



serve the creature with the worship which belongs to God alone. Thus the Ganges is worshipped, while He who formed it is not thought of. From Gungootree, its mountain source, to its mouth, where it enters the sea, the Hindus pay it the most wonderful veneration. The touch of its water, nay, the very sight of it, is supposed to take away sin. Its very mud is considered a remedy for all diseases. Drowning in it is an act of great merit; and thousands of sick people cause themselves to be carried to the river, that they may die on its banks. In the courts of justice, Hindus coming forward as witnesses have been sworn on its water, as the most sacred form which could be used to bind them to speak the truth. Gunga is said to be a goddess, the daughter of mount Himavut, and all castes worship her.

Great festivals are held in honour of Gunga at different places along the river—at Saugor island, where the river meets the sea, and, beside several intermediate places, at Hurdwar, where it leaves the mountains and enters the plain country of India. The festival at Saugor island is held in January, when thousands of Hindoos assemble, some of them from a distance of 500 or 600 miles. There crowds upon crowds of men, women, and children—high and low, young and old, rich and poor—may be seen bathing in the water, and worshipping Gunga by bowing and making salaams, and spreading their offerings of rice, flowers, &c., on the shore, for the goddess to take when the tide arrives. Men not only sprinkle themselves with the water, and daub themselves with the mud, but carry them hundreds of miles on their shoulders. Formerly, people used to give themselves and their infants to the sharks and alligators, but this is now forbidden. How sad to think that God's merciful arrangements for the good of man should be abused to such sinful purposes!

Hurdwar is also supposed to be peculiarly holy, and there, for generations, Hindu pilgrims have been in the habit of going, to bathe in the stream just as it frees itself from the mountains. This fair is in the month of April. Numbers of persons come to it, not only to bathe, but to buy and sell and get gain. The roads are crowded with thousands of travellers—on elephants, camels, bullocks, horses, and on foot—all shouting, as they pass the pagodas, “Mahadeo Bol!” At the river-side immense crowds may be seen thronging down the ghaut or stairs, so as to bathe in the river at the most suitable moment. Formerly, a narrow passage led from the main street to the ghaut. In this the crush used to be dreadful; and in one day, on one occasion, no fewer than 700 persons lost their lives.

But the poor Hindu is taught to believe that the higher he can climb toward the source of the river, the nearer he approaches toward true happiness; and, not content with a pilgrimage to Hurdwar, he sets forward on his perilous journey to Gungootree. Bad as the way is, through rocks and snow, where the dwelling-

place of man is not to be found, nor supplies for his use, it is made still more dreadful to him by superstitious stories of a poisonous wind, which is said to blow over the highest ridge from noxious plants. Still he presses on—now over flinty, pointed stones, often so loose that they seem about to give way under his feet—now he has to climb from cliff to cliff—sometimes by ladders he has to mount the face of a rock—sometimes over a frail spar to cross fearful chasms; but although the great body of the pilgrims come no further than Hurdwar, there are some in whom superstitious feelings are so strong that they turn not back. At length, from a height, two miles from Gungootree, the sacred spot is seen, and the drooping spirits of the pilgrim are cheered; until his foot stands upon the threshold of this wildest of glens, around which are heaped piles of pointed rocks, and peaked mountains crested with snow. There, in this lonely place, is to be seen the Ganges, its shallow waters murmuring over a bed of shingles, while here and there, in a little soil, some small cedars grow by the river's side, the margin of which is strewn with masses of rock. Its source is some distance higher up, where it comes forth, not from a cow's mouth, as the Hindus fable, but from a low arch at the foot of a great mass of frozen snow, nearly 300 feet high.

On a piece of rock, about twenty feet higher than the river's bed, stands a small temple of stone, containing small statues of Gunga and other Hindu gods. There are also houses for the Brahmins who have charge of the temple, and a few sheds for pilgrims. Here the pilgrim bathes, bows himself before the temple, marks his forehead, and goes through his other forms.\* Alas! they have no more virtue at Gungootree than at Hurdwar. The worshipper is not made "perfect, as pertaining to the conscience." He is the same slave of sin that he had been before. He pays his fee to the Brahmin, and departs to boast to his own countrymen that he has performed the pilgrimage to Gungootree, and either to feel in himself the consciousness that it has done him no good, or, if he thinks himself to be the better for it, to be in a worse state than he was before.

Blessed be God! we need not to travel on pilgrimage that we may find the true river of God—the true waters of life, in which we may "wash, and be clean," and of which we may drink and be refreshed. "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God:" there is "a fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness:" there are waters which heal wherever they flow, and give life to every thing they touch. They gush forth from the Rock of ages: "this is He that came by water and blood, even Jesus Christ." It is not by change of place, but by change of mind, we shall reach Him: it is not by the feet of the body, but by the faith

\* This is the scene represented in our Frontispiece.

of the heart, that we shall climb up to Him. "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord," and in Him the weary and heavy laden shall find rest. In Jesus the love of God is made known to sinners, and gushes forth from Him who "dwelleth in the light which no man can approach unto," to gladden and make fertile the desert wastes of this world.

### SINDE.

SINDE is a part of India which was conquered by England about seven years ago. It is watered by a large river called the Indus, the sources of which, like those of the Ganges, are amongst the snowy mountains called the Himalayas. As the summer advances, and the snows begin to melt, the waters of the river are greatly increased, and, overflowing the banks wherever they are low, cover the surrounding country for many miles. As the Indus approaches the sea it separates into many channels. Its waters are so loaded with mud and clay, that the sea is discoloured by them three miles from land. Opposite its different mouths numberless brown specks may be seen; which are called "pit" by the Natives. They are round globules filled with water, and covered with a brown skin: they give an oily appearance to the water.

It is thus that the inundations of the river manure the lands. A slime is left behind, so rich that the ground will give regularly two crops every year, and sometimes three. The Natives can raise wheat, barley, &c., as we do; but there are many things which we cannot grow that the rich soil of Sinde produces abundantly, as rice, cotton, sugar, &c.

Some of the people are occupied in the cultivation of the land. They make use of the one-humped camel in their farming work—a most useful and hardy animal, wonderfully patient of thirst. The finer camels are used for the saddle, carrying generally two persons, the rider and his attendant. The Sindians also keep buffaloes in great numbers in the swampy tracts, where they may be seen wallowing in the mud, with their heads just raised above the water.

Others of the people are occupied on the water. They are called Mianis, and are the boatmen and fishermen of the Indus. Some of the boats used on the river are not unlike a Chinese junk. They are very large, so as to be like so many floating houses, in which boatmen transport their wives and families, kids and fowls. These boats are called Doondies, and are flat-bottomed. The boatmen will wade in the water all the day. They swim and sport about, coming back now and then to the boat to drink bang—an intoxicating liquor made of the seeds and stalks of hemp—or to smoke. Their pipes are very large. They are placed on stands, made of a large piece of earthenware, and are too heavy to be lifted.

When one of the crew wishes to smoke, he goes to the stern to inhale the weed, which is mixed with opium.

There is a fish called the pullah to be found in the Indus: it is about the size of a mackarel, and tastes like a salmon. It is only found from January to April, and never goes higher than a certain part of the river, where there is a rocky island called Bukkur, on which a fort is built. The Sindians say that the pullah goes there to do honour to a great Mahomedan who is buried there, and that he never turns his tail to the holy place. The mode of catching the fish is very curious. Each fisherman provides himself with a large earthen vessel, open at the top, and somewhat flat. On this he places himself so as to keep the mouth of the vessel closed with his stomach. This buoys him up, as he paddles with his hands and feet into the middle of the stream. He has a net made like a pouch, fixed to the end of a pole about fourteen feet long: this he pushes down under him into the water.



As the pullah always swims against the stream, the fisherman floats down the current, which, meeting the net, keeps it open, and the pullah swims into it. There is a check-string attached to the net, the other end of which the man holds in his hand, and the jerk of this tells him when a fish is caught. He immediately closes the net with the string, and hauls it up. In his girdle he carries a short dagger, with which he kills the fish, and then puts it into his jar, and so goes on fishing until he has caught enough for his purpose.

These poor people are all Mahomedans. This false religion sprung up about twelve centuries ago. Mahomed, the author of it, was an Arab. He gave out that he was the true prophet of God, and set aside the Gospel of Christ, giving men, instead of the Bible, a book of lies called the Korân. He put himself at the head of armies, and prevailed by the sword; and so this false religion extended itself. It is a very unholy religion; for it tells men they may indulge their passions, and yet, if they are Mahomedans, go to what Mahomed calls Paradise, but which, as he describes it, is as unholy as the persons who are to find entrance into it.

The Mahomedans are very strict in the forms of religion. Their places of worship are called mosques. Each mosque has a minaret attached to it, which is a slender shaft or pillar, with a gallery at the top of it. Here the criers, or muezzin, go up three times a day to proclaim the hour of prayer. They chant forth words such as these—"God is supreme! God is supreme! I bear witness that there is no God but God. I bear witness that Mahomed is the apostle of God." Immediately, all within hearing of the sound stop their employments, and, turning their faces toward Mecca, a city in Arabia where Mahomed was born, offer up their prayers: the fisherman stops his net, the boatman his labour of dragging the vessel against the stream, and, getting on shore, wet and covered with mud, go through the ceremony. Alas! it is only form: their vices are not served the less.

We have just sent out a Missionary to Sinde. He is gone to a town called Kurrachee, where the English residents have built a large School-house, and collected a number of Sindian children, who are taught by a converted Brahmin. Let us pray that the Gospel, which he goes to teach, may be mighty through God to the pulling down the strongholds of sin and Satan.

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#### A THOUGHT FOR CHRISTIANS.

What, Christian! not unite  
 With those who seek to give  
 To Heathen Tribes the light  
 Of Truth, that they may live!  
 And it is true thou can'st refuse  
 To spread abroad the joyful news!

## A THOUGHT FOR CHRISTIANS.

What, Christian ! live at ease  
 While millions round thee perish  
 Far better on thy knees  
 A holier thought to cherish :  
 To be like Him who freely gave  
 His life, a sinful world to save !

We do not ask for more  
 Than thou can'st well forego :  
 Some portion of thy store  
 'T were healthful to bestow.  
 Oh, pity those who have no balm,  
 No hope, the troubled soul to calm.

Think how thy brethren fare  
 Who labour far away ;  
 How cheerfully they bear  
 The burden of the day ;  
 What sufferings they undergo  
 To rescue men from sin and woe.

Obedient to their Lord,  
 They go at His command ;  
 Anxious to preach His Word  
 In many a Heathen land ;  
 And to benighted men proclaim  
 The virtue of the Saviour's name.

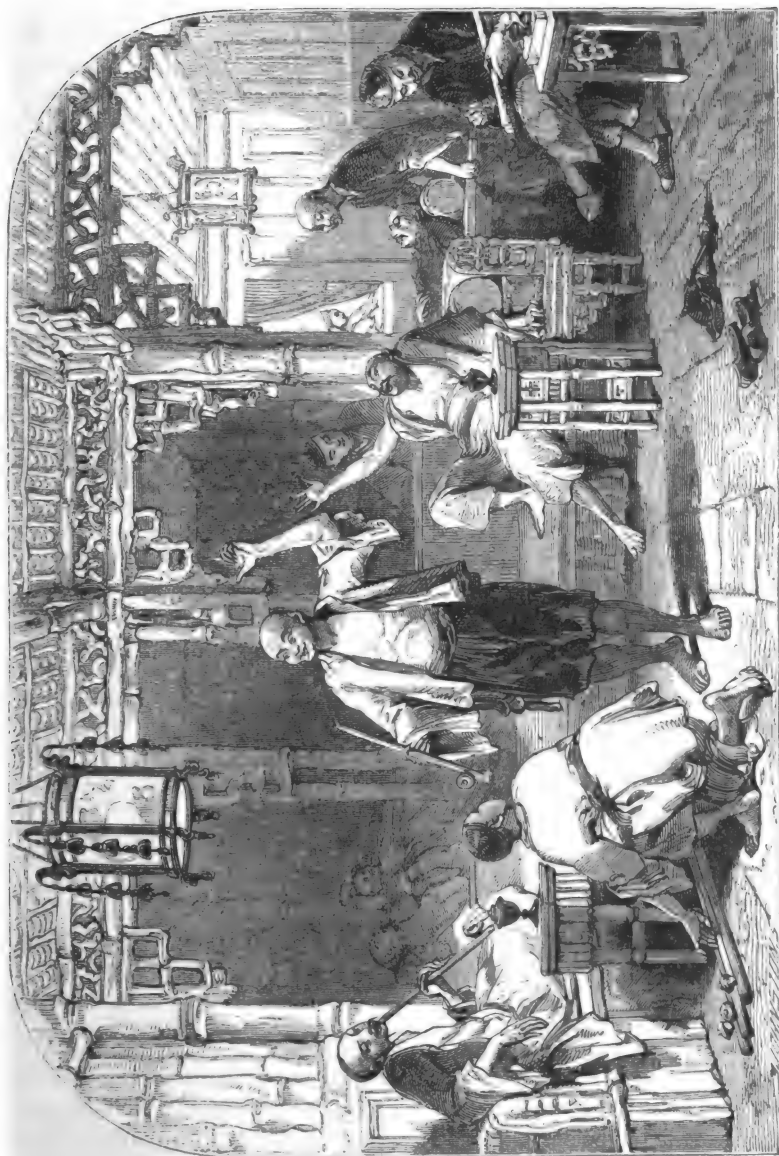
They cross the desert plain,  
 The forest's gloom explore,  
 Hunger and thirst sustain,  
 Sleep where the lions roar,  
 And find it strengthening to depend  
 On God, as their Almighty friend.

What efforts do we make,  
 What proofs of faith afford,  
 What earthly good forsake,  
 That we may serve our Lord ?  
 What self-denying works attest  
 The love our lips have oft professed ?

We give what we can spare ;  
 Express no little zeal ;  
 We languish forth a prayer,  
 And say how much we feel—  
 The *work itself* is left undone,  
 And men decline it, one by one :  
 "It is too arduous," they say :  
 "So, then, have me excused, I pray."

Not *thus*, with willing love  
 The gracious Saviour rose,  
 From His high throne above,  
 To taste of human woes ;  
 Not *thus* the penalty endured,  
 Despairing sinners reassured,  
 And grace for guilty man secured !

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



CHINESE OPIUM-SMOKERS.—*Vide p. 78.*

## LIFE OF THE REV. C. F. SWARTZ—SWARTZ AND HYDER ALI.

*(Continued from p. 66 of our last Number.)*

THE wars which prevailed, first between the French and English, and then between the English and Hyder Ali, were serious difficulties to Swartz in carrying on his Missionary work. Hyder Ali was the ruler of a large kingdom called Mysore, in the interior of India. He was not the rightful King. He had contrived, by evil practices, and by great ingratitude to those who had been kind to him, to raise himself, from an obscure and low position, to be the ruler and governor of Mysore. The rightful King was indeed suffered to live, and retain the name of King, but Hyder kept all the power in his own hands. Nor was he satisfied with this: he wished to have more. There is in the mind of a wicked man a restlessness which cannot be quieted, and which is in itself a punishment. Hyder wished to have all India to himself. The rulers of the countries around him, becoming alarmed, united with the English in trying to prevent him; and there was war, and all the calamities which are attendant on it.

In these trying times Swartz was enabled to let his light shine, and to show more clearly, amidst the sad scenes around, the love and compassion of the true Christian.

At the end of two years peace was concluded, and the country had rest, but only for a season. The English authorities had reason to believe that Hyder had not changed his mind; that he was only waiting his opportunity, with the design of more advantageously attacking them, and driving them out of the country. They resolved, therefore, on sending some one to Hyder who should have influence with him, and persuade him to remain at peace. Swartz was the person selected, such was the confidence that was reposed in him. They knew that he would not have any selfish views, and that he might be depended upon. Such a proposal surprised and perplexed Swartz, and he requested time to ask counsel of God in prayer. He felt it to be a dangerous undertaking. The country through which it would be necessary he should pass was little known to Europeans; the Prince he was about to visit was treacherous and cruel; but he thought that it might please God to use him as an instrument in preventing the miseries of war, and he resolved to go, trusting in Him—with this determination, however, to receive no present or reward for doing so, and to accept nothing save his travelling expenses. He took with him his Catechist, Sattianaden.

Mysore is part of the table-land of India, and much higher than the country of Tanjore, where Swartz lived; so that it was necessary he should climb up the ghauts, or mountain ranges, which bear it up from the plains beneath. He reached in safety Seringapatam, the city where Hyder dwelt. He had built a palace for himself, very beautiful, of hewn stone, with numerous pillars. Here he ruled



with great strictness. The fear of Hyder was upon all. He kept in readiness near him 200 men with whips. If any man displeased him, no matter what his rank might be, he was forthwith punished: nor did a day pass without many suffering this chastisement. Sometimes it was fearfully severe. The culprit was tied to a post, and two men flogged him with a whip in the most cruel manner, the pointed nails tearing the flesh.

Such was the man whom Swartz had come to see; and it seemed like putting his head into the lion's mouth, for Hyder at this time was very angry with the English. Swartz saw him often, and conversed with him, and was careful to explain why it was that he, a religious teacher, who had nothing to do with politics, had come to him—that it was in the hope of preserving peace. Hyder was a sharp-sighted man: he soon perceived that Swartz was no ordinary person; that he could neither be deceived nor be alarmed; and he learned to respect and to regard him: and if other Europeans had presented the same character to Hyder, and gained from him the same measure of confidence which Swartz was enabled to do, there would perhaps have been no war. So beautiful, so lovely, is real Christianity. It is remarkable, that, while Swartz was at Seringapatam, he had very much opportunity of making known the Gospel of Christ. High and low came to inquire of him the nature of the Christian doctrine, so that he could speak as long as his strength allowed. Thus, in Hyder's palace, as of old by Paul in Cæsar's palace, Christ was preached. After taking his leave, Swartz, on entering his palanquin, found a bag of 300 rupees, sent by Hyder to defray the expenses of his journey. This he wished to send back, for he "coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel;" but the officers told him it would be at the peril of their lives to take it back. Swartz then wished to go himself, and return it with his own hands; but he was told that, as he had taken leave, he could not again see Hyder. On reaching Madras, he delivered the bag of money to the English authorities; but, being desired to keep it, he set it apart as the first fund for an English Orphan School at Tanjore, which was afterward successfully commenced.

The next year Hyder invaded the parts of India which belonged to the English and their allies. His army was an immense one, of 100,000 men. His cavalry overran the country. Swartz viewed it as a judgment from God on the people for neglected opportunities. The three succeeding years were indeed years of great suffering to the people of South India. Their idols were broken, their houses burnt, their cattle driven away, and, what was the heaviest affliction, the children taken from the parents and sent to Mysore. During all this time, Swartz was unwearied in his efforts to relieve the wants and lessen the sorrows of his fellow men. His visit to Seringapatam had convinced him that war was at hand; and he had therefore purchased 12,000 bushels of rice, with which, in the time of scarcity, he was able to relieve the wants of others.

Amidst the desolation which Hyder spread around, and the cruel treatment that he dealt out to all whom he considered as connected with the English, there was one remarkable exception made by him: he gave orders to his officers that Swartz should be suffered to go backward and forward without any interference, and that respect and kindness should be shown him; "for," as he added, "he is a holy man, and means no harm to my government." Thus he was enabled to go about through the midst of Hyder's troops. No one injured him. He was known among them by the name of the "Good Father."

We shall conclude this paper with the following interesting anecdote. Swartz had been travelling all day on Missionary work. He had with him a son of one of his converts, a boy named Christian David, who was afterward ordained by Bishop Heber at Calcutta. Arriving at a village about sunset, Swartz sat down under a tree, and conversed with the Natives while the evening meal was being prepared. When the curry and rice were spread on the plantain leaf, Swartz stood up to ask a blessing. His heart was full of thankfulness to God, who had preserved them through the day, when travelling was so dangerous, and he prayed long. The poor boy was very hungry, and at last, no longer able to restrain his impatience, reminded his master that the curry would be cold. He himself has told us how Swartz reasoned with him. "What!" he said, "shall our gracious God watch over us through the heat and burden of the day, and shall we devour the food which He provides for us at night with hands which we have never raised in prayer, and lips which have never praised Him?"

*(To be continued.)*

#### OPIUM AND ITS VICTIMS.

CHINA, until within the last eight years, was closed against the Gospel. Missionaries were not permitted to enter that kingdom, to live amongst the Natives and teach them the truths of Christianity. It has pleased God that the closed door should be opened, and opportunity be afforded for the preaching of the Gospel. There are now five cities along the coast where Missionaries may live, and endeavour to bring these dark Heathen to the knowledge of a Saviour. How merciful it has been of God, in the present period of China's history, to accomplish such an alteration! Destitute as its inhabitants have for ages been of the light of true religion, their need is stronger and more urgent now than at any previous time. A new evil has been introduced among them—a drug that destroys soul and body—the opium. About sixty or seventy years ago the people of China first became acquainted with it, and from year to year the use of it has been rapidly increasing. It is now purchased by them in immense quantities, and the evils and

miseries which this baneful drug is bringing on them cannot be fully described.

Opium is the thickened juice of a white poppy, which is extensively grown in British India for the special purpose of the Chinese trade. The growth of opium is forbidden in China, and the Natives cannot cultivate it for their own use. It would have been well if its introduction from without could also have been prevented. The Chinese authorities attempted this, and, by distinct laws, prohibited the trade; but the covetousness of Europeans, and the lust of the Natives for the drug, could not be thus restrained. The opium continued to be smuggled in, in despite of all efforts. The officers, whose duty it was to carry out the law, failed to do so. They wished, themselves, that the opium should come in, and so they winked at what was going on.

On boarding an opium ship, the native dealer proceeds to examine the opium previous to purchase. A chest is opened, a number of dry poppy leaves cleared away, and the opium is seen in oblong cakes or round balls of a brown colour. Each ball weighs four or five pounds, and there may be, perhaps, forty of them in a box. Each box is sold for nearly 200*l.*: it is paid for in dollars, or in Sycee silver, which is more valuable than any other because it contains a portion of gold dust. This silver is weighed out in large lumps somewhat the shape of a shoe, and paid into the iron chest of the ship. It is painful to witness the busy scene that goes forward on the deck of an opium ship—people of different nations crowded together, engaged in putting into circulation a baneful temptation to the poor Heathen, which few of them have the power to resist, and which slays its thousands.

But let us trace the action of the drug. The merchant who has sent it to the coast has had his money: he has sold it to the Chinese, being well aware that they will use it to their own misery and ruin, and in doing so he incurs a fearful responsibility. He gets more for it than he paid, as they who sold it to him received more for it than they paid to the grower. Thus the price goes on increasing. The native merchant, who purchases it on the coast, sells it to the proprietors of the opium shops, who retail it among their numerous customers in the large cities, in some of which, as in Foo-chow, half the population are supposed to be consumers of opium, from the Mandarins down to the lowest beggars, who will deprive themselves of the necessities of life to procure this poison. So general is the use of opium, that persons may be met with in almost every street who get their livelihood by making bowls for opium pipes, which are exposed for sale in every quarter. The Mandarins and higher classes use the opium at their own houses, and their servants may be seen in search of the best opium, which they bring back in little boxes, or on bamboo-leaves, for their masters' use. The lower classes go to the opium shops. There, in the evening, after the labours of the day are over, numerous Chinese flock. They may

be known by their sunken cheeks, their glassy watery eyes, their idiotic look, and vacant laugh. There is a restless craving within them, which, by indulgence, they have fed and strengthened, and which hurries them on to their own ruin.

Our Frontispiece\* is intended to give you an idea of an opium shop. There is, as you may perceive, a smoking room, and off that a gambling room, gambling being another leading Chinese sin. The opium room is furnished with wooden couches placed around the walls, each having a place for the head to rest on. The attendant brings the pipe and the opium. The pipe is made of reed. In the bowl of it there is an opening for the admission of the opium, about the size of a pin's head: so small a quantity is sufficient to charge the pipe; and yet so strong is it, that a single pipe, from which not more than one or two whiffs can be inhaled, will have an effect on a beginner. An old practitioner will, however, continue smoking for hours. A lamp is also placed beside each couch, as, while being inhaled, fire must be held to the drug.

In the den represented may be seen the wretched victims of this vice in all the different stages of its influence. One is in high excitement: he is laughing and talking wildly; another is just beginning to have his mind filled with those dreamy illusions which the opium produces, and is lost for a time in forgetfulness of himself; another is just sinking into total unconsciousness; and a fourth, who has been so for some time, is being carried on a bier to a room behind the building, a kind of dead-house, where he is left to lie until morning. Then he awakes, and what an awakening! The whole frame shattered, the nerves unstrung, the man broken down under the effects of the tremendous excitement to which he had submitted himself! He rises up a wreck, a miserable wretch even in his own estimation; and from this fearful depression knows no escape, but in returning, as soon as he can, to the same mad excitement.

Individuals of all ages may be found amongst the victims of this ruinous propensity. The youth, the man of middle age, and the grey hairs which show that the prime of life has passed, all alike sufferers, enslaved to a vice which they know to be destroying them, but from which they are unable to free themselves. Not unfrequently has it happened, when Missionaries have pointed out to them the injury they were inflicting on themselves, that they have replied by asking, "Why, then, do the foreign ships bring us opium? Go and prevail with your own countrymen not to do so." Others have earnestly entreated to be furnished with some medicine which might cure them of the habit. There is one medicine,

\* Copied, by the kind permission of Mr. P. Jackson, Angel Street, St. Martin's-le-Grand, from Fisher's "China." The View of Gungootree, also, in our last Number, we were allowed by Mr. Jackson to copy from Fisher's "Hindustan." We much regret that this fact was announced in only a part of our impression.

and one only, that can be effectual. The disease is of the mind. The weakness is there. They want the power to overcome a depraved habit, and repel temptation when presented to them. They need the grace that is in Christ Jesus. Our Missionaries at Shanghai, Ningpo, Foo-chow, and Hong Kong, are diligently occupied in dispensing amongst them the true medicine of Gospel truth. We have now eight Missionaries at these different places on the Chinese coast, some of whom are able to preach to the Natives in their own language.

In another paper you shall hear something more of their efforts on behalf of the dark Natives of China. Meanwhile, let us pray God to bless their labours; that the work of conversion may begin and go forward rapidly, and that in the Lord Jesus they may find One who is able to save from this and every other vice which has power over man.

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#### HIDDEN GEMS.

THERE is much that is precious in our work which never meets the eye of man; which is only seen by Him who searcheth the hearts—good done to souls in secret, which the Missionary, by whose instrumentality it has been accomplished, has never had an opportunity of knowing—hearts touched by the convincing power of God's Word—men brought to feel their own sinfulness before God and their need of a Saviour. Could we trace the Gospel word as it works upon the hearts and consciences of men, we should find much accomplished that we had not thought of. Could we follow each copy of the Scriptures that, in many different languages, is put into circulation in our day, and number those by whom it is read, and the effects produced on those who read it, we should find, not much less, but much more good done than we could have thought. It is said that in the jungles of India beauteous flowers bloom which human eye has never rested upon. God has fashioned them, and there, in the solitary place, they unfold their rich colours. But although man sees them not, He sees them. Thus it is with many in whom a work of grace has been wrought, more beautiful than the most lovely flower: man does not see them, is not aware of them; but they are God's workmanship, and by Him they are not unnoticed.

Sometimes instances of this kind, proofs that more is done than they are aware of, unexpectedly present themselves to our Missionaries, and afford them great encouragement. The following is one of these. It is related to us by the Rev. R. Maunsell, one of our New-Zealand Missionaries, in a Letter written by him in March of last year, and we give it to you in his own words—

I am thankful to have to report well of the District in which I am labouring: true, we do not meet with much fervour of feeling, or strong

proofs of high spiritual-mindedness ; but there is a steadiness of attendance on our Services, which gives hope. We wait for the moving of the waters : God's Spirit alone can effect our desires.

Not unfrequently, however, some remarkable case turns up which excites my wonder. The Sunday after I began this Letter I was returning from a village by a new road, and suddenly came upon a very feeble old man, sitting by himself, naked, on his mat, in the sun.



"Why have you not been to Church?" said I. "How can I, who cannot walk two steps?"—"Well, I hope you pray to yourself." "Yes."—"Repeat your prayer." He immediately commenced a very simple, figurative, spiritual prayer, of which I fear I can give but an inferior report. I was struck with the emphatic abruptness of the commencement—"Have mercy upon me! have mercy upon me!" He then proceeded—"Place me upon the mountain's peak! place me upon the rock! place me upon the height where my view may be clear! Christ is Thy Son: He died to save me." This old man, as far as I can

recollect, I never saw before, and certainly none other of my brethren, for he is in my District; and yet I was delighted to hear that prayer is his constant practice, and that, a few Sundays previous, my Native Teacher, sent by me to the same village, on returning by that road heard in the house a person loud in prayer, as with a number. He waited to see who they were, and found this old man by himself, without a person near him. On passing by the same place last Sunday week, he stood up, feeble as he was, to meet me, and presented me with two melons. He is not baptized.

This is one of the hidden gems, and there are many such: like the particles of gold that are found embedded in the sand of the rivers by which they have been washed down. In the day of the Lord's appearing, when He shall separate the precious from the vile, how many such fragments will appear that human search never discovered!

#### THE FEMALES OF INDIA.

THE state of women in India is very sad. In England much pains are taken with little girls to teach and train them, that when they grow up they may be useful members of society; and when they become heads of families they are the companions of their husbands, who give honour to them as to the weaker vessels; and, if they be pious husbands, pray with them as heirs together of the grace of life. In India, how different their treatment! The native girl learns neither to read nor write. Needlework is not necessary for her. Her own dress consists of one long piece of silk or muslin cloth: there is no seam, and no stitch is needed. Moreover, to sew is the tailor's business, with which a Hindu female has nothing to do. Even washing is done by men of a particular caste. Thus her person grows, but her mind does not, except it be in the knowledge of what is evil; for the human mind will think of something, and if it is not supplied with what is wholesome, it will fasten on what is hurtful. Thus, when she is married she is ignorant, and her husband despises her. She is not his companion, but his servant. The inside of an English home and a Hindu's home are very different. However poor the home may be, yet, if it be an English home, husband, and wife, and children, take their humble fare together; and if it be a Christian home, God's blessing is asked and thanks returned. There every one is cared for, and each seems to think more of others than of himself. But in a Hindu's home there is nothing of the kind. The father never thinks of eating with his wife or children. He sits down on the earthen floor; his wife has prepared his rice; a few leaves sewn together answer for a plate; and his fingers convey it to his mouth. His wife is there, but she is standing by as his slave; and when he has finished his silent meal she takes away what he

has left, and eats it in another room. Here there is nothing cheerful, nothing joyous; none of the bright sunny looks which may be seen in a happy Christian family. Blessed Gospel, to which we owe so much, which opens our closed hearts to God, and teaches us to be kindly affectioned one to another!

It is the happy light of this glorious Gospel which we wish to introduce within the house of the Hindu; but in accomplishing this there is much difficulty. The home of a Hindu is carefully closed against all who are not of the same caste with himself. An European may therefore live for years in a town, and be on friendly terms with the people, and yet never enter within their houses, except, perhaps, in an outer apartment, he converses with the men of the family. Even English ladies have very rarely been admitted. Hitherto, our principal hope of doing good to the females of India has been through the means of Schools. Native prejudice has so far given way, that Schools for native girls are on the increase. In our South-India Mission there were in December last 2509 native girls in the Schools.

The following Letter is from the wife of one of our Missionaries at Masulipatam, among the Telugu people of South India. It is very interesting, as it not only speaks encouragingly as to the prospect of having little girls to attend her School, but affords the hope of her being able to gain access to the native women in their own houses.

You will, I am sure, rejoice with us, when you hear how abundantly our gracious Father encourages us in this blessed work. Already even Brahmin and Sudra girls have been to call upon us. On these important occasions the dear little girls were brought through the Compound the most secret road. On arriving near the house, one of the four or five boys that were with each girl came to see that no friend was with us, when, all the servants having been ordered out of the room, our little visitors were very secretly brought in. Our interviews were only short, when they were taken away as stealthily as they were brought. We have also two little children who come regularly every morning: they are learning work and English. Shortly we hope to commence some other study. Kalthama, the elder of these little girls, about eleven, gives me great satisfaction. The pleasure she had on her first visit seems to have induced her to try a regular attendance. I then asked her to come and learn to work, which she promised to do. On her return home she told her mother, who immediately said, "But they will make you a Christian;" to which the dear child replied, "I don't care: I will go, I will go." The piece of needle-work which she is now doing much interests her. The Alphabet she nearly knows, and tries to remember. Dear little Kalthama not unfrequently brings her little sister with her, accompanied also by her cousin, who is one of Mr. Noble's pupils.

You will be pleased to hear that we have twice paid a visit to a Brahmin's family, at their request. My feelings on proceeding through the pettah\* to their house I hope I may never forget.

\* The native part of the town.



It is impossible to describe to you the feeling which stole over me, knowing the whole of the place through which I was going was Satan's kingdom: I longed for the time when the prophecy should be fulfilled—"I will be exalted among the Heathen." I never before saw such expressions of countenance as I did that evening, of both men and women. They were truly fiendish. If the melancholy appearance of the wretched Heathen of any other country could stir up a Missionary spirit, surely what I then saw would do so. At length we arrived at the house, the aged grandfather, with many of his friends, waiting our arrival on their cleanly-washed steps. When we were seen coming to them, very many polite salaams were made to us ere I stepped from my tonjon.\* We were ushered into a large hall, and, walking arm-in-arm—having never seen a native man and woman walking thus, the poor females seeming to be thought unworthy of such companionship—entered their apartment. Here two chairs were placed for our accommodation. After being seated a few moments the room was quite darkened, and we soon discovered that it was owing to the great crowd around the windows, wishing to see what was going forward. After delivering a present of some cotton and a pincushion we departed, amid many salaams, and receiving many small oranges and lemons. Since then we have again been; but the mother wishing to see us quite alone, her neighbours were kept in ignorance of our visit. We were permitted to go into her apartment without any other person being with us, excepting her son. The woman is pleasing, but, being unable to speak to her in the Gentu language, we could say but little.

Last night we went to see a Sudra family. This visit was most interesting. After my husband and Mr. Noble were seated, the Sudra, taking me into another room, introduced me to his wife and two daughters. A hearty welcome was given, and a request to come often. I asked the Sudra to set an example to his countrymen by sending his daughters to me. I regret to say this interesting family is yet in bondage to the cruel prejudices and customs of the Hindus. He tells me I shall very soon have a good School. His son is one of my drawing pupils. I had the pleasure of hearing his daughters read in a little book we gave to them, translated into the Telugu, "Peep of Day." His daughters are quite an exception in their being able to read.

We trust our Christian friends will bear in mind the request with which this lady ends her Letter, that we will offer up our earnest prayers on behalf of these poor Telugu families.

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#### SEA-SIDE THOUGHTS.

STILL on the shore the wild waves play,  
Ebbing and flowing day by day.  
Now, as if emulous to reach  
The highest point, they climb the beach;  
Fling o'er the rocks the sparkling surge,  
And furiously the onset urge—

\* A chair with a head, carried on men's shoulders, like a palanquin.

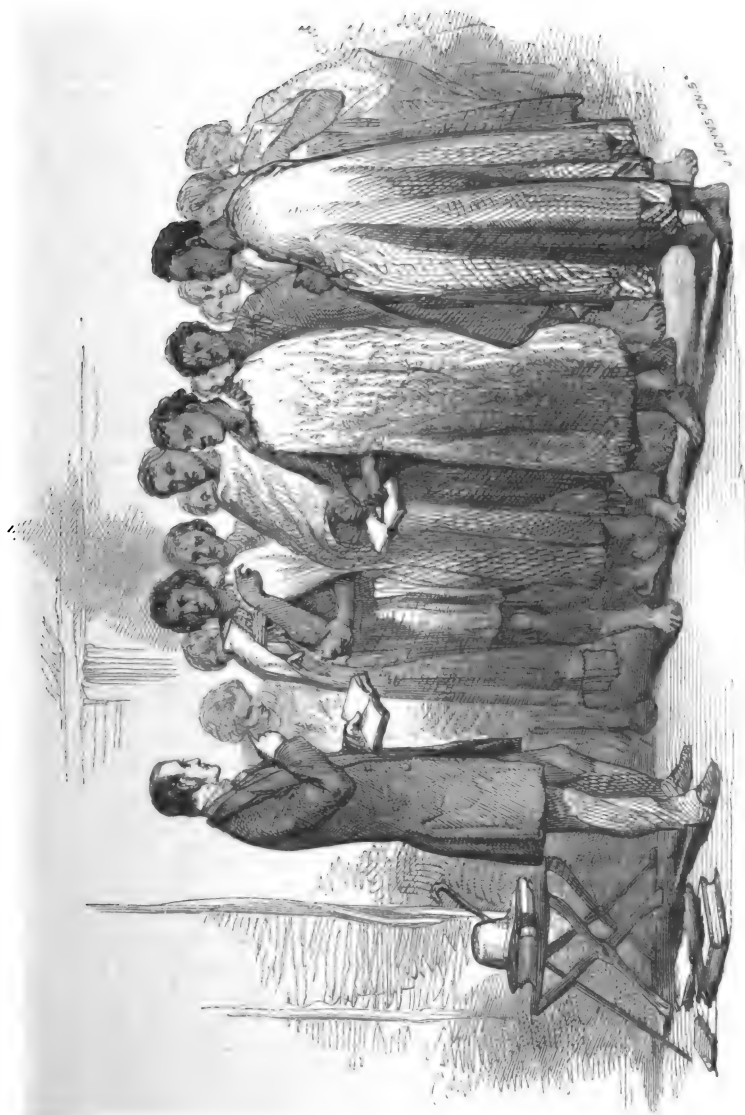
The billows, breaking at your feet,  
 Compel you to a quick retreat.  
 'Tis but a momentary reign :  
 Th' inconstant tide recedes again.

Who made the sea ? who bade it roll  
 Continuous from pole to pole ?  
 Who spread it forth, that it might be  
 Type of His own immensity ?  
 God placed it there : it owns His sway,  
 And the strong waves His will obey.  
 Mark ! when, in winter's stormy hour,  
 The troubled main puts forth its power,  
 Stirred from their depths the billows rise  
 In shifting mountains to the skies ;  
 The thunders peal, the lightnings flash,  
 The elements in uproar crash ;  
 Ships, caught amidst the wild commotion,  
 Are tossed like playthings on the ocean ;  
 The landsman, from his safe retreat,  
 Marks how the wind and waters meet,  
 Nor fails to pity such as be  
 On fearful nights like these at sea.  
 Yet God controls it as He will—  
 He holds the waters in His hand ;  
 They rise and fall at His command ;  
 He speaks the word and all is still ;  
 The waves break gently on the shore,  
 And all is peaceful as before.

Men's wills are like the troubled deep,  
 Whose restless waters never sleep :  
 They have the tide's inconstant play,  
 And what was coveted to-day  
 Is with to-morrow cast away.  
 And hurricanes of passion rise,  
 And man, in his rebellion, tries—  
 As the seas struggle with the sand—  
 To free himself from God's command.  
 But He who curbs the furious tide  
 Controls the waywardness and pride  
 Of sinfu lman, and frowns on those  
 Who impiously become His foes.  
 The troubled waters rise in vain :  
 God can the rage of man restrain,  
 Bid the wild controversy cease,  
 And hush the tumult into peace.

Rise in Thy majesty, O Lord !  
 Subdue the nations to Thy Word !  
 Let but these untaught millions prove  
 The influence of a Saviour's love ;  
 In Him shall troubled hearts be blest,  
 And angry passions sink to rest.  
 Then, as the waters fill the sea,  
 So deep, so strong, so vast shall be  
 The love of men, O Lord, to Thee !

# THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



BIBLE CLASS AT MATAMATA, NEW ZEALAND.—*Vide* p. 90.

## DEATH OF SWARTZ.

SWARTZ grew old, but not wearied in the service of his Master. Of sickness he had known little or nothing; and, when 69 years old, although no longer able to travel into the country districts, he continued to discharge the duties of his Church and School, and to visit the Christians in the adjoining streets. A fall in November 1797 was followed by a severe illness, and from that time his constitution began to sink. In the beginning of the next year inflammation of the foot was followed by mortification, and his end drew near.

The following simple and touching account of the closing hours of his life is given by the Rev. C. W. Gericke, who had been for upward of thirty years his fellow-labourer.

I returned to Tanjore from a short journey I had made to Trichinopoly, on February 7, 1798, and found that Mr. Swartz's foot was become very bad, and full of black spots, which continued to increase. The physician had begun to employ the bark as a poultice. As we expected the end of our beloved Brother every hour, the other Brethren besought me to remain with them, and assist them to bear the burden. It was a great benefit, to witness in our dying friend an awakening example of faith, of patience, and of hope. When spiritual and heavenly things were spoken of; when he prayed, exhorted, comforted, or spoke of the repose and peace of mind which he enjoyed by the mercy of God through Christ, no failure in his powers of recollection could be perceived. He often introduced a text of Holy Scripture, or a verse of a hymn, which were very appropriate; and was continually engaged in conversation with those around him. Until the Friday evening previous to his death, he often said that he did not consider his end as so near, and that it would not take place until after much suffering; but after that, he sometimes said, "I shall now soon depart to my heavenly Father." Being asked whether he had the hope that, after his death, the kingdom of God would break out in this land, he replied, "Yes, but it will be through affliction and trouble." At another time, when he was asked if he had any thing to say concerning the Congregation, he answered, "Assist them to come to heaven."

Shortly before his death he said, "Had it pleased Him to spare me longer, I should have been glad; I should then have been able to speak yet a word to the sick and poor: but His will be done. May He in mercy but receive me! Into Thy hands I commend my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, thou faithful God." After this, the Malabar helpers sung the last verse of a hymn, he often joining in with them. He then rested a little, after which he desired to be raised up; and unexpectedly he opened his mouth, from which had issued so much instruction and consolation, and so much earnest prayer, to the seventy-second year of his life, and thus expired, in the arms of the faithful and truly grateful Malabar fellow-labourer of this place, at four o'clock.

Very moving were the weeping and the sobs of the people in both the Christian villages on each side of the garden, which were heard the

whole night through. The distress, that now their instructor, their comforter, their guardian, their benefactor, their counsellor, was no more, was general. Not only we, the Congregations, the Schools, and the Missions, but the whole land, has lost a parent. Whoever knew him, the same bewails him.

On the day following, between four and five in the afternoon, we committed his body to the grave we had made for him in the Church. Serfojee, the Tanjore Prince, whose guardian he had been, came to see him before the coffin was closed, bedewed him with his tears, and accompanied him to the grave. The Malabar helpers asked permission to bear the corpse; but as Europeans had been appointed thereto the day before, it was declined. We purposed singing on the way, but the wailing of the people did not allow of it. There was singing in the Church before and after the interment; and when the Europeans were departed, the Malabars of themselves began a hymn, and awaited an address from me; but I could hardly utter even a few words, and was obliged to make a vigorous effort to read the prayers. The servant of the departed stood near me, and said, like one about to swoon, "Now is our desire gone!" The exclamation went to my heart; but this is not the language of one but of many, old and young, great and small, near and afar, Christians and Heathen.

On the next evening, the Malabar Congregation gathered together in the Church, and wished to hear a sermon. I chose the words of the dying Jacob, "I die, and God will be with you!" I introduced many things that the deceased had said concerning the Church, and his expectation that the kingdom of Christ would come here. I endeavoured to awaken them to the attainment of such a spirit as the departed had possessed, whose grave was then visible before them. On the following day I again prayed with the Brethren, and departed.

"He shall enter into peace: they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness."

#### BIBLE CLASS AT MATAMATA, NEW ZEALAND.

NINETEEN years had passed away since the arrival of the first Missionaries in New Zealand, and no Station had been commenced to the south of the Bay of Islands. From the unsettled state of the Natives, the districts to the south had continued closed against the Missionaries. At length, five new Stations were occupied in that direction, one of them at the native village of Matamata, of which the aged Waharoa, a man well known as a warrior and cannibal, was the Chief. When visited some months previously, he declared his willingness to give up his hatchet, if a Missionary came to live with him. The promise was made him that some one should be sent; and in fulfilment of this promise, the present Archdeacon Brown and the Rev. J. Morgan reached his Pa in May 1835. They were heartily welcomed by the old Chief. Two rush houses with boarded floors were soon finished, together with corn-stores and out-buildings; and a field, orchard, and gardens, covering a space of about

ten acres, were inclosed with a good substantial fence. Schools were commenced, and many of the Natives taught to read and sew.

A year, however, had not passed over, when the difficulties of the new work on which the Missionaries had entered began to appear. A furious war broke out between the tribes living at Matamata and along the great river Waikato, and the people inhabiting the borders of the Rotorua lake. Waharoa, whose manners had seemed mild and his countenance pleasing, then appeared in his true character. The savage was roused. The people of Rotorua had murdered a Chief, a relative of his, and he thirsted for revenge. "How sweet to me," he said, "will the flesh and blood of the Rotorua Natives taste, along with their new kumera (sweet potatoes)." Dreadful fights took place, and numbers were killed and eaten. A fearful spectacle it was to see the Natives passing the Mission-house at Matamata on their return from battle. They carried with them the proofs of the victory they had gained—a heart stuck on a pointed stick—a head secured to a short pole—baskets of human flesh with bones, hands, &c. protruding from the tops and sides—and, what perhaps was more affecting than any other object, one of the infant children of the School dandling on his knees, and making faces at the head of some Rotorua Chief, who had been killed in the battle. The situation of the Missionaries was most dangerous. Even in Waharoa, who had invited them there, no reliance could be placed. Proposing to Mr. Brown one day that he should have some human flesh to eat, he was told in reply, that he would find eternal death to be the wages of iniquity, when he gave utterance to the following savage threat: "If you are angry with me for what we have been doing, I will kill and eat you and all the Missionaries." The Rotorua Mission-house had been already plundered and burned, the Missionaries with difficulty escaping with their lives, amidst the furious crowds which thronged around them; and threats were now uttered that the Matamata Station would be similarly dealt with. It was indeed a time requiring the exercise of strong faith and prayer. Soon after, a body of armed men, with blackened faces, headed by a Chief named Marupo, which signifies "murder by night," entered the tent where some of the Missionary property had been placed previously to being shipped, and broke open every package except one hair-trunk, belonging to Archdeacon Brown, upon which a woman took her seat, and preserved it from destruction for the time. She afterward broke it open, and robbed it; and on being asked what her reasons were for preserving the box from destruction, she replied, "I saved it for myself, not for Mr. Brown." Immediately books, shirts, and various articles of wearing apparel were strewed about in all directions.

Yet amidst these dark scenes, the Lord graciously showed our Missionaries that their labour had not been in vain. Two or three Chiefs proved by their conduct that they had received good. One of them, Taiepa, son of the second Chief, refused to go with his

father in the war-party against Rotorua, although repeatedly urged to do so; nor did it appear that he was kept back from any other motive than a sense of the evil of doing so. It was evident that his heart had been touched, and that he had begun to seek after Christ. Tarapipi, Waharoa's eldest son, also attached himself to the Missionaries, and rendered them essential service.

Such was the greater part of New Zealand fifteen years ago—a dark and bloody land, where man loved to kill and eat his fellow man. How changed since then! With few exceptions the whole island is now professedly Christian. Cannibal practices have ceased; wars have so diminished, that the Natives, who used to be crowded into fortified villages, are being dispersed over the face of the country, and beginning to occupy detached hamlets. It is a rare thing to find a New Zealander who cannot read and write. They grow large quantities of wheat, and flour-mills are rapidly increasing. Many of them possess shipping, with which they trade; and although their rapid increase in civilization has hindered their spiritual growth to some extent, and many, like numbers at home, are careless and indifferent about heavenly things, yet is there much inquiry. Very large congregations meet in their Chapels, for Christian worship, Sunday after Sunday. The Communicants have wonderfully increased—from 280 in 1840, to 5822 in the present year. Many there are who are endeavouring in sincerity of heart to serve the Lord; and in the Journals of our Missionaries we are continually reading of one and another from amongst them who have gone to sleep in Jesus.

We have described to our readers what Matamata was fifteen years ago. Perhaps they might like to know in what state it is now. Our Missionary, the Rev. C. P. Davies, has been recently there, and the mention of its name in his Journal brought its past history to our recollection.

Our Missionary was indifferently lodged, the house being in a very dilapidated state, many parts of the reeding torn down, and all the panes of glass broken. Missionary work in New Zealand is often of a very rough kind, and requires men who will be willing in various ways to "endure hardness." The night was bitterly cold, so that he could scarcely sleep. The next day was one continued series of work: Morning Prayers at half-past six; then settling disputes, and arranging other matters among the Natives; afterward, an examination of sixteen Candidates for Confirmation, among whom were some grey-headed old Chiefs, who probably had been busy actors in the deeds of blood we have spoken of. After dinner, Natives came to have explained to them various passages of Scripture, which evidently had occupied their minds. The people now began to gather in from the neighbouring villages, and Evening Prayers were held, Mr. Davies preaching from 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20. As soon as prayers were over, a party came and stuffed up the broken windows of the house, and then asked whether they might not come to a Bible class; when, permission being given, thirty-five assembled in a large room. The 10th chapter of Romans was read, on the

meaning of which they were questioned. This went on to a late hour, when the Meeting closed with prayer. It is this Bible class—a mode of instruction which is used very extensively, and with great profit, in New Zealand—that is sketched in our Frontispiece. We wish our readers could have seen the reality. Surely the New Zealanders are a changed people. If New Zealand was still the same that it once had been, the Chiefs and people of Matamata would have presented a very different subject for an Engraving: their hands would have clutched the rifle, and their lips have uttered curses and angry words. Now they hold the Book of Life, and their eyes are drinking in precious truths to refresh their souls.

The next day was Saturday. Many of the Native Teachers from the different villages had collected, and texts were given them, on which they were to make observations, in the same way as if they were addressing their flocks. On the Sunday the Chapel was filled with a Congregation of 287, who listened most attentively to a sermon from John xvi. 7—11. We shall now give an extract from Mr. Davies' Journal.

As it was raining very hard, I had Sunday-school immediately afterward: 119 remained, formed into seven classes. I went round to examine them, and found the scriptural instruction given was most satisfactory. After the classes had finished, they all marched in regular order, and took up their places, according to their classes, in seven lines. I then asked questions, and they gave me the scriptural answers with the texts. I am sure the sight would afford much pleasure to friends of our Society, when we remember that, a few years back, this very tribe, Te Ngatihaua, with their Chief, Waharoa, were the terror of all neighbouring tribes: his eldest son, who has taken his father's name, was most forward in giving the Scripture references. I do not mean to infer from this that they are all converted characters: far from it. There are, no doubt, many of Christ's hidden ones amongst them; but, alas! the great majority have "a name to live only," and are contented with the outward form. But do not we find the same at home in our highly-favoured land, the dépôt of all Religious Societies? Many profess to know Christ, while by their works they deny Him. All we can say is, that we can see what the Gospel has wrought, in outwardly transforming men, whose delight was in shedding their fellow-man's blood, but who are now sitting at peace one with another.

Assuredly we have abundant encouragement to go forward with Missionary work amongst the New-Zealanders.

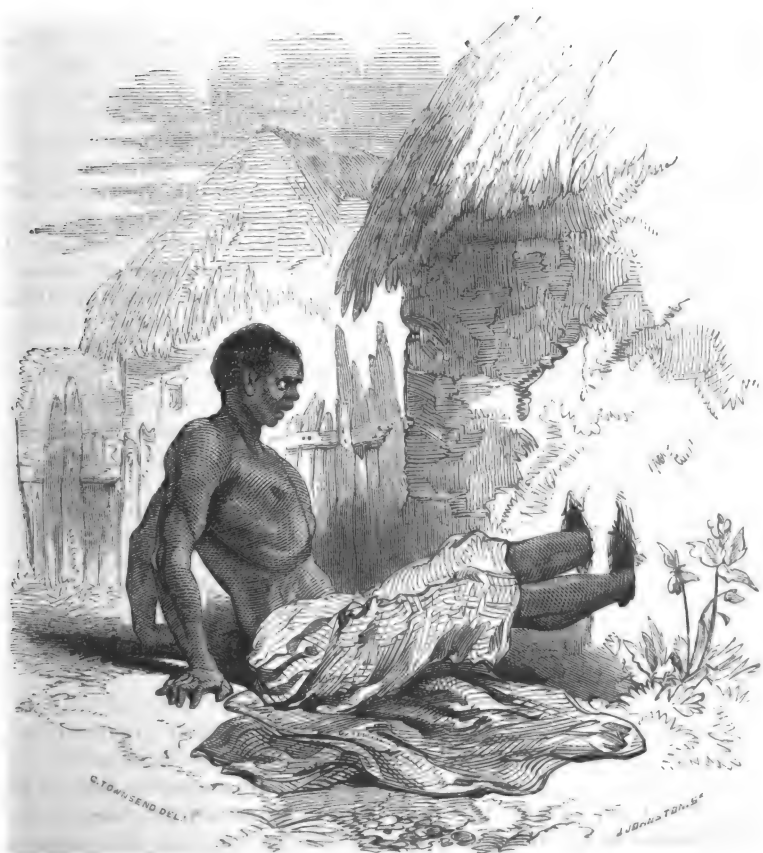
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#### CONVERTS PATIENT IN TRIBULATION.

IN our Number for April we narrated the circumstances in which our Mission at Abbeokuta originated, and the remarkable manner in which it has been blessed of God since its commencement in 1846. Our Missionaries there have been as sowers scattering the seed over the ploughed fields that lie waiting to receive it.



It cannot be a matter of surprise that the heathen priests became alarmed. Their craft was in danger, for they saw that many of the people had cast away their idols; and that, if the Missionaries were permitted to go on preaching and teaching Jesus Christ, the whole population, after a time, would do so likewise. Full of wrath, they stirred up a grievous persecution: the city was filled with confusion; the drums beat furiously; and a great multitude, armed with bill-hooks, clubs, and whips, dragged the converts to the Council-house, where they were unmercifully beaten and cruelly tormented. They were then subjected to a very trying punishment, which is inflicted on gross offenders. Holes were made in walls, sometimes two feet high from the ground: through these the feet are passed, and made fast in stocks on the other side. The body is then thrown on the shoulders, and the man compelled to prop himself on his hands and arms: the sinews are all strained, and the sufferer can find no rest. The annexed Engraving will enable our readers to understand the painful position of persons who are thus punished. One hour in



such a state we should think hard to bear: our Converts remained so for five days, the scorching sun glaring on them during the day, and floods of rain pouring on them in the night. It was a mercy that not one of them died. Had this been the case, it is said that all would have been put to death, on the principle that, for the same crime, all ought to have equal suffering; and it was a still greater mercy that not one was moved from his fidelity to Christ. Had they consented to worship the idols again, they would have been immediately set free; but they chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. At length their persecutors, finding that these proceedings were displeasing to a large body of the Chiefs and people, and that the Converts remained stedfast, were compelled to let them go. All this took place exactly a year ago. The following extract from a Journal of our Missionary, the Rev. D. Hinderer, will show that this persecution has not made the Missionaries less resolute to preach, or the people less anxious to hear the Gospel.

*Feb. 1, 1850*—I went this morning to the Bagura forts on the river side, and began to speak the Word in a town called Oba. From thence I went through all the smaller towns, proclaiming the glad tidings to great numbers of people at different places. Among the people in these parts of Abbeokuta the White Man is still considered a stranger. The people, therefore, as soon as they see him, run together in great numbers to see and hear him. It is on account of the same circumstance, also, that many of them, when they hear the Word, are making very inquisitive questions; so that, if it was not for the scorching heat, the Preacher might stand among them from morning until evening, not only preaching to, but rather teaching them, just in the way a Christian father in England would do with his little ones, who are standing around him, fixing their eyes upon his lips whilst he is telling them about Jesus Christ.

We shall give another short extract from the same Journal—

*Feb. 19*—I went this morning to Keri market. At the first place, where I addressed the people from 1 Tim. i. 15, I got an uncommon large audience. After my address to them, one man stood forth and made a fine speech to me about the kindness and power of the English people, and the wickedness of his countrymen. He then praised the Word of God as a good and strong word and a word of truth; "But," added he, "we people put our hands upon the pot, and nothing can come out." After he had done speaking, I made use of the same figure, encouraging my hearers to put their hand deep into the pot, so as to take out of the fulness thereof, assuring them that the pot shall never get empty.

We have now to commend our Missionaries, their Converts, and the whole Mission work at Abbeokuta, to the special prayers of our Christian friends. Captain Forbes, who has just reached this country from the African coast, and who, immediately before his departure from Africa, had been on a mission from the British Government to the King of Dahomey, informs us that this monarch

was then preparing for a war expedition against Abbeokuta, for the purpose of destroying it, and carrying away the inhabitants into slavery. He is the scourge of that part of Africa, and, in the spring of last year, destroyed a large town called Okeodan, lying between Abbeokuta and the sea. Vast multitudes of the people had been put to death, their bodies burned without the walls in large heaps, and their heads carried home by the King, together with 20,000 captives. At this moment his forces may be drawing near Abbeokuta, and our Missionaries be on their knees, like Hezekiah of old when he spread the blasphemous letter of Rabshakeh before the Lord, and cried, "Now therefore, O Lord our God, save us from his hand!"

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### CONTRIBUTIONS IN KIND.

THE Rev. R. Maunsell, of Waikato, New Zealand, to whom we are indebted for the interesting account of the old New Zealander and his touching prayer, which appeared in our last Number, has at his Station a prosperous Boarding-school, containing, by the last accounts, 76 Natives, children and adults, beside 3 European pupils. The grown persons who are in the Institution are expected to teach in the School and work on the Station, receiving nothing in the shape of payment, with the exception of very plain food and a duck shirt and jacket; and yet so anxious are the Natives to have the benefit of Mr. Maunsell's instructions, that he has now six young Chiefs contentedly discharging these duties, and many more are anxious to be received, if he had the means of supporting them. This important Institution is carried on by him without any expense to the Society. At the same time, as the cost is considerable, aid, from those who are able and willing to afford it, will be thankfully received by him; and in our "Record" for September last we inserted the following passage from one of his Letters—

"You might urge our friends at home to be more liberal in donations of strong rough clothing, blankets, &c.; to send supplies of kitchen utensils, iron plates, dishes, knives and forks; and to procure for us pictures, maps, and other illustrations."

Shortly after, the following Letter reached the Church Missionary House—

*Wolverhampton, Sept. 16, 1850.*

SIR,—Allow me to refer you to page 204 of the "Church Missionary Record" of this month, where you will find the Rev. R. Maunsell writes of the wants of his School. Among other articles, he enumerates kitchen utensils, tin plates (dish), knives and forks, pots, spoons.

I shall be very happy to make up a small cask of these articles for him. I am engaged in shipping merchandize of this kind, which is the peculiar manufacture of this neighbourhood, and I take a lively interest in the success of our invaluable Church Missionary Society. If the Committee will be pleased to accept the same as a free-will offering to a cause very dear to me, then you have only to forward me the necessary

instructions as to the time when you shall be shipping for this district of New Zealand, and I will prepare the same.

I will have an inventory of the articles made out for Mr. Maunsell, to whom I would also address a Letter under cover to your Committee.

In all these matters I prefer the suppression of my name. It is, I think, too blessed a privilege to contribute to such a cause to need commendation from our fellow-men.

Since then a cask of kitchen utensils, cutlery, and tin dinner plates has been received at the Church Missionary House from the writer of the above Letter, and forwarded to Mr. Maunsell. Perhaps some other friends may be disposed to follow this good example; one to give blankets, another rough clothing, another pictures, maps, &c. We are of opinion that Working Associations of Ladies throughout the country, for the purpose of supplying with rough clothing the pressing wants of our New-Zealand and Rupert's-Land Schools, would be most serviceable. Ladies might not only work themselves, but employ in this way many of the poor cottagers' wives and daughters, and thus in many instances supersede the necessity of their going into the fields to work. We trust that some of our active female friends throughout the country will act upon these suggestions. Much good in this way might be done at home and abroad.

#### THE GATESHEAD TEA PARTY AND LECTURE.

WE have heard of tea parties, and we have heard of lectures; but we believe that the happy union of the two is a bright idea, for the novelty of which, as well as its success, we are indebted to that well-known Missionary beehive, the Rectory of Gateshead.

Gateshead is well known as the densely-populated manufacturing outskirt of Newcastle, from which northern emporium it is separated by the "Coaly Tyne." It is a peculiarly difficult sphere of ministerial labour, having to contend, perhaps almost beyond any other town, against the innumerable evils of chartism, popery, ignorance, and infidelity. The great object to be effected in such a parish is to obtain access to the people, many of whom are sunk in lukewarmness and ignorance: when such access can be effected, the first great difficulty is removed, and the way is open to impart useful instruction, as well as to enlist their feelings and affections. To effect these desirable objects, tea parties afford very considerable facilities, and the results of the two which have been held in Gateshead prove their efficacy.

Whoever has been in Gateshead can hardly fail to have observed the large Elizabethian pile which rises amidst the smutty brick buildings which enclose it: a large Girls'-school, capable of holding 500 persons, forms the upper story; whilst the lower, of equal dimensions, is devoted to the boys: such was the scene of the tea party in question. Great efforts, by all interested in the cause, had been made during the previous week, to dispose of the tickets, which were one shilling each for children and adults; also to prepare the

needful supply of cakes and other viands. Over a great fire in the schoolroom might be seen, on the evening of the feast, a large cauldron or boiler, capable of containing thirty gallons of water; and around, the cheerful faces of busy girls, employed in bringing ten or twenty large tea-urns, not to contain water as usual, but in which to make the tea, both as being more capacious and less fatiguing to the tea-makers.

The Gateshead "tea party and lecture" this year took place on the evening of Thursday the 26th of September. When the hour of six arrived, the Girls'-school presented one of the most beautiful and interesting sights we ever beheld. Across its high peaked roof were hung, in graceful festoons, beautiful garlands of evergreens, whilst the west end of the room was richly ornamented with dahlias, chrysanthemums, and other autumnal flowers, through the midst of which appeared, in large letters, the motto—

"CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY, INSTITUTED 1799."

Down the room were ranged, side by side, as many long tables as could be placed, covered with neat white tablecloths, and cakes and other substantial eatables were placed in abundance. Beautiful as the room appeared, lighted up most brilliantly with gas, the decorations above described were far less interesting than the happy faces with which it was crowded. Every table was filled, and many had to give place, when satisfied, to admit fresh applicants for tea and cake. The principal table was presided over by the Lady Mayoress, whilst the room was honoured by the presence of the Mayor and many of the principal gentlemen of Gateshead.

After all had been satisfied, the more important and interesting business of the evening was entered upon; when, after a few words from the Rector, the party was addressed by the Rev. R. G. L. Blenkinsopp, Northern Secretary, the Rev. G. T. Fox of Durham, and the Rev. H. Linton of Diddington, Hunts, in what were termed "speechlets," a word happily coined to limit their eloquence within the space of ten minutes each.

By this time the atmosphere of the crowded room had become more than sufficiently close, and it was therefore a great relief to adjourn to the room below, where a most interesting lecture was delivered by the Rev. John Tucker, Secretary of the Parent Society. This was the great point of attraction for the evening, and it was with very great pleasure, as well as benefit, that his deeply-interesting written lecture was attended to. When it was concluded, the Meeting was dismissed, after a few appropriate remarks from the Rev. Dr. Davies, Rector of Gateshead.

Three hundred and eighty tickets were sold, amounting to Nineteen Pounds, and about Six Pounds were received in the plates at the door after the lecture was over, which latter would nearly defray the expenses of the tea, leaving about 19% clear gain to the Church Missionary Society.

The general feeling was, that a more agreeable or instructive

evening had seldom been spent by those present; and it is much to be desired that the example of Gateshead, in its having instituted an annual Church Missionary Tea Party and Lecture, should be generally followed.

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WHERE SHALL I LOOK FOR HAPPINESS?

A LESSON OF EXPERIENCE.

I JOURNEY'D far from my native land,  
 Far from my early home;  
 I travers'd Africa's burning sand,  
 And India's torrid zone;  
 I went where the lovely azure sky  
 Reflects a brilliant light,  
 And where the glittering lantern-fly  
 Illuminates the night;  
 I wander'd long in the myrtle grove,  
 Where flow'rs are blooming fair,  
 And plaintive notes of the turtle-dove  
 Are echoed through the air;  
 And I sought for happiness—it was not there!

I climb'd with hurried step the seat  
 To regal pow'r assign'd,  
 Where riches, honours, and glory meet,  
 To satisfy the mind:  
 The diadem has adorn'd my brow,  
 The sceptre fill'd my hand,  
 And thousands came in their haste to bow  
 To Him who rul'd the land;  
 And my splendour was great, but soon I found  
 That thrones have their weight of care,  
 And hearts oft sad, while the head is crown'd;  
 And I sought for happiness—it was not there!

I fled to the hermit's lonely cell,  
 From the world and all its ills,  
 And there in the still, sequester'd dell,  
 Beside its murm'ring rills,  
 I mus'd on the works of Nature's God,  
 But grief my heart oppress'd;  
 I bewail'd my sin, and I fear'd His rod,  
 And my soul could find no rest.  
 And I found it not till He reveal'd  
 His wondrous love to me,  
 And open'd the heart that once was seal'd,  
 And set the captive free.  
 Then, joyful I learn'd, that, through the blood  
 Of One who pleads above,  
 The God once fear'd as an angry God  
 Is now a God of love.  
 The peace I had vainly sought elsewhere  
 I sought in God, through Christ, and found it there!

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



WORSHIP OF JUGGERNAUT AT MAHESH, NEAR SERAMPORE — *Vide* p. 106.

It may be interesting to our readers to hear of Missionary labours carried on by English Protestants so far back as 200 years. This is one of the earliest instances. The good man, whose name is given above, was appointed in 1642 Pastor to the English Settlers at Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, North America; of which, with some adjacent islands on the coast, his father was Governor. The Settlers were but few in number; and he resolved, with the help of God, to try and do something for the poor Indians around, who, without God, and having no hope, were living under the painful yoke of Satan. They were indeed plunged in the deepest gloom. Some thoughts they had about the Great Spirit, but of His love and tender mercy over all His works they knew nothing, and they neither loved nor feared Him. Their habits and mode of life were miserable; their houses, a few crotched stakes thrust into the ground and overlaid with bark, a fire being kindled in the middle, and an aperture left at the top to carry off the smoke; their dress, a blanket girt at the waist and thrown loosely over the shoulders, to which the women added a petticoat, and the men, in winter, stockings of blanket and socks of deer skin; their pastime, war carried on by treachery and cruelty, for they never fought in the field, but skulked and attacked by surprise; their most glorious ornaments, the scalps of those whom they had slain, which often proved to be the scalps of women and children. Their feet were swift to shed blood; and when they buried the hatchet, they were not slow to take it up again.

Knowing that he could do but little until he could speak with them in their own tongue, Mr. Mayhew commenced to learn their language, which, from the extraordinary length of the words, and the strong guttural sounds that prevailed in it, he found to be a difficult undertaking; but assistance was given him in a young Indian, of a thoughtful and inquiring mind, named Hiacomcs, who was converted, through his instrumentality, in 1643.

He now began to speak to the Indians one by one as he had opportunity, and to visit such families as seemed most willing to be taught. Hiacomcs also told his countrymen all that he learned from Mr. Mayhew, and God blessed their united labours.

In 1646 a great meeting of the Indians was held, at which Mr. Mayhew was called upon to make known to them the Word of God in their own tongue, one of the Chiefs addressing him in the following striking language—"Thou shalt be to us as one that stands by a running stream, filling many vessels: even so shalt thou fill us with everlasting knowledge." That Chief's heart, like that of Lydia of old, was opened to receive the Truth: he helped Hiacomcs in his work, and the number of believing Indians increased. The Powaws, or sorcerers, who pretended to be able to cure sickness and foretel



future events, fearing they should lose their gain, tried to hinder the good work; but Mayhew, encouraged by the tokens of God's blessing, redoubled his diligence, travelling from place to place, lodging in the smoky wigwams of the Indians, partaking of their homely fare, and gladly enduring fatigues and hardships to show them the way of life. Two of the Powaws, who had violently opposed him—convinced of sin, and especially of the sin of witchcraft—began to entreat that God would have mercy on them. "It was very affecting," Mayhew remarks, "to see these poor naked sons of Adam, and slaves of the devil from their birth, come toward the Lord as they did, with shaking joints and troubled spirits, uttering words of sore displeasure against sin and Satan." There was indeed a powerful shaking amongst the dry bones to whom he preached.

Mayhew's labours were carried on with untiring zeal until the year 1657, by which time he had the great joy of seeing "many hundred men and women" united in Christian fellowship, and proving, by their intelligence and holy walk, that the Truth had come to them, not in word only, but in power. He then undertook a voyage to England, in order to confer with the benevolent persons who had greatly aided him in his work, and to take measures for the further benefit of the Indians. From this voyage, however, he never returned, the ship, it is supposed, having foundered at sea. Thus mysteriously was his course cut short, in the midst of his usefulness, before he had completed his thirty-seventh year. This devoted man had so endeared himself to his Indian flock, that the place where he took leave of them was remembered with sorrow during all that generation; and for many years after his death his name was seldom mentioned without tears. Had other Settlers acted like Mr. Mayhew, and, while they occupied the lands over which the Indians had for generations hunted, been careful to give them compensation by making them acquainted with the Gospel of Christ, the fearful wars, which afterward broke out between the White and Red races, would have been happily prevented.

After Mr. Mayhew's death, Hiacombs continued to do the work of an evangelist amongst his countrymen. In 1670 he was ordained Pastor of an Indian Congregation in Martha's vineyard; and, having persevered with fidelity in his work for a number of years, died in a good old age.



#### ONE TAKEN, AND THE OTHER LEFT.

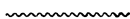
AMONGST the various tidings, some of joy and some of sorrow, which reach the Church Missionary House from the wide circle of our distant Missions, there is one which every now and then recurs with a sound peculiarly solemn. It is that which announces that we have a Missionary less in the field—that some one well known, often written to and heard from, has been removed—that another death

has taken place. The interval between one and another of these is never long. Within the last few months there have been several—Haslam of Ceylon—Greenwood of Ceylon—Clemens of Sierra Leone—Müller of Abbeokuta! As to the dead, they are sounds of encouragement. They say, Our brother sleepeth! As to the living, whether at home or abroad, they are warning and quickening sounds. They say, The time is short! They counsel, “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.” They urge, “Redeem the time”—for yourself, that when your summons shall come you may be ready; and for others, because, when death comes, our work is done: our tongue, silent in death, can no more speak of Christ to a fellow-sinner, nor can we any longer help forward that best of works, the making known of Jesus Christ and Him crucified to perishing sinners. Who can read the following account of the Rev. C. Greenwood’s death, contained in a Letter from the Rev. G. Parsons, of Baddagame, in Ceylon, and not feel solemn thoughts rise within him, which seem to say, Are you ready?

The Brethren here had determined that Mr. Greenwood should remove to Cotta, to supply the place of our late dear friend and brother, Mr. Haslam, and that I should fill his place at Baddagame. Accordingly, a few days before the 21st of June, Mr. Greenwood began to prepare for his removal.

He finished his accounts on Thursday night, the 20th, and Friday evening, about five, the packing, and sent off the last waggon there was ready. Saturday was intended for handing over the accounts and affairs of the Station to me; Sunday for taking leave of the people; and Monday for starting for Cotta; but God ordered otherwise. Having finished packing, Mr. Greenwood proposed our usual bathe in the river. We went; and after being in the water about five minutes, as we were both making for the bank, I was a little in advance of him, when I heard a plunge and a call. On looking round, I saw my friend in difficulty. I turned, and reached him just as he was sinking for the last time. Before I could catch hold of him, he had thrown both his arms round my body. We both sank together; and I thought I should never be released from his grasp, nor be able to save either myself or him. But the same loving Father who took my companion to Himself, spared me to serve Him longer. I got away from him, rose to the top of the water, and reached the bank as soon as I could, quite exhausted. I then obtained assistance; but the body was not found till next day, at 2 P.M.

As for myself, I feel that then I as good as died, and was buried. My life, therefore, is a new one, and shall be doubly devoted to Him who has renewed it to me, and who so distinctly and solemnly calls upon me to work while it is day, seeing the time is short. I am aware that the heart of man is deceitful above all things; yet I feel assured that so solemn an instalment will never be forgotten by me, and that it has left a lasting impression upon my mind, to quicken me to be diligent and zealous for the glory of my Saviour.



## NEW MISSION AT THE GALLINAS RIVER.

THE Gallinas river, about seven days' sail to the S. E. of Sierra Leone, has been, for the last thirty years, one of the most fearful slave-marts on the West-African Coast, not fewer than 15,000 human beings having been shipped from thence every year. The barracoons in which the slaves were chained while waiting for the slave-ships, and the factories in which were stored the goods used to purchase them, having been burned by the British squadron in the beginning of 1849, and the slave-traders having been driven away by the Native Chiefs, over whom they had tyrannized, the Chiefs seem disposed to give up slave-trading altogether, and live on good terms with the English. We know, however, that it is only by giving the Gospel to these people,\* that we can have any security as to the steadfastness of their good intentions; and it has been felt by the Society at home, and the Missionaries at Sierra Leone, that Missionary work ought to be at once commenced amongst them. The Chiefs, indeed, seem to have invited us to do so, for they have sent three of their sons, one the son of the principal Chief Manna, to be educated in our Grammar-school at Sierra Leone.

Accordingly, one of our Missionaries, the Rev. J. Beale, proceeded to the Gallinas, from Sierra Leone, in February last, in order to see whether the opening was such as to justify us in the commencement of a new Mission. The well-built houses of Prince Manna's chief town Gendama, and the European furniture to be found in them, such as chairs, sofas, pier and other glasses, crockery, &c., much surprised him. The people also were kind to him, and the King's wives and brothers—the prince himself not being at home on his arrival—conversed freely with him, many of them speaking in English; nor did he fail to improve the opportunity thus given to him of speaking to them about Christ. Poor people! they need the Gospel much, for around were sad sights, which showed that cruelty had not ceased at the Gallinas. In the prison at Gendama, Mr. Beale saw thirty-one men in heavy chains, and fastened, in different ways, by blocks of wood and irons so that they could not lie down. They were persons who had been sentenced to pay a fine for crimes of which they had been guilty, and until the fine was paid they were left in this state, without food or water, dependent on the compassion of the town's people. This painful sight of miseries which he could not relieve caused Mr. Beale to groan within himself.

Mr. Beale visited the site of the barracoons and factories taken by our cruisers in 1849, when property to the amount of half a million, intended for slave-trading purposes, was destroyed. He says—

On the bar, the sea, as usual, was breaking fearfully. There, only lately, a large canoe was upset in conveying the Spanish slaves over to

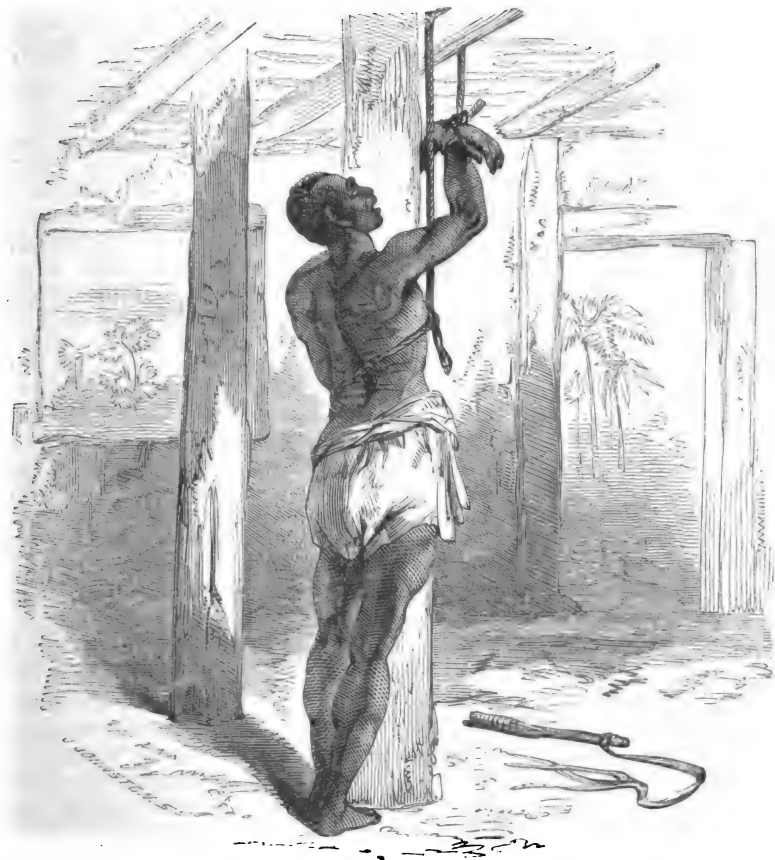
\* When Mr. Beale told them the Spanish slave-dealers would never be allowed to come back, many of them grew quite angry.

the men-of-war, and twenty-three unfortunate beings perished. At this point, when leaving for ever the lands of his fathers, many a wretched captive has obtained the only relief to be found from the iron yoke of the slave-dealer. Not unfrequently, both the slave and his European master have been engulfed in the same breaker. The Chiefs tell of many of their relatives whose bodies have become a prey to the shark, whilst engaged in the same nefarious traffic. One barracoon only is now standing: it had in it, when the British landed, 100 slaves. At different points now in sight there were then more than 800 ready for embarkation. All these have been rescued by the British from slavery, and sent to Sierra Leone. Whilst these poor wretches were thus lying in chains, the slave-dealers themselves were living in the greatest luxury. Specimens of their household furniture, of the most costly description, have escaped the flames, such as solid rosewood sofas, chairs, &c. All their furnitures were nearly committed to the flames, with thousands of pounds' worth of dry goods—silks, satins, tobacco, rum, gin, wine, and about 150 barrels of gunpowder. These buildings must have been very large, as the foundations are more than 100 to 120 feet long. Now the places are trodden by wild deer and other animals from the woods.

Mr. Beale shall now relate, in his own words, his visit to one of the Chiefs, and what he witnessed there.

We went to see Western Rogers, a powerful Chief, the descendant of an English slave-dealer. Most of the Chiefs trace their origin to this source. After an hour's walk through a light white sand, we reached the river, on the opposite side of which his town is situated. We crossed the river in a small canoe, and were kindly received by the Chief. He is a fine specimen of an African Prince—of middle size, stout, well proportioned, with an intelligent open countenance, but quite black. The town is well built, and much the same as Gendama, with a barricade all around. This Chief possesses no religion whatever, and has very few charms round his towns. He dislikes, and will not allow, Mahomedan charms to be in his place. His town may contain 500 people. Mr. Parker, the British Agent, says 2000; but, as nearly all are now absent in the war, I cannot judge. The houses are not so many; but, as the people live together in large numbers in one house, possibly the town may number so many when full. His house is well ornamented with European pictures, such as the battle of Waterloo: the outside walls are covered with ludicrous native figures. On our reaching the house, he presented us with a large Muscovy duck, which was prepared for dinner. On the north of his yard stands his own circular house; to the west, a large shed, used as a day prison; to the east, the night prison; and to the south, a store, all enclosing the yard, and adjoining his own house. To have this arrangement shows a vicious heathen taste. When he sits in his fine lofty piazza, all the prisoners, enduring different kinds of torture, are in his sight. There were many poor objects there in heavy chains, fixed around their bare necks. One prisoner, from his youthful and intelligent look, excited my feelings of compassion much, as well as from the torture he was undergoing. His back had already been lacerated with the whip. His hands were put around one of the posts of the building, and then his wrists were tied tightly together with a small cord.

Another rope was tied to his hands, put over the beam above, and fixed around his waist, so that he was kept perpetually standing; or, on attempting to relieve himself, his hands were drawn up till he was suspended. The Chief was quick enough to observe that I was making many



inquiries about him. After a short absence from the yard, I found he had released him: his only crime was breaking an empty bottle by accident. In the days of slavery he would doubtless have gone across the seas. Several articles of plate were on the table: the knives and forks were of silver. The Chief gave us an excellent dinner, and seemed not a little surprised that I took none of the fine liquors, spirits, or fermented palm-wine, which he placed before me.\* During the dinner we were waited upon by twenty-five of his sons, from seven to twenty years old.

Western Rogers, when conversing with Mr. Beale, described the

\* In this whole journey I took *no stimulant whatever*, and never enjoyed better health.

cruel way in which the traders treat the poor slaves which they purchase. They beat them very badly, sometimes even to death! The slaves wear a collar with a ring, through which a chain is passed, and thus many are fastened by one chain. When many of them are on the chain, and they are not able to get out of the canoe as quickly as the slave-dealer wishes, he lays hold on the whip to flog them. In their haste to get out of the way, one falls down, and is strangled by the others, as, hurrying forward in their fright, they drag him along the ground. Yet, bad as the slave-trade is for the slave, it is worse for the slave-dealer. Every chain he puts on a slave is a new fetter rivetted on his soul, with which the great slave-dealer and enemy of man is preparing to lead him away to a more fearful prison than the hold in which he stows the poor victims of his cruelty, unless, through God's grace, he be brought to repentance.

The slave-trade lays waste. Notwithstanding the large sums paid for slaves, the country where it is carried on seems to wither under its blight. Mr. Beale, while in the district of Rogers, says—

I observed that the palm-tree was nearly cleared out of the country, and asked the reason. I was told that, in times of scarcity, and when large numbers of slaves were in the barracoons, they fed them upon the palm-cabbage. Being an entire slave-dealing country, they have not been in the habit of growing provisions: they have been dependent for supplies of food on other countries; so that occasionally they have been subject to great want. At such times the beautiful palms were cut down for the cabbage. In consequence, the whole country looks a waste, the stems of palms strewing the path in every direction. What a curse is slavery and the slave-trade! The day of final account will alone fully make manifest its horrors. But even here it has turned men, made in the image of God, into demons; rendered them dead to the common feelings of nature, so that a man will sell his own offspring for a few heads of tobacco; whilst it lays desolate the most fertile regions of the earth.

But this is not all. How often indulged sins work out punishment for sinners! So it seems to be in the Gallinas. Numbers of slaves have from time to time escaped from the Chiefs. They have flocked together, and are now so strong, that, when Mr. Beale was there, they were carrying on war with their former masters. They are called Zaros, and have now thirteen barricaded towns. The slaves at the Gallinas, of whom Prince Manna has no fewer than 10,000 groaning under his yoke, sympathize with them, and are anxious to join them on the first opportunity. The situation of the Gallinas Chiefs is, therefore, very critical; and the probability is, they would have been crushed by the Zaros before now, but that they have been assisted by the men-of-war, whose big guns have checked the Zaros as they roved about seizing upon the smaller towns, and carrying off and selling hundreds of the people; for the Zaros also practise slavery, nor have their past sufferings taught them mercy to others. What, save the Gospel, can effect this?

What a noble field of usefulness opens to our Missionaries in the

Gallinas—to make peace between these contending parties, and preach the Gospel, not only to the Gallinas people, but to the Zaros; that, as they rise in power as a nation, of which there is every prospect, they may occupy themselves, not in enslaving, but in liberating their brother African.

Our readers will rejoice to hear that a Missionary has been appointed to the Gallinas.

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#### VISIT TO A HINDU MELA.

OUR Missionaries in India are in the habit of attending, as often as circumstances permit them so to do, the idolatrous feasts or Melas held by the Hindus in honour of their false gods. At these Melas crowds of people are gathered in from the surrounding districts. They afford, therefore, opportunities of usefulness; and as Satan uses them for an evil purpose, by making the people drunk with the excitement of idolatry and wickedness, the Missionaries feel that they ought to try and bring good out of evil, by being at such places as often as they can, in order that, by preaching and conversation, and the distribution of books and tracts, they may spread abroad the salt of Gospel truth amongst the corrupt mass of Hinduism. At these Melas they behold idolatry without disguise, showing itself in all its evil as the religion of Satan, which he suggests, and in which he is served; and when they see such multitudes of their fellow-men led captive by him at his will, their hearts are stirred within them to labour for their emancipation. One of these Melas is thus described by our Missionary the Rev. S. Hasell, of Calcutta.

In June 1849 I paid my first visit to a Hindu Mela. It was the day for the return of the Car of Juggernaut, which had been drawn out eight days preceding, and was called the Rath festival. We started at about six o'clock A.M. from Calcutta, and reached Mahesh, a village about two miles from Serampore, by eleven o'clock. The crowd was already great. Men, women, and children, seemed to be all pressing forward with one object in view. We followed the multitude, and presently came in sight of the huge car of the professed god of the world. It is an unsightly machine, of an immense size, and bears evident signs of having seen better days. Many of the carvings have been executed in a style worthy of a nobler and holier cause; but as the white ant and age together have destroyed many parts, the repairs have been done in a most slovenly manner. Report says, that, formerly, the sides of the car were covered with paintings of the most licentious character; but at the present time their place is supplied by roughly-coloured boards. This huge mass of rotten timber is, however, the object of religious homage to thousands. I saw many touching the feet of the images around it, and then touching their foreheads in token of adoration. This car is second only to the renowned car of Orissa, and thousands from all places within a circuit of twenty or thirty miles come together to join in the services of the day. Having seen the car, and said some few words to the people standing about, we went in search of the god. We found him placed for receiving the offerings and homage of his worshippers, in the lower

apartment of a Native's house. Of all the unsightly and ungodlike images I have seen, this of Juggernaut was certainly the worst, and yet I *saw* men and women lying prostrate before it! \* Formerly, it seems, the offerings used to be only in the form of fruit, &c., but, latterly, money has superseded the use of fruit. On this account, for the first time for a hundred years or more, Juggernaut has not been associated with another idol, Radhabullub, for the purpose of receiving the gifts of the crowd. It seems that the priests of the temples of the two idols could not come to terms respecting the division of the proceeds of the people's superstition; and consequently, instead of one great shrine, there were two rival ones, about two miles distant from each other. It has been usual for Juggernaut to mount his car, and be drawn from Mahesh to Bulluppur; but this year the car was only drawn about fifty yards, and then the god was taken to the private house where we saw him. When we attempted to enter the house, the Brahmin at the gate asked us for "the offering;" but, after some few remarks, they made way for us to go in, and also to return. On leaving the house, we proceeded to the temple of the god, which is close by, and endeavoured to gain admittance; but that appeared to be impossible. It is a large, substantial, red-brick building, approached by six or seven steps. They allowed us to ascend the steps, but not to stand upon the top one, unless we would take off our shoes and stockings!

We retraced our steps, and, on our way, fell in with several who understood English, and stated that they had been educated in Calcutta. Certainly they had not profited much, for they were selling pictures and small models of the god Juggernaut. By the road-side a brother Missionary had erected a temporary Preaching-house, or rather shed, to protect him from the rain and sun, and there, for hours, he and his Native Readers endeavoured to preach to the people. A more unlikely place for sowing the seed of eternal life I never saw. Every little way was a crowd of singing-musicians, pretending to sing the praises of Krishna, &c., and accompanying their discordant voices with still more discordant instruments. Here there would be a crowd of boisterous men, and there a company of noisy women, and one and all much excited, so that the poor preacher seemed to fight like one "beating the air." The Tracts they gave away were, as we saw, torn into pieces and scattered to the winds; but still they persevered. We came at last to the temple of Radhabullub, where, in years gone by, the two "enthroned sat," but now he sat alone. The anxiety of the crowd here surpassed that of the other place. Men, women, and children, were all anxiously struggling to present their mite, and get in return a wreath of flowers, or a few drops of holy Gunga water! I saw one old woman stretch forth her attenuated arm to get about a teaspoonful of water in her hand, which she drank with all the avidity of one in earnest, and then most carefully absorbed the least moisture that might have remained upon her hand, by rubbing it upon her face and head. I stood and watched the wretched crowd, and felt ashamed for myself, and for my professedly-Christian countrymen. These people, ignorant and degraded idolaters though they be, put us to shame in many things. O that the Lord would open their eyes, and make them as earnest in seeking Him who is Lord of lords, and is the water of life to them that come unto Him. We

\* *Vide* Frontispiece.



may see, perhaps, in this dispute and division between the priests of these idols, the indications of a tottering in the system. It is, at least, no ordinary thing to observe, that, for the first time upon record, the two idols have been separated, and their interests divided. May the time soon come when they may be utterly abolished, and Christ, the true Juggernaut (Lord of the world) be exalted upon their ruins! We returned to Calcutta early in the evening, with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow—joy that there was a shaking among the dry bones, and sorrow that there were no more reapers ready for the fields ripe unto harvest.

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#### THE NEW-ZEALAND CHIEF MAMAKU.

THE name of Mamaku has often occurred in the Journals of our Missionary, the Rev. R. Taylor of Wanganui, as the name of a turbulent and fighting Chief, and one bitterly opposed to the Gospel. Mamaku headed the New Zealanders who fought the British troops in the valley of the Hutt, near Wellington, and on several subsequent occasions. When his party was defeated and broken up, and he was compelled to return to his own place up the river Wanganui, he could not rest quiet, but came down in the year 1846, at the head of 200 men, to plunder and burn the English settlement at Petre, at the mouth of the Wanganui, from which he was prevented only by the bold interference of the Christian Chiefs who live near Mr. Taylor, on the opposite side of the river. This man is now another proof of the power of the Gospel to change hard hearts, soften rugged tempers, and turn men's thoughts and desires into a channel different from that in which they had been wont to flow. Blessed be the name of our God! New Zealand affords many such: many a man whose name was "Legion" has become so changed as to sit meekly at the feet of Jesus. Whether Mamaku is changed, our readers must judge for themselves. Here we have him presented to us under a new aspect in Mr. Taylor's Journal. Mr. Taylor had reached Mamaku's Pa the evening before, and had occupied himself in giving instruction to the Natives, examining Candidates, &c., until after midnight. His account then proceeds—

*Jan. 31, 1850*—Mamaku called me before it was light; and, after prayers, we left for the Rakura about seven, accompanied by nearly all the people of the place. Mamaku went with me in the same canoe. He said, "Now we will have a nice talk;" and, whilst his nephew was poling the canoe, he came to my side, and, pulling out his Testament and Prayer-book, said, "Now, explain the 133d Psalm—the oil running down Aaron's beard, and the dew on Hermon;" which I did. He seemed extremely interested. His nephew gave his pole to another, and asked me to explain it over again to him: he seemed jealous lest he should lose any portion of what was said. Mamaku again returned to his post, and proposed other questions; until, entering a rapid, where we were in some danger of being capsized, he immediately jumped up, and, seizing a pole, pushed the canoe through with great strength and skill, and then gave his pole to another, and resumed his seat by my side. He is an extraordinary man, with an excellent memory, and great shrewdness.

**"ALL SHALL KNOW THE LORD."**

Yes! all shall know Thee, Saviour!  
 The broad earth shall be Thine,  
 And o'er its ransomed myriads  
 The light of truth shall shine!  
 E'en now we see the earnest  
 Of this expected day,  
 When ev'ry land and kingdom  
 Shall own Messiah's sway.

Where, by the Brahmaputra,  
 The lofty palm-trees wave;  
 Or by the flowing Ganges  
 The Hindu finds his grave;  
 The message of salvation  
 By anxious crowds is heard;  
 The dead to life are waking,  
 And torpid hearts are stirred.

From distant Abbeokuta  
 Is borne a mingled voice  
 Of gladness and of sorrow—  
 They weep, and yet rejoice:  
 The fire of persecution  
 Has raised its lurid flame;  
 The Christians have endur'd it;  
 Their faith is still the same.

Two warrior Chiefs are praying  
 On far New Zealand's shore;  
 The sun shines brightly on them,  
 More bright than e'er before.  
 They once were bitter foemen,  
 Each wish'd the other slain;  
 The love of Jesus chang'd them,  
 They ne'er will strive again.

Yes! all shall know Thee, Saviour!  
 Where southern breezes blow,  
 Or northern hills are shrouded  
 With oft-returning snow;  
 Where eastern summers lavish  
 A rich profusion round,  
 Or midst the vast seas westward  
 Man's island home is found;

Wherever bird hath wandered;  
 Wherever foot hath trod;  
 All flesh shall yield Thee homage,  
 The true and living God!  
 And he who sows with weeping  
 Shall come again with joy;  
 For thou, O Lord! the idols  
 Shalt utterly destroy!\*

\* Isaiah ii. 18.

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



CANOE-TRAVELLING IN RUPERT'S LAND—Vide p. 114.

## LIVES OF MISSIONARIES.—THE MAYHEWS.

IN our last Number we presented a brief remembrance of the Rev. Thomas Mayhew, and his early labours among the Indians of Martha's Vineyard. On his death the work was not suffered to expire. Mr. Mayhew's father, the Governor of the Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, and Elizabeth Isles, originally a Southampton merchant, laboured amongst the Indians as a Lay-Evangelist, upholding the work by his prayers and ministrations, and cherishing it as the best memorial of his lamented son. In 1674 the native families in Martha's Vineyard, and a small island adjoining it, were about 360, of whom two-thirds, or about 1500 persons, were supposed to be praying Indians. The good old Governor died in 1680, in the 93d year of his age, to the great grief of the inhabitants.

Before his departure he had the satisfaction of seeing his youngest grandson, the Rev. John Mayhew, treading in the steps of his father. He knew the language of the Indians thoroughly; and, even when he was a very young man, they were wont to come to him for counsel and advice. After his grandfather's death, his interest in their welfare greatly increased, and he gave himself more unreservedly to the work in which his predecessors had so diligently laboured. Like his father's, his period of service in this world was brief. He died nine years after his grandfather, in the 37th year of his age, and the 16th of his ministry. During his last illness he expressed a wish, that, if it were the will of God, he might live a little longer, and do some more service for Christ in the world; but his heavenly Master saw fit otherwise to dispose of him. He had the consolation of leaving well-instructed Teachers over the Indians, 100 of whom were Communicants, walking in the fear of the Lord.

His eldest son, Mr. Experience Mayhew, was only sixteen years of age at the time of his father's death; yet, exactly five years after, we find him taking up the interrupted thread of the labours of his forefathers. During the previous quarter of a century, the number of Indians throughout the English Settlements had greatly diminished: the Settlers and Natives had come into collision. In 1675, under the command of Philip, the Chief or Sachem of a tribe living within the boundaries of Massachusetts, the Indians rose against the Settlers, and many lives were sacrificed. The Settlers collected to defend themselves; and a desperate battle ensued, in which 1000 Indian warriors were slain. From that time the Indians began to withdraw themselves from amongst the Whites; and in 1694 the Indian families in Martha's Vineyard were only 180, precisely one-half of what they had been twenty years before. This rapid diminution of their numbers seemed to point out that the opportunity of usefulness among them would not be of very long continuance, and that, while it lasted, it ought to be diligently improved. Although only twenty-one years of age, Mr. E. Mayhew gave himself up to its improvement; and the Lord was pleased so remarkably to bless his labours, that, a few years after, only two individuals remained in heathenism. Being considered one of the greatest masters

of the Indian tongue, he was employed to prepare a new translation of the Psalms, together with St. John's Gospel, which appeared in 1709, the Indian and English being printed in parallel columns. He died in 1754, after nearly sixty-five years' labour for the spiritual welfare of the Natives.

Nor was he the last Mayhew: one other was raised up to prolong the work—Zechariah, the son of the preceding. In the beginning of the present century this venerable man lived, an Indian Missionary, on the same spot where his forefathers had so diligently laboured, closing, by his death in 1803, the Missionary service of the Mayhew family, which had been shared by five successive generations, and extended over a period of no less than 160 years.

#### CHINESE MISSIONARY WORK.

THE Chinese are, in some respects, a civilized people, and very different in their manners from the wild Heathen of America or Australia: They are a social people, and like to crowd together in towns and villages. They are very quiet and orderly in their behaviour, and industriously pursue their occupations, of whatever kind they be, often with very small reward. The painful feature in their state is, that they are so completely without God in the world. Not only is it true that God is not in *all* their thoughts, but that He is not in any of their thoughts. Of one true and living God they have no distinct idea; and there is no word in their language which expresses the same with our word "God." The Missionaries have had great difficulty in fixing what word had best be used; and there is no word that is precisely what is wanted. The Apostle Paul tells us of God, that He is "not far from every one of us: for in Him we live, and move, and have our being;" yet so blind have the Chinese become, that they have quite lost sight of Him.

Instead of God they have many idols, to whom they make prayers and offerings, in the hope of obtaining a larger share in this world's goods, which is all they care for. The world is every thing to them, and they have no desire beyond it: they "mind earthly things," and are as wholly taken up with them as if they believed that with the death of the body human consciousness terminated. Yet they do not think this, for they worship the spirits of their ancestors, believing them to be still alive. This is the kind of idolatry which has strongest hold on them. There appears to be something in this sin which remarkably suits the fallen nature of man; and, when Christianity was corrupted, this evil was introduced with many others. Thus we find large bodies of nominal Christians—such as Romanists and others—as well as the heathen Chinese, worshipping the spirits of dead men and women. It is not more sinful and absurd for a Chinese to make prayers to the spirit of his ancestor, than for a Romanist to pray to his patron saint; nor is the invoking of Confucius a grosser error than the invocation of the Virgin Mary. Yet even in this, their strongest superstition, the Chinese are earthly-

minded. The Rev. T. M'Clatchie, one of our Missionaries at Shanghai, in describing the manner in which they observe their New-Year's Day, which is one of their principal holiday times, thus expresses himself respecting them—

*April 5, 1849*—Wealth is the “*summum bonum*” in the estimation of a Chinese. Their common salutation on New-Year's Day of “*Fah-dsay! Fah-dsay!*”—“*May you become rich (this year)!*”—is abundant proof that this people little suspect how very difficult it is for a rich man to “*enter into the kingdom of heaven.*” Even their most solemn worship, viz. that of ancestors, seems to be engaged in by them from an expectation that their imagined dutiful conduct may be rewarded by the acquisition of wealth. The present time is the season for the performance of that form of worship, which undoubtedly occupies the highest place in the affections of the Chinese. Whilst crossing a ferry, I entered into conversation on the subject with a man who stood near me. He asked me whether we worshipped ancestors in foreign countries, or not. I told him that we did not observe any such ceremony, because we considered that to engage in such worship would be a breach of God's First Commandment, which says that Jehovah alone is to be worshipped. On hearing this, another man exclaimed, “*Why should you imagine that foreigners worship ancestors? They have plenty of money, and therefore need not do so!*” From this remark it would seem to be the case, that, although the Chinese look upon the performance of this form of worship as a necessary part of filial duty, they nevertheless engage in it from interested motives, and expect to be rewarded for their filial piety by becoming rich.

Of their spiritual deadness, their ignorance of their sinfulness and need of mercy, painful evidences are continually occurring. One instance we may mention, which took place on the opening of our new Church at Shanghai, which can conveniently hold about 300 persons. It was opened in January last, when Mr. M'Clatchie preached from 1 Kings viii. 22. The Congregation was quiet and orderly. After the Service was over, and the people were dispersing, a man, who had been listening very attentively to the sermon, came and asked the Chinese Teacher what the Missionary meant by pressing on them so strongly that they ought to seek forgiveness of their sins. “*I,*” said he, “*cannot understand this. I certainly have never committed any sin: why, then, should I apply for forgiveness?*” Such statements are often made by them. “*They that be whole need not a physician.*” So it is with these poor people: thinking themselves whole, the true Physician is neglected. The Chinese are dark indeed; yet He “*who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, can shine into their hearts, to give them the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.*”

Amongst other persons who attend the Church is a poor blind man, led by a boy: his name is Dhay. One Tuesday evening in March last, when there were present at Service about 200 persons, the subject was Jesus and the resurrection. All the people were very attentive, and the greatest silence prevailed. Mr. M'Clatchie says—

After Service, Dhay followed me into the vestry, and, falling down on

his knees in the centre of the room, bowed his head several times to the ground, exclaiming, "Ah, Jesus! Jesus! thus I worship Jesus!" I



raised him up, and placed him in a chair. He then asked me, with earnestness of manner, "Can you assure me that Jesus forgives sins?" I spoke to him for some time on the certainty of forgiveness being extended to those who repent of their sins. He told me that he daily worshipped Jesus, and besought Him to forgive his sins.

Let us pray that the Holy Spirit may open the eyes of his understanding, and enable him to perceive a better light than that which gladdens the world, beautiful as it is; even that light for the soul, which He sheds who is "the Sun of Righteousness."

#### LAC-LA-RONGE.

LAC-LA-RONGE, in Rupert's Land, is one of the most remote Stations of the Society. Our Missionary, the Rev. R. Hunt, who arrived there in July last, mentions, that articles sent out from England for his use in May 1851, will not reach him before July 1852; so distant is the beacon-light that has been kindled at this place in the hope

of benefiting the tribes of Indians that wander through the wide wildernesses of Rupert's Land. Sometimes Missionary efforts are commenced where the people have never expressed any wish to be instructed: the Missionaries go there unasked for, and undesired by the people, and perhaps have to labour many years before they see any thing to encourage them in the hope that they are doing good; but at Lac-la-Ronge it was at the urgent entreaties of the Indians themselves that the Station was commenced. Some of the Christian Indians from Cumberland Station, in their hunting expeditions, had met with the poor Natives of Lac-la-Ronge, and had spoken to them about their souls, and told them of the Saviour who had come from heaven to seek and save that which was lost. The words which they heard sunk deep into their hearts. What they were told made them anxious to know more. One of them, an Indian called Great Chief, travelled several times backward and forward to Cumberland Station, that he might have the opportunity of conversing with the Indian Catechist, Henry Budd. So eager were they for instruction, that one of the Christian Natives of that place went and passed a whole winter with them. On his return to his family at Cumberland, in the spring of 1846, James Settee, another Christian Indian, was appointed to go and reside at Lac-la-Ronge as Catechist. Through his efforts many of these lost sheep have been brought to the Good Shepherd; and a little flock has been gathered in the wilderness of more than a hundred souls. The Roman-Catholic Priests, who "compass sea and land to make one proselyte," have been long watching about, endeavouring to lure them away; and the Indians, sensible of their danger, have been very anxious that a Protestant Missionary should come and live among them.

Our Frontispiece, therefore, presents to you the birch-rind canoe, manned by Indians, in which our Missionary, the Rev. R. Hunt, and his wife, made their way up the rivers to this distant place. They have just gone ashore, to walk along the bank, while the boat ascends a rapid. It is toilsome work indeed. The current is strong: it rushes impetuously down, gurgling and foaming amongst the rocks, as if it would sweep every thing before it; and against this the men have to pull, so as to be enabled, however slowly, to make way. How strongly this resembles the faithful Christian, toiling against the strong tide of sin and temptation, and, by the grace of God, labouring to overcome! "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance." The boat, if not manned by living men, would soon be swept away. Just so we must have within us a living power, the indwelling of the Spirit of God, or we shall drift down with the tide and swell of corruption, like a dead and helpless thing, until we make shipwreck of our souls.

But Mr. Hunt, who has passed through all the difficulties and dangers of this kind of travelling, can best describe it. Let us, then, listen to his account of it.



We have slept, suppose, on some island in a large lake. We resume our journey about three o'clock in the morning, and soon are out of sight of land. We are in a heavily-laden open boat, a thunder-storm is coming on, and we are making all sail toward some friendly harbour, if there is a hope of reaching one; or perhaps we are flying before the wind under close-reefs, to try the doubtful mercy of a rocky lee-shore, where we hope to toss out the cargo, and before the boat is broken to pieces, haul her up on a few yards of shingly beach at the bottom of perpendicular rocks. Such danger is often experienced on Lake Winnipeg, which we have crossed three times, and such a coast is there found, extending fifty miles from Old Norway House toward the Saskatchewan. Although this river is large, tongues of land running out into the lake so conceal its mouth, that a stranger must actually enter it before he suspects that it is near; but advance a little up its stream, and its broad and boiling waters are a sheet of foam.

Here begins what is called the "big fall," a series of struggling and foaming rapids, to avoid which the boats are emptied of every thing, and, if the crews are strong enough, are lifted here and dragged there, with much labour, across the land for about 1100 yards. If the men are not equal to this land navigation, the empty boat is manned with the strongest crew possible, including an experienced steersman, using a very long and strong oar, called a sweep, instead of a rudder; and a bowsman, with a long and strong pole. They begin the traverse of the rapid by cautiously stealing up the stream as far as they can along the shore, till they get abreast of the most boisterous part of the fall, when the word of the steersman is heard above the thunder of the water—"Towidge, soky!" i.e. "Dash out, and pull stoutly and quickly!" Instantly every muscle is strained at every oar, and the affrighted boat is leaping and bounding upon the swell, making no progress onward, but tumbling backwards and sideways across the waves. "Soky!" again from the steersman, and presently a shout of triumph rises from the crew, who have managed to prevent the boat's further descent in the stream for a moment. Sometimes the powerful tide, as it rushes down, bears the boat backwards with the speed of an arrow, passing rocks on all sides. If there is a little wind, the crew are covered with spray; and any one, seeing such a sight for the first time, would momentarily expect to see her overthrown or dashed to pieces in the surge. "Tabiscocoh!" from the steersman—i.e. "Strike all at the same time!" for some of the crew have lost the time of the stroke, their oars being often buried in the swell. Now a wave of the bowsman's hand: he wishes to avoid a whirlpool, or some such danger. Instantly it is followed by a stroke of the sweep, and the steersman has turned the boat broadside to the stream, and on she darts toward the opposite shore. Again her bows are breasting the descending flood, and the like movements are repeated again and again, till, far below the starting-point, she strikes the opposite shore, the blow being rendered harmless by a powerful backward stroke of all the oars, assisted by the bowsman's pole. Now the "middlemen" leave the boat, climb the rocky bank, and attach themselves to the main-line by means of leather straps, and pull her, foot by foot, up this less boisterous side. It requires all their force, while, with sure foot, and cautious eye, and strong arm, they struggle on, treading here on a narrow ledge, here jumping, one by one, over a chasm, and here swinging them-

selves over the water, round the side of a projecting tree, while two men, with hands and feet and poles, keep the rope as clear as possible from rocks and stumps of trees upon the side and top of the high bank. Presently they all descend, and wade round a little headland, holding each other up against the stream. That passed, up they climb again, and haul the boat into a hollow in the rocky side, where she waits while they detach the main-line, and carry it forward round the back of a rocky height, whose base is washed by a strong and deep current. The line being brought to the edge of the water, some distance in advance, one end of it is tied to a portion of the trunk of a tree, which floats it down the stream, within reach of the bowsman's pole: it is attached to the boat again, and the hauling, &c., is renewed, till by such means they have accomplished the ascent of the "big fall;" above which they re-cross in smooth water, the boat is reloaded, and they press on to encounter similar toil.

Such is the upward progress of the Christian. His hinderances are frequent, and of various kinds. He is often perplexed, yet not in despair. If overborne for a little while, he soon recovers strength, and contends more earnestly than he did before. He strives: He strives in "prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that is able to save him from death;" and, finding "grace to help in time of need," he perseveres. There is a principle within him whose power of resistance increases with the difficulties he has to deal with—"this," says the Apostle, "is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith"—until at length, made more than conqueror through Him that loved us, he finishes his course, and finds how sweet is rest succeeding toil.

#### THE LAST FOUR YEARS OF AN EARTHLY PILGRIMAGE.

THE individual referred to in this paper was one who had spent a long life in the discharge of important offices connected with the Government of India. He had long felt the value of the Gospel, and was the well-known friend of all who were faithfully engaged in making it known to the Heathen. For the last four years of his life he retired from the business of the world, and settled on the Nilgherry hills, at a spot called Kaity, with the intention of spending his remaining strength in making the Gospel known to a secluded tribe of Hindus, amongst whom little had been done. At the foot of the Doddabett, the highest mountain of Southern India, in a fruitful valley where winter is unknown, lay Kaity. Of the place itself, and the aged Christian who inhabited it, the following account is given by a Bâsle Missionary, who had been sojourning in that part of India—

The house is surrounded by beautiful garden grounds, a little neglected, and by clusters of Badaga (Burgher) villages, which [it was his fervent wish, and daily prayer] should in due time be watered from Kaity with the waters of eternal life. At Kaity I first had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Casamajor, a fine old gentleman, a foot taller than other men, stooping to us, while he conversed kindly and gravely. He was kind to

all people, but peculiarly to Missionaries, having, as it were, joined their ranks himself. The evangelization of the Hills was the great and holy theme of his thoughts and prayers, day and night, and to this object of his heart he turned all his energy, impaired, but not broken, by a long residence in a tropical climate. At the age of fifty-five he began learning the Canarese language, a dialect of which is spoken by the Badaga population. When others go to rest, he rose to earnest exertion, as if the evening of his life were the morning of a fresh day to be spent in the Lord's service. From our Society\* he obtained first one Missionary, and then two more. In Canarese Mr. Casamajor made very respectable progress, being assisted by his knowledge of the Tamul and Telugu languages, so that after two years he was able to superintend a large Badaga School, established on his grounds, and supported by his liberality. Every day, his health permitting, he would walk up at noon to that School, built at some distance from the dwelling-house, on an open high ground, praying as he went—for he was eminently a man of prayer—in order to hear the lessons of the poor half-clad, but smiling and intelligent Badaga boys. You would there see the honoured gentleman, who had sat on the bench of justice in the chief seats, who had held counsel with the rulers of the country, who had been the object of veneration to the good, and the terror of evil-doers, resting on a wooden box in the place of the Schoolmaster, rejoicing in the glory of thus serving his Lord, and overflowing with love to the poor heathen lads, for whom a day of Gospel light and grace, he firmly believed, had now dawned.

Being full of love toward these people, he was not content with relieving their spiritual wants, or rather preparing the way for the deliverance of their souls, but did not think it beneath his dignity to attend to their bodily diseases, and to remove them as far as was in his power. There was a room in Kaity house, a sort of hospital, where Mr. Casamajor for a long time attended every morning from seven to eight o'clock, giving medicines to the fever patients, putting plasters upon the wounds and sores of the poor, giving clothes to the naked, and alms to the destitute.

To our brethren he was a friend indeed, uniting the kindness and wisdom of a father with the cordiality and good fellowship of a colleague in the common work. I myself look back with sadness and joy to many a happy and hallowed hour spent in his company. He had the experience of a man arrived at the end of an active and long life spent in important offices: he was a wise counsellor, but he had also the simplicity of a child. His mind was richly stored with various learning, but his chief book, and the constant object of his meditations, was the Word of God.

I have said above that he was a man of prayer. That he was. I know no man who is so careful, as our departed friend was, of spending a due proportion of his time in secret converse with God. He used to rise at five in the morning, but, with the exception of the hospital hour, he was accessible to nobody—not to the greatest personages—before ten or eleven o'clock. In the same manner he would spend the end of each day in solitude, retiring after five o'clock, and returning to the library or sitting-room after six. With social prayer, when there were guests—which was

\* The German Evangelical Mission.

rather the rule than the exception at Kaity—the day was closed, when, indeed, he spoke as in the presence of the living God, never making a speech instead of a prayer, but addressing in holy awe the almighty and righteous Lord of all in the name of Jesus, in whom he believed. His prayers will be heard in God's time, and his works will follow him.

After his departure—he fell asleep on the afternoon of the 29th of May—his last will, if any further proof had been wanted, bore testimony to his unreserved devotion to the cause of the Gospel on the Nilgherries. With the exception of a few legacies, he bequeathed all that he had to the Nilgherry Mission.

Among the whole population of the Kaity valley, and further, he was held in the highest veneration. When he died, they said they were sure “he would return soon.” His name will long be remembered. After his death, which was indeed a peaceful falling asleep in Jesus, those who wished to see his body were admitted into the house. The villagers came to take leave of their friend. “He will come back,” they said. One of our Mangalore youths, now on the Hills, gave an account of Mr. Casamajor's death to some of his brethren here, and added, “We were permitted to enter the room and to see the body. It lay upon a bier, very beautiful—the face full of smiles, very beautiful.” But the glory of the resurrection will be greater, when He will have fashioned our vile bodies according to His own glorious body, by His almighty power.



#### THE AGED CHIEF OF TAUPO.

TAUPO is a very mountainous district, lying in the centre of the north island of New Zealand. The Natives have long been most anxious to have a Missionary settled amongst them. They have sent many messages, and some of them have made long journeys, in the hope of obtaining one. The Society has been most anxious to comply with their wishes; but the difficulties of making due provision for Missionary work in New Zealand have been very great: nor was it until February last that the Rev. T. S. Grace left England to labour amongst the Taupo people. The following touching anecdote will show with what anxiety his arrival has been looked for.

Our Missionary, the Rev. R. Taylor of Wanganui, has been lately travelling in this district, accompanied by a young man, the son of one of the Taupo Chiefs, at whose village, Hiniharama, the Natives have set apart a piece of ground as a site for the house of the expected Missionary. They had passed the night at a village so remarkably situated that we cannot forbear describing it to our readers. The place where it is built is full of boiling springs, one of which at intervals shoots out water to a considerable height. Another displays a fearful gulf, opening down to a great river, the Waikato, which is seen far below foaming and struggling with the rocks that hinder its course. Around the brim of these boiling springs has been deposited, from their continual overflowings, a pavement of dazzling brightness. The hissing and boiling and bubbling of these springs made our travellers' feet very insecure, and

led them to ask the Natives why they made choice of so strange a spot to live in. They said they did it to spare their women the trouble of gathering wood for fuel. They seldom have to light a fire, every thing being cooked in these springs. From some of the openings there issues no water, only heated gas. Here they hollow out a space like an oven, which they carefully line with mamaku branches, and on them place the basket containing the food, covering it over with some more branches. It is soon cooked. There is a slight taste of sulphur, and the Natives who constantly use food so prepared have their teeth quite discoloured.

Leaving this village, Mr. Taylor and his party were met by some Natives from the young Chief's village, to tell him that his father was "mate," which signifies, in New-Zealand language, either dead, or at the point of death. Piripi understood it in the former sense, and commenced the tangi, or native lamentation, as he went along, bursting out every now and then into loud sobs, until he reached the river which formed the boundary of his own district, when his Natives crossed over and sat down, weeping loudly, whilst he remained on the other side doing the same—a very affecting sight. At length they reached Hiniharama, and Mr. Taylor shall now tell us what happened there.

*March 18, 1849*—I went to see the spot set apart for a Minister's residence, which they have already enclosed with a neat and substantial totara fence, and marked out the site for his house. The place is regularly laid out for a town, but, as yet, few houses have been built. I walked round the place, and afterward inquired where the corpse of Piripi's father was laid. They pointed out the spot. I went with Piripi to see it, and great was my astonishment at finding a human figure, with death strongly impressed on his features, sitting up, and holding out his shrivelled hands to welcome me. I expressed my surprise to my companion, who told me that he also thought his father was dead, from the message delivered to him. Such is the uncertain way in which a Native speaks of the sick, that even they are sometimes, as in this case, deceived: hence how liable are foreigners to be so. I spoke to him of the world to come, and also read portions of Scripture which appeared most applicable to him. He seemed to be leaning in simple faith on the Redeemer's merits.

But now comes the touching part of the whole story. Mr. Taylor adds—

His illness was occasioned by over-exertion in making a fence for the residence of the future Minister of Taupo, and his chief concern appeared to be about him. The inquiry was, "When will he come?"

Alas! how many there are, in different directions, whose eyes fail in looking toward us for help. How many, for whom just so much has been done as to convince them of their need; who have long hoped that a Missionary would be sent to them, but who have been disappointed, and who are now disposed to ask of us, "Wilt thou be unto me as waters that fail?"

## THE RED INDIANS.

Like snow in the heat of the noontide ray ;  
 Or like autumn's leaves, when the wintry blast  
 From the parent branches is sweeping them fast ;  
 Like rivers which once with impetuous force  
 Overflowed the plains in their onward course,  
 But diminished in summer are scarcely seen,  
 Concealing their weakness the rocks between ;  
 The tribes of the Red Men are wasting away.  
 Their glory has left them, their vigour is spent,  
 Their arm grown feeble, their bow is unbent.

Despoiled of the lands where their fathers reign'd,  
 And in rude independence long remain'd ;  
 Controlled and impeded on every side  
 By colonization's advancing tide ;  
 No longer permitted at will to roam  
 Where the Settler has fixed his stated home ;  
 The dispirited warrior seeks for rest  
 In the wilderness wilds of the further West ;  
 The buffalo hunts o'er the prairie plain,  
 And rejoices to think he is free again !

Alas ! there are fetters around his soul,  
 Imperious passions he will not control.  
 No pow'r of the Gospel is there to stay  
 The warrior's hand in the wild affray :  
 He will not the sweets of revenge forego,  
 Nor forbear from the scalp of a prostrate foe.  
 On the Indian's brow is the deep red stain  
 Of life he has taken again and again ;  
 And he must be blind who can fail to trace  
 In its curse the dread doom of the Indian race.

And now you may wander o'er wide-spread plains,  
 Where a sullen solitude only reigns ;  
 Save when the howl of the wolves is heard,  
 Or the air by the thunder peal is stirred,  
 Or wild horses rush in their frantic flight,  
 Or on some strong carrion the vultures light ;  
 But the village home, and enlivening sound  
 Of social enjoyment, is nowhere found ;  
 For the human stock, that might all possess,  
 Instead of increasing, grows less and less.

And something is needed these tribes to save  
 From digging their own untimely grave ;  
 To remove the mysterious blight of sin,  
 And an healing process at length begin.  
 And what *can* the wasting decay arrest,  
 Save the Gospel of Him in whom men are blest ?  
 Let the heralds of mercy lift their voice,  
 And then shall the lonely place rejoice :  
 No more in their weeds of mourning clad,  
 But in harvests robed, shall the plains be glad ;  
 And the Red Man's stock shall again spring forth,  
 To fill the West and replenish the North.

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[FEBRUARY, 1851.

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



#### LIVES OF MISSIONARIES.—THE REV. JOHN ELIOT.

It is remarkable that the Colonists who left England in the reign of Charles the First, for the purpose of planting the Province of Massachusetts, in North America, and who received a charter from that Monarch authorizing them to do so, bore on their seal the device of a North-American Indian, with the cry of the Macedonian in the vision of St. Paul, "Come over, and help us," as the motto. They declared to the King that the great object they had in view was to make the Gospel known to the native Indians; and, in accordance with this, we find an Act passed in 1646 by the General Court of Massachusetts, recommending the elders of the Churches to consider in what way the Gospel might be most effectually extended. The Rev. John Eliot, distinguished as he has been by this honourable title, "The Apostle of the North-American Indians," was one of the first to obey the summons. Educated at Cambridge, he had afterward assisted a Nonconformist Minister in the charge of a School at Little Baddow, Essex, and reached America in 1631. The ignorance of the poor Indians excited his compassion, and the love of Christ constrained him to seek their salvation. The barbarous character of their language did not prevent him. Many of the words were of enormous length, so much so, that Dr. Mather said, "One would think they had been growing ever since Babel;" and some of the examples which he gives are indeed extraordinary, as, for instance, "nummatcheckodtantagannunonash" (our lusts): yet, in a few months, by the aid of a young Native who knew English, he was able to speak intelligibly. He translated the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and many texts of Scripture; and at the close of a Grammar, which he composed and afterward published, he wrote the following sentence—one that well deserves to be remembered—"Prayers and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do any thing."

Accompanied by three or four of his friends, he next proceeded to meet the Indians at a place, which he had himself appointed, four or five miles from his own house. He was conducted into a large apartment, where he conversed with them for three hours on the great truths of the Gospel. On a second visit, a fortnight afterward, a still greater number attended, all of them appearing very serious and attentive; and after Mr. Eliot had done speaking, an aged Indian, with tears in his eyes, inquired whether it was not too late for such an old man as he, who was now near death, to repent and seek after God. After a third interview, some of them began to manifest an anxiety for the welfare of their souls, and were heard to utter prayerful words like these—"Take away, Lord, my stony heart! Wash, Lord, my soul! Lord, lead me, when I die, to heaven!" Convinced, also, that their wandering, gipsy kind of life was hurtful to them, they requested that a piece of land might be given them, where they might settle and dwell together, and cultivate useful arts. The Court of Massachusetts complied with their request, and they built



their first town, which they called Noonanetum (Rejoicing). At Mr. Eliot's advice, they enclosed it with a stone wall and ditches, and living in houses, built, not with mats, but with the bark of trees, and divided into several rooms, they began industriously to occupy themselves; the women spinning, and making various little articles, which they brought to market for sale; the men learning the most necessary trades; and such was the progress which they made, that they were enabled to build a Church, in a very workmanlike manner, fifty feet in length by twenty-five in breadth. They also made laws for their better government: intemperance, sorcery, falsehood, theft, were made punishable by heavy fines; while to murder and adultery the penalty of death was awarded.

In June 1647 Eliot delivered a Lecture at Cambridge, New England, which was attended by great numbers of Indians from all parts, very many Ministers, Magistrates, and people being also present, rejoicing with Eliot to see such a blessed day, and to find the Lord Jesus so much known and spoken of by those who, so short a time before, had been altogether ignorant of Him. Thus encouraged, Eliot extended his Missionary labours into all parts of Massachusetts, making known the glad tidings of salvation with unwearied zeal. "I have not," he says in one Letter, "been dry night or day from Tuesday to Saturday, but have travelled from place to place in that condition; and at night I pull off my boots, wring my stockings, and put them on again, and so continue. The rivers, also, were so raised, that we were wet in riding through them. But God steps in, and helps me. I have considered the exhortation of Paul to his son Timothy, 'Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.'" The Sachems, indeed, and Powaws,\* fearful of losing their influence and their gains, opposed him, sometimes thrusting him out, and telling him that if he came again it would be at his peril; but his answer was, "I am about the work of the great God, and my God is with me; so that I fear neither you nor all the Sachems in the country. I will go on, and do you touch me if you dare;" and they did not touch him. Meanwhile the work prospered in his hands. The converted Indians were known to have prayers in their families morning and evening. They were careful to instruct their children, and to prevent, as far as possible, the profanation of the Sabbath. The work commenced at Noonanetum extended itself in different directions. In 1651 a considerable body of Indians united in building a town called Natick, on the bank of Charles river. It consisted of three long streets, two on this side of the river, and one on the other, connected together by a bridge; and the abandonment of vagrant habits became so general among the Indians, that, in 1674, the towns of praying Indians, as they were called, in the Massachusetts Colony, amounted to fourteen.

It may be well to mention, that, the year after the commencement

\* Priests and Conjurers.

of Mr. Eliot's labours among the Indians, considerable interest was excited in England by the appearance of a Pamphlet entitled "The Day-breaking, if not the Sun-rising, of the Gospel with the Indians in New England;" and by a more extended Narrative called "The clear Sunshine of the Gospel breaking forth upon the Indians;" dedicated to the Right Hon. the Lords and Commons assembled in the High Court of Parliament.

Soon after the formation of the Church at Natick, Eliot was privileged to accomplish another important work, the translation of the Old and New Testaments into the Indian language. The New Testament, dedicated to His Majesty Charles the Second, was printed in 1661 at Cambridge, in New England, and about three years after it was followed by the Old Testament. It was the first edition of the Bible ever printed in America.

Thus Eliot persevered in his labours to the close of a long life. When unable to continue any longer his public services, he still exerted himself in private amongst the Indians, until his strength was nearly exhausted. During his last illness he said, "There is a cloud, a dark cloud, upon the work of the Gospel among the Indians. The Lord revive and prosper the work, and grant it may live when I am dead! It is a work which I have been doing much and long about. But what was the word I spoke last? I recall that word. My doings! Alas! they have been poor, and small, and lean doings, and I will be the man that shall throw the first stone at them all." One of the last expressions which fell from his lips was, "Welcome, joy!" Eliot died at the beginning of 1690, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

#### THE TARTARS.

OUR readers will wonder who the strange figure is that is presented in our Engraving. He is a Tartar in his travelling winter dress, and he is a trader. His home is amongst the great mountains to the north of India, called the Himalaya, where the winter's cold is severe beyond any thing we have ever felt. The winds blow with great violence, beginning in October. They are so harsh and dry as to parch up every thing that is left exposed to their power, and bend the boards of books. To defend himself against such extreme cold, the native loads himself with a quantity of clothes. The sheep which he has with him is in like manner protected. This God has done, whose tender mercies are over all His works. You see what a heavy fleece he has upon him; and you perceive that man has wisdom given him to do that for himself which the providence of God has done for the dumb animal.

It is more particularly in travelling through the high mountain passes that the danger arising from the cold is greatest. In these, travellers are not unfrequently frozen to death. Some may be crossed with loaded sheep and goats. Others are scarcely passable for man: the path is frequently not more than half a foot broad,

and very slippery. At one place it runs along the edge of a precipice; at another, rocks jut out, hanging over the traveller's head, so that he is often obliged to stoop, lest he be knocked down. The cold causes the rocks higher up to split, and the fragments come rolling down from above; or snow-beds come in the way, so steep that steps must be cut in them with a hatchet. Yet the Tartar braves all this. He puts on his *lapka*, a fleecy garment with sleeves. He has trowsers of the same material, woollen stockings, and boots, the foot part of which is stuffed with two inches of wool. He has a blanket round his waist, another on his shoulders, and a shawl over his cap and part of his face. He has loaded his sheep with various articles for barter—teas and silks from China, shawl and blanket



wool from Tartary. Probably, also, he has his mane with him, a hollow wooden barrel about a foot long, inside which are sacred sentences printed on paper or cloth. There is a handle with which he

turns the cylinder round, and, as he gives it a twirl, he says, "Oom mane pae mee hoong." This is his way of praying. The more frequently he turns the mane, the more he thinks that he prays. We need not add that he is a dark idolater. He knows not the true God. He worships a dead man called Buddhu, of whom there are many figures in the temples, which are very numerous in this country, and where numbers of Buddhist Priests live in idleness. And yet there is much that is pleasing in the character of the Tartar. He is very frank and open, hospitable and kind to strangers.

There is a part of our territories in British India inhabited by Tartars only. It is called Hungrung. It is a very dreary country, to reach which, from the rich plains of India, you must travel long, and climb high, through the passes of the Himalaya mountains. The lowest village in Hungrung is 9200 feet above the level of the sea, and the highest about 12,000 feet. Immediately around the villages there are fields of wheat, barley, and pulse; and occasionally, in the valleys, trees, principally pines, find sufficient shelter to grow to their usual size and bear fruit, but on the surrounding mountains they are stunted and thinly scattered, and the country generally looks very dreary. The people have numerous herds of sheep, goats, horses, and yaks, which the shepherds, called dokpos, pasture on the high uplands. The sheep are large and hardy, and will take twenty pounds' weight over very bad roads. The Tartars are very fond of horses, and the poorest person has one or more. They are very sure footed, and sometimes halt at the edge of a precipice, to the terror of the rider. The yak is the grunting ox of Tartary, frequently called the bushy-tailed bull. Its thick coat of long woolly hair gives it a bulky appearance. The yak's bushy tail is much valued in India, where it is used to drive away flies.

At another time we shall hope to say more of this interesting race of people, for whom, as yet, nothing has been done in the way of Missionary effort, except the circulation of some Tracts by our Missionaries at Kotghur, a Church Missionary Station in the Himalaya, which the travelling Tartars often pass.

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#### ABBEOKUTA'S WELCOME OF THE MISSIONARIES.

IN our Number for November last we described the severe trials which our converts at Abbeokuta have had to pass through, and how, instead of thinking the fiery trial strange, they were enabled to be patient in tribulation, and to rejoice in being partakers of Christ's sufferings. Their principal uneasiness arose from a fear that the Missionaries might withdraw themselves from a place where some of the Chiefs and people had shown such enmity to the Gospel; while others, although they took no part in the persecution, made no effort to arrest it. It was feared that the Missionaries would consider they had been ungratefully treated, and would leave the Egba nation to themselves. Under these circumstances, a great many of the people, especially from

amongst the poor farmers—a peaceably disposed but oppressed class—resolved, that, if the Missionaries left, they would leave too. Gospel truth was precious to them. They had tasted it and found it sweet. It was their soul's food, and they felt that they could not do without it; that, whatever else might be given up, they could not give up this; nor could they endure the thought of being separated from their teachers. They felt toward them as Ruth to Naomi; and their determination was, "Where thou goest, I will go." Country is dear to an African, and it has been ordered of God for wise purposes that the love of home should be a very powerful feeling in his mind; but the Christian teaching which told them of a Saviour's love was more precious, and without this they felt that home itself would prove a home no longer. Several of them therefore packed up their goods, having decided to leave the moment they heard the Missionaries were doing so.

Such was the state of affairs, when news arrived that the Rev. H. Townsend, with other Missionaries, had reached Badagry, the sea-port of Abbeokuta, from England; that they had been joined by several Christian Egha men from Sierra Leone; and that the whole party might soon be expected. These glad tidings were indeed welcome, and the poor converts, who had been much depressed in spirit, rejoiced for the consolation. Several of them accompanied Mr. Crowther to Badagry, to meet the brethren and conduct them from thence. At length, on the 27th of March, 1850, the business which detained them at Badagry having been finished, the Missionary party, a very numerous one, set forth. As they went along, Mr. Townsend bethought him of the improvement which had taken place since July 1846, when he and a brother Missionary first journeyed to Abbeokuta. They were then as strangers in a strange land: now they were travelling to a settled home. Then there was but one Missionary at Abbeokuta to welcome them on their arrival: now the Missionary band had much increased. And, as they went along, their faith and hopes were strengthened by the fact that they had travelling with them several persons, the fruit of their labours in the Gospel, through their own instrumentality delivered from the power of darkness and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son, whom they could not look upon without being reminded of the faithfulness of God. Thus they could say, Hitherto the Lord has helped us, and cheerfully pursued their journey. To the Native Christians, returning once more to their own country after an absence of many years, every thing was full of interest. The very trees and plants were pleasant to look upon, reminding them, as they did, of scenes in which, when children, they had delighted. And yet sorrow strangely mingled with their joy; for now and then the blackened ruins of some town or village reminded them how fearfully the slave-trade had laid waste their fatherland, and how many of their countrymen had either perished in the wars which had so fiercely raged, or had been shipped across the wide sea to a strange land, never again to

see the hills and plains of Africa. About three hours' distance from the city they met the most advanced of the many groups who had come out to welcome them : first the young men who were training for Schoolmasters ; then a party of Sierra-Leone people ; then some Natives and School-children ; and thus, like Paul when he met the brethren at Appii Forum, on his way to Rome, they "thanked God, and took courage." Mr. Thomas King, one of the Native Christians from Sierra Leone, says—

*March 30, 1850*—About one o'clock we entered the town. Our arrival caused great joy indeed among the people. Could the friends of Africa have witnessed the scene to-day, and heard the many blessings the people implored upon their heads for the return of those whom they had given up for lost, they would have seen how much their services are regarded. The people are deeply sensible of the good that the British Government have done by their generosity in freely restoring their children to them from slavery. Mr. Crowther's house, where we first came, was entirely crowded. The road from Igbein, Mr. Crowther's Station, to Ake, leads through a market. We could hardly walk, for too many people, till we entered the yard.

And here occurred something peculiarly interesting. Like Jacob, when he fell on the neck of Joseph, whom he had found after having lost him for so long a time, long separated relatives have unexpectedly met and wept together in the streets of Abbeokuta. The Rev. Samuel Crowther had thus his aged mother restored to him, and now a like event occurred to Mr. Thomas King. He thus speaks of the scene represented in our Frontispiece—

Among those who came to meet us in the way was my aged mother ; but she was too old to recognise her son among the crowd. When I was pointed out to her, so much was she overcome by her feelings, that she sat down in great amazement, weeping, while all the bystanders were rejoicing with her, and blessing the people of England on my behalf.

There was this difference, however : Mr. Crowther's mother, when found by him, was still a dark heathen, although his efforts were afterward blessed to her conversion ; but Mr. King's mother, like himself, had heard, and valued, and embraced the Gospel. As she rejoiced amidst her tears, she knew where her gratitude should be directed ; and, as she embraced her son, felt the more strongly the love of Him who gave His only-begotten Son for sinners of every nation under heaven. Mr. King thus notices his first Sunday at Abbeokuta—

*April 7 : Lord's-day*—Psalm xiii. 5. "My heart shall rejoice in Thy salvation." This, indeed, was the language of my heart to-day, when kneeling, together with my aged mother, at the Communion-table, as partakers of those holy pledges of our Saviour's dying love.

Joseph was sold into slavery by his brethren : in that lonely state, far removed from every relative, the Lord was with him, and Joseph prospered and became rich, so that he was able to supply the wants

of his brethren in the extremity of their need, when otherwise, but for this timely aid, they must have perished. So it has been with these Egbas who have been in Sierra Leone: they were sold into slavery by their own countrymen, delivered into the hands of the White slave-dealer, and carried away. They reached Sierra Leone poor; many of them leave it rich: we mean not in riches of this world—although it be true that in their temporal affairs, also, there has been a great improvement—but rich in that which is wealth to the soul, the knowledge of a Saviour; and now they are able to relieve the deep need of their countrymen, and give them, in their urgent necessity, of the bread of life. The blessing of the Lord, in many instances, has manifestly rested on the head of those who were separated from their brethren. May they prove “a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall!”

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#### THE BLIND CHINESE, DHAY.

IN our last Number we mentioned the interesting case of the blind Chinese, Dhay. A Letter since received from the Rev. T. M'Clatchie informs us that poor Dhay is dead. Our Missionary has been for some time engaged in teaching a class of blind men, of whom Dhay was one. For one or two days he had been absent from his place. Seeing his usual seat again vacant, Mr. M'Clatchie inquired whether any one present knew any thing of him; when he was told that “he had passed out of the age,” that is, died. So true is it that “death hath passed upon all men;” and in China as well as here the execution of that sentence is continually going forward: “the silver cord is loosed; the golden bowl is broken; the pitcher is broken at the fountain; the wheel is broken at the cistern; the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit returns to God who gave it.” How blessed the change, if it return to Him as a redeemed spirit, washed in the blood of Jesus, and sanctified by His Spirit! How thankful we should be if we have hope in Christ! how deeply should we pity our heathen brethren, in China and elsewhere, who have no hope; who look upon death as a dread calamity, and see beyond it nothing but a dark uncertainty which they fear to enter, but know not how to avoid! With respect to poor Dhay, however, we are not without hope. Mr. M'Clatchie says—

I was much shocked and grieved to hear of this poor man's sudden death, and endeavoured to improve the visitation to the benefit of the souls of those present. I have, indeed, a lively hope that the poor fellow is not lost, but gone before. His joyful, happy countenance; his love for the Saviour, so frequently and warmly expressed; his declared belief that his sins were forgiven; all forbid me to doubt concerning the safety of his immortal soul.

Our Missionary had hoped, at no distant period, to baptize Dhay, and had looked forward to his becoming an instrument of much good amongst poor people of his own class in Shanghae and its neigh-

bourhood. The Lord has decided it should be otherwise, and has removed Dhay at a time when his character had assumed a most interesting aspect. The unexpected death of a promising inquirer in such a Mission as that of China, where our efforts have not as yet been productive of any similar instance, is no doubt very trying to our Missionary. When the Apostles were leading away the ass and its colt, their assurance, "The Lord hath need of him," was enough for the owner: let it also, when the Lord takes away that which we would willingly have kept, suffice for us; and let us hope that the soul of poor Dhay has been presented before the Lord as the first sheaf of an abundant harvest.

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KAITAIA, NEW ZEALAND.

Not far from the extreme north point of the northern island of New Zealand, a river called the Awarao enters an arm of the sea. As the traveller is rowed up this river the scenery is of a very pleasing character. On the shores are native villages, where the Maories may be seen at work mending their canoes and fishing apparatus, and hanging out their long nets to dry. Here and there appear fields of potatos, kumeras, melons, and pumpkins, neatly fenced in, and kept extremely clean; for the Maories are very particular in this respect, and know very well that the plant loses whatever the weed is suffered to draw from the soil. Advancing up the river, the banks become clothed with various kinds of trees, until the Mission Station of Kaitaia is reached, standing on a hilly eminence that shoots forward from a more distant range of hills. This place is the principal Settlement of the Rarawa tribe, a people who have made great progress in civilization since the Missionaries arrived amongst them. Their village, with gardens before the houses, in which roses bloom in their season, has quite an English appearance. At the foot of the hill may be seen wheat-crops ripening to the harvest, the ground having been dug and the seed sown by the Natives themselves. Vines and hops appear in patches amongst the wheat-fields, with several fruits and vegetables, all thriving extremely well. Other marks of improvement are not wanting. The river is crossed by a wooden bridge, built by the Natives under the direction of the Missionaries, and a road has been cut through the forest, and extended over and amongst the wooded hills, a distance of thirty-two miles, to Waimate. But perhaps the most interesting object, because it explains the change which has taken place, is the large Church standing in the village, with its steeple of kauri boards, built almost entirely by the Natives. It tells the traveller that he is no longer in a heathen land, but amongst a professedly-Christian people; that the blessed Gospel is here at work, changing the habits of men, and, with their improvement, improving every thing around, so that the wilderness and solitary place is glad, and the desert rejoices, and blossoms as the rose. The change without, the fertility and productiveness of



lands that once lay waste, is the result of a more wondrous change which has been wrought in the character of the once fierce cannibals of New Zealand. Thirty years ago, our Catechist, Mr. Puckey, tells us he was in bodily fear for a month at a time, and was not sure of his life for half an hour. Now he is as safe among them as in an English parish. The Saviour is loved by many, and God, who is a Spirit, has rendered to Him a truthful and spiritual service.

The district of which our Missionaries have charge is a large one, about eighty miles long by thirty-five miles wide. Throughout this are scattered abroad a number of native villages, which are occasionally visited by our Missionaries, of whom there are two at the central Station. Beside this, each village has its Native Teacher, and the plan pursued by the Missionaries to fit the Teachers for the work they have to do is very interesting. There is a printing press at Kaitaia, and every Friday a sermon is printed. On the Saturday morning, by nine o'clock, the Teachers come in from their Stations, some a distance of ten miles, some on horses, others on foot. A copy of the printed sermon is then placed in the hands of each Teacher, and three or four hours are occupied in explaining every part of it very carefully to them. This sermon they take back with them, and use it the next day for the instruction of their respective Congregations. Thus they become like so many little rills opened in different directions, and conveying the water from the central reservoir to nourish the roots of the several shrubs and plants. This system of watering appears to answer well at Kaitaia, and pleasing instances occur, from time to time, of Christian men and women, as pleasant plants in the garden of the Lord, growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The following touching instance of a Native Christian upheld and strengthened in the prospect of death, like David, when he said, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me," is mentioned by our Catechist, Mr. Puckey.

I visited a poor sick Christian woman, about 55 years of age, at Okahu, three miles from Kaitaia. She truly gladdened my heart. I asked her how she felt. She said, "I feel myself a redeemed sinner, through the blood of Christ. I have been a great sinner. Adam and Eve sinned and fell, but their sins were few compared with mine: they broke but one commandment, I have broken all; and my sickness is less than I deserve. I am a brand plucked from the burning."—I said, "Do you love Christ in your heart?" "Yes, I do. He was nailed to the cross on Mount Calvary, and died for me. The work He requires me to do is light."

How deep this woman's sense of her own sinfulness! how steadfast her reliance on Christ! These two, when combined, make a strong and rejoicing Christian. Our love to the Saviour will ever be proportionate to our sense of the obligation He has conferred on us, and He will love much who knows that much has been forgiven Him.

## FAREWELL TO DR. KRAFF ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR EAST AFRICA.

BROTHER ! we'll not forget thee  
 When thou art far away.  
 We're thankful to have met thee :  
 We'll name thee when we pray.  
 We would not here detain thee,  
 Though intercourse be sweet :  
 To linger here would pain thee—  
 We hope again to meet.

Go, where the hope is cherished  
 That thou wilt soon arrive ;  
 Go, ere the wish has perished,  
 While hope be still alive.  
 Where heathen men, awaiting  
 The promise thou hast made,  
 Are even now debating  
 Why it is long delayed.

Go, where the Lord has led thee  
 By many a wondrous way :  
 He, who so long has fed thee,  
 Will further love display.  
 'Tis not in thee to doubt Him,  
 This ever-faithful friend :  
 Thou wilt not be without Him—  
 He loves unto the end.

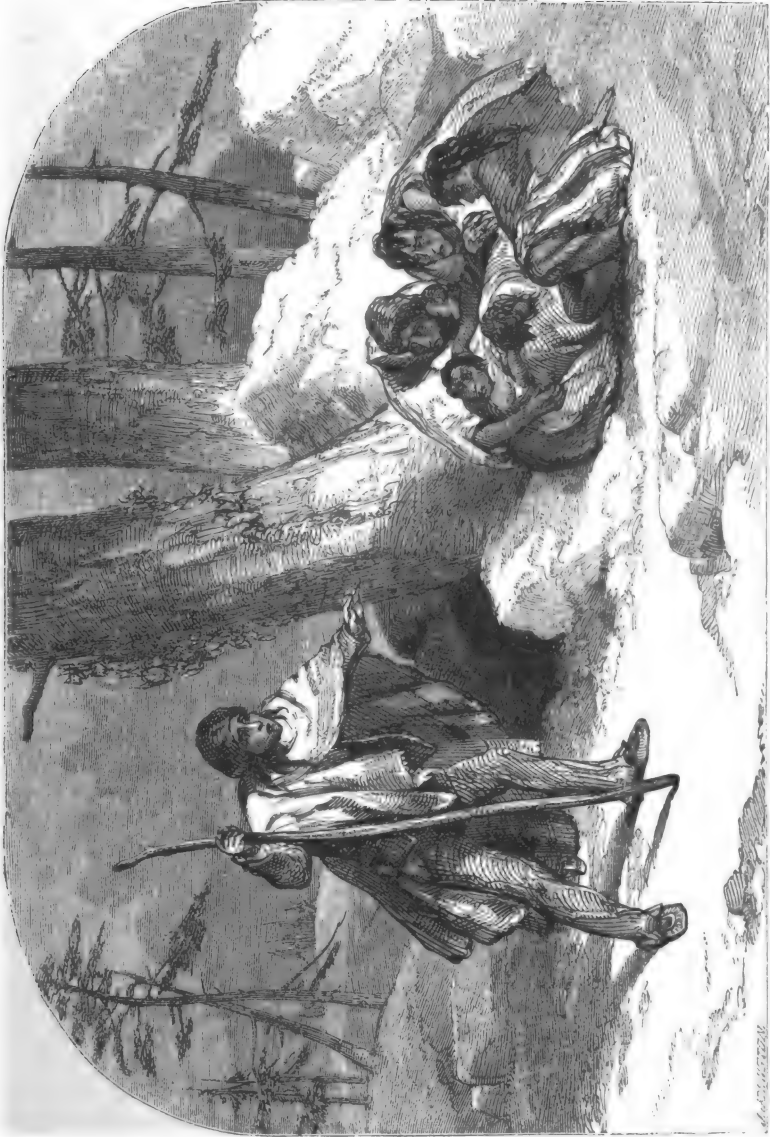
In many a time of danger  
 He vouchsaf'd to draw near ;  
 He pitied thee, a stranger,  
 And told thee not to fear ;  
 He turn'd aside the savage,  
 When coming in his wrath ;  
 The wild beast, in his rage,  
 Was daunted from thy path.

Now, when the heat oppressed thee,  
 He proved a welcome shade ;  
 And now, when thirst distressed thee,  
 His love thy pain allay'd ;  
 And when by night extended,  
 Foot-wearied, on the ground,  
 Thou wert not undefended—  
 His pow'r was all around.

Go, brother, then, we love thee,  
 Thyself, thy work we prize :  
 The Mighty One's above thee—  
 Thou'rt precious in His eyes.  
 Go, labour for His glory,  
 Make known the Saviour's name ;  
 And the momentous story  
 To heathen tribes proclaim.

Should disappointment grieve thee,  
 That grief He'll stoop to share :  
 The Saviour will not leave thee—  
 We trust thee to His care.  
 To Him we now commend thee,  
 Who shielded thee before :  
 The Lord of hosts defend thee,  
 And keep thee evermore !

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



ABRAHAM DISCOVERING THE INDIANS IN THE SNOW.—*Vide* p. 143.

## LIVES OF MISSIONARIES.—HANS EGEDE.

HANS EGEDE, an humble pastor to a Congregation in the north of Norway, about the year 1708, became deeply interested in the accounts which he read of some Norwegian families which had settled on the East Coast of Greenland early in the eleventh century, but who had not been heard of since the beginning of the fifteenth century. He was told, in answer to his inquiries, that the ice had blocked up the whole of the East Coast, so that no ship could reach it; and that the settlers had, in all human probability, perished, either by hunger or the anger of the Natives. Egede could not be persuaded of this; and the sad state of the survivors, if there were such, so pressed on his mind, that he felt a strong desire to ascertain the fact, and, if he found any of their descendants, to labour diligently in rekindling that light of Christian truth which he feared had either died out, or was nearly extinct amongst them.

The difficulties he had to contend with were quite enough to have quenched the desire which had arisen in his mind, if it had not been of God's appointment. With himself he had a great conflict. He thought of his Congregation which he should have to leave, of the difficulties and dangers before him, of his wife and children, and what was due to them. His mind was often much perplexed as to what he ought to do. His friends, moreover, when they discovered what his mind was bent upon, wrote to him in strong language, censuring him for entertaining such a thought, and setting before him the dangers and sufferings to which he would expose his wife and children. He gave up, therefore, the whole plan as a delusion of his mind, and for some time felt tranquil, looking on himself as having been delivered from some great temptation. But soon the solemn words of Christ, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son and daughter more than me is not worthy of me," came with such force to his recollection, that he was again plunged into a state of the greatest distress. His wife, who had hitherto comforted him, now began to grow impatient, and lamented that he should be so obstinately bent on plunging them all into the midst of sorrow. But now the Lord of the harvest began to thrust him out. Circumstances arose which made them so uncomfortable, that Egede bade his wife consider whether it was not a chastisement from God because of their unwillingness to deny themselves, and counselled her to submit the matter to God in prayer. It is remarkable that from that time her views on the subject completely changed, and she was as anxious to go with her husband to Greenland, as she had been previously opposed to it.

But again, where were the necessary funds to be found, or how were his plans to be carried into execution? His own resources were altogether insufficient. Moreover, there was war between Sweden and Norway, and the persons of influence to whom he applied told him nothing could be done until the war was ended. When that

wished-for event took place, Egede, resolved to persevere, proceeded to Bergen with his family. The inhabitants, on learning what he had in view—that he had left a benefice in the country to go out to the wild shores of Greenland as a Missionary—looked upon him as half mad, and pitied his wife and children. Egede sought an interview with the King, Frederick IV. of Denmark, at Copenhagen; and that royal person, who seems to have taken a deep interest in the spread of the Gospel, favoured his design. There was no hope, however, that a Mission could be carried on, unless the trade with Greenland, which had been given up for so long a time, could be resumed. To this the merchants were indisposed. The captains and pilots who were engaged in the whale fishery declared the coast to be dangerous, and the country inhospitable. Still Egede persevered: when one attempt failed, he tried another, until at length, moved by his untiring zeal and unceasing efforts, a few pious persons promised to assist, if he could prevail on others to do the same. Egede contributed the whole of his own little property to the object which was so near his heart; and, a sum sufficient for a commencement having been raised, in May 1721 he sailed with his wife, four children, and forty settlers, for Greenland.

The Greenland seas were found to be full of ice: not only were frightful masses of it floating about, but the coast was so blocked up, that the captain, finding it impossible to get near, after three weeks' search decided to return home. One morning, however, an opening was discovered, and it was resolved to make one more effort. The ice soon stopped them, and on attempting to get out again to sea a stormy wind met them: the ship struck on the ice, and sprung a leak. This they stopped with clothes and such other things as were available, but it was feared that the ship would be dashed to pieces, and all hope that they should be saved was taken away. The captain, coming down to the cabin, told Mrs. Egede and her children to prepare for death, as there was no hope. This was indeed a solemn moment. To Egede it seemed as if all the warnings which he had received at home of the destruction he was sure to bring on his family and himself were on the point of being fulfilled; and it required strong faith to believe that he had not mistaken the path of duty, and to cast himself, and all that were dear to him, on his Lord. A whole day they were left in suspense, for the fog was so thick that they could not see before them. Yet the ship grated less and less against the ice, and seemed to have more room. At length, after midnight, the fog disappeared, and they found, to their surprise and joy, that the danger was over. The very storm in which they had been so nearly lost had released them from the ice, and left them a clear passage to the west shore, which they reached on the 3d of July 1721.

*(To be continued.)*

## DIFFICULTIES OF MISSIONARY WORK.—POLITE INSINCERITY.

As the tribes and nations into which the millions of the human race are divided differ much in feature and complexion, so in their character there is much diversity: some are industrious and painstaking; others are so indolent that nothing but the fear of starvation compels them to exert themselves. Some are addicted to war: it is their grand pastime, and they are never so delighted as when they are hurrying forward to deeds of blood: others are timid, dislike war, and will submit to any oppression rather than have recourse to it. There is the same difference in the character of nations as in that of individual men; and thus the Gospel, in subduing men to the obedience of Christ, has very different cases to deal with in different parts of the world. The remedy, however, is one, although the forms which sin assumes in the different tribes of men are as various as the varied sicknesses which afflict the human body. Individuals have sometimes professed to have discovered a medicine which would meet every case of bodily distemper, and they have called it a universal medicine. Yet, when tried, it has been found to be any thing but this. But for the spiritual ailments of man, the Gospel is indeed the universal remedy, "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," and there is no tribe or nation, in which it has been faithfully preached, where it has not proved itself to be such.

China is a new Mission-field, and the Chinese character peculiar. Some, when the Truth is first presented to them, become angry; others turn aside in cold indifference and contempt. The Chinese of the upper classes encase themselves in polite insincerity: this is their armour, and it is so polished, that the words of the Missionary glance aside, and are thus prevented from reaching the conscience.

The following instance of this is related by our Missionary at Shanghai, the Rev. T. M'Clatchie—

*April 23, 1850*—The deadness and apathy with which very many listen to our condemnation of idolatrous worship is very distressing. If our preaching stirred up opposition, there would be much ground for hope; but the great difficulty is to make those with whom we come in contact, and especially those of the more respectable class, *think* on those subjects which we bring before them. Chinese etiquette generally leads a respectable man to profess a perfect assent to every statement made.

To-day I had a long conversation with three gentlemen from Hae-nan. One of them spoke the Shanghai dialect very intelligibly. I found, however, some difficulty in making myself understood by the other two when we came to speak on the doctrines of Christianity, although in common conversation we managed to understand each other very well. The first gentleman mentioned acted as interpreter. I met them in the street in which the Baptist Chapel is built, and, as they had never seen a Place of Worship before, I invited them in to look at the building. The Ten Commandments occupy a prominent position in the Chapel, being written in very beautiful characters, and placed against the wall over the

platform on which the preacher stands to deliver his discourse. The first gentleman mentioned having looked around with much surprise, exclaimed, "What an immense building! It would easily accommodate ten thousand people." To this empty Chinese compliment I made no reply. "What is this house for?" said he: "for carrying on business in?" "No," I replied; "the gentlemen who built this house are not merchants: they instruct the people."—"Indeed! what do they teach?" "The doctrines of Jesus, the Saviour of the world."—"What are these doctrines?" I invited him to ascend the platform with me, and to read the Ten Commandments. No one of the three had ever seen a Christian book, or heard of the name of Jesus before this day, and yet the following is a specimen of our conversation—"This First Commandment, you see, teaches us that there is only one God in heaven."—"Oh, of course, there is only one God: true, true! But what is His name, Sir?"—"His name is Jehovah, and He forbids us to worship any other."—"Of course we should not worship any other."—"Your Shang-te, then, is a false god, and you break this First Commandment if you worship him."—"Certainly it is wrong to worship Shang-te."—"You must not worship ancestors, or Buddhu, or the Goddess of Mercy, or any other deity."—"True, true."—"You, and all your countrymen, then, have frequently transgressed this commandment."—"O yes! frequently." *Second Gentleman*—"What does he say?" *First Gentleman*—"He's merely talking about doctrine!" With much difficulty I prevailed on this latter gentleman to repeat to his friend all that I had said to him. He did so with evident reluctance. I told him that there was one subject in particular which I wished to bring before him, as it concerned him very deeply. I then spoke to him for some time about the resurrection of the body and the future judgment. "What does he say?" again asked his friend. "He's merely talking about the metempsychosis," replied the person addressed. "No," I said, "you mistake: it is not true that the soul after death enters into other bodies, and returns thus to the world." *First Gentleman*—"O no! that is not at all true."—"Your body must be laid in the grave and decay, but afterward that body shall live again."—"O yes! my body shall die, and it is my body that shall return to life."—"Jesus will then judge you."—"O yes! Jesus will judge me."—"And will condemn you for worshipping false gods."—"True, most true."—"But all this is very awful."—"Yes, very awful."—"Do you believe it?"—"Yes, most truly do I believe it."—"But the Chinese nation don't believe it."—"O yes! they every one believe what you say about this doctrine."—"But many have told me that they do not believe what I preach on this subject."—"Ah, Sir, these are *unpolite* persons, who understand not *etiquette*." He then coolly turned to his two companions, and having made some remarks to them in a low voice on the *absurdity* of all I had said to him, and on my own ignorance in believing in a resurrection, &c., he turned round to me, and, with the most bland smile and profound bow, took his leave.

As I left the Chapel on my way home, the solemn and fearful words, "Out of thine own mouth will I condemn thee," often occurred to my mind. What hope can we, humanly speaking, entertain, when we meet with such perfect deadness and apathy?

None, humanly. No, none, not the least. And it is well to know and feel this. We might as well try to raise the dead. But there is One "who quickeneth the dead;" and to Him, who has said, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit," we must apply. In answer to the prayer of faith He will manifest his power, and, even in the case of the insincere and apathetic Chinese, the words of the Psalmist shall be verified, "Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's enemies; whereby the people fall under thee."

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#### HOW THOMAS KING BECAME A SLAVE.

IN our last Number we related the joyful meeting of Mr. Thomas King with his aged mother, from whom he had been separated for twenty-five years. Such re-uniteings of long-separated friends have been by no means unfrequent in the history of our Abbeokuta Mission; and there is no doubt that the light in which England has in consequence appeared to the people of that town has given our Missionaries much favour in their eyes. Some years ago, and nothing seemed more unlikely than that the friends torn from them long before by the cruel slave-trade should ever be restored to them. How could they expect it? for they knew there was no pity in the slave-dealers or their agents. When, therefore, the first liberated Yorubas found their way home, we may conceive the wonder that it caused; how their friends crowded around them; and when they saw them so superior to themselves, as was of necessity the case with all who in Sierra Leone had learned to believe in God and to serve Him, how they could scarcely credit the evidence of their senses; so that the new comers had each to assure them, somewhat in the language of Joseph to his brethren, "Behold, your eyes see, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is my mouth that speaketh unto you." That they should ever have returned to their own land must indeed be a wonder to the Liberated Africans themselves, when they look back and remember all that they have passed through. It is thus Mr. Thomas King, on returning to his own land, seems to have looked back on his eventful history: the scenes of early childhood appear to have brought it all fresh before him, and have led him to furnish us with the following brief narrative of his capture, and subsequent treatment at the hand of the slave-dealers—

On the morning of that unhappy day that I was separated from my parents—about the year 1825, in the beginning of November—I left home about eight o'clock for farm, about three miles distant from home, in order to get some corn. My mother and elder sister, about a fortnight previous, went to Ishaga, a town about fourteen or fifteen miles distant, for trade. About three years before this, my elder brother, having left home, had joined the war party; but as the fact was not known to us, we concluded that he was either killed or sold. I and my niece, my sister's daughter, were the little ones that were left at home. I stayed



with my father, but my niece was left to the care of her father. No sooner had I got to the farm, and just cut sufficient corn for my load, than the repeated reports of muskets at the town gate acquainted me of my dangerous situation. All my endeavour to escape had utterly proved a failure, as I was surrounded by a number of men, who were very eager as to whose lot my capture should fall. At last, as a kid among many chasing wolves, I was caught by one of them. It was a day of inex-



pressible sorrow to me. In about an hour they had taken three gates, one only being left, which the people in the town endeavoured to secure, as it was the only road for escape. As soon as the intelligence reached my mother, for our sakes she hazarded her life by returning to the town; but to her great disappointment her son was gone.

We left the encampment about three the next morning for Ikporo, the place of their rendezvous, but formerly the town of Sodeke, the late Chief. As it was dawning, we came to Kesi, the town of Andrew Wilhelm and Goodwill, destroyed about two years since. About nine o'clock we arrived

at Kemba, the town of Mr. Marsh, destroyed two days before they came to ours. At Ikporo I stayed five days : I was sold one evening to a Mahomedan trader, who carried me the same evening to Ikereku, the town of Mr. C. Philip, which was not yet destroyed by war. We went to Oko the next day, when I was sold to an Ijebbu trader. To be short, before a fortnight after my capture, I was sold to one of the Havannah slave-traders at Lagos. On the way all along, as I was coming, I had been cherishing the hope of making my escape at any time an opportunity should offer itself. As it was a current report, that whoever is sold to a White Man becomes an inhabitant of another world, as the Europeans were then reckoned to be, all hopes of escape now vanished from my mind. About three weeks after I reached Lagos, the sad intelligence that our town was reduced to ashes reached us. A few days after, with heavy hearts and sad countenances, we took leave of our shores without the slightest hope of visiting it any more.

At the destruction of our town, my mother and niece were both taken together, and carried to Oko, where a woman bought both of them together for twelve heads of cowries, a sum not exceeding 3*l*. She brought them to Ijebbu, but sold them separately. After my mother had stopped four years in Ijebbu, she was then sold to Lagos by her master. My father in the meanwhile escaped, and came to Oko, but it was after my mother was sold to Ijebbu. At last he came to Abbeokuta ; but was at last unfortunately killed in the battle which they fought with Oluyole, the late Chief of Ibadan, about fourteen years ago.

After a few years' stay at Lagos, the master of my mother, being himself a slave, escaped, and she was sold to another man at the same place. At this time she heard of my brother being at Lagos, but no opportunity afforded of seeing each other. The wife of my mother's master being an Egba woman, brought my mother with her to this place on a visit, in the hope of finding some one to redeem her. But as my brother was then in slavery, nothing could be done toward her redemption, and she went back with her mistress to Lagos. A short time after, my brother escaped, and came to Abbeokuta. At the time of the insurrection which took place at Lagos previous to the time that Akitoye was expelled from the throne by Kossokö, hundreds of the slaves from Lagos made their escape. My mother at this time came with them ; but as none of them could get to Abbeokuta without being conducted by some one to the town, all such conductors reckoned those who were thus brought to the town through their means as their captives, and demanded from them as much as they pleased. To the man who conducted my mother in the manner above described the redemption-money was paid by Mr. Crowther. Thus my mother had been in hard servitude under six or seven different owners, and would probably have died under the same, had it not been for the arrival of the Missionaries here a few years ago, when her redemption, as well as my brother's, was effected by their means.

Could the friends of Africa witness the heart-melting sight of the parents that have those children restored again to their bosoms whom they have given up for lost, after the expiration of twenty-five years, they would know how their services are acknowledged by the people here. Before two years had expired after my arrival at Sierra Leone, I was informed that my sister was brought to Porto Novo, whose master

took her for his wife, and she has been blessed with about four children. Should the Chief of that place be favoured with a Missionary, I would humbly hope that their deliverance from spiritual bondage might likely be effected by his means. My brother died about seven months before my arrival here. So the language of my mother is somewhat like that of Cornelius to the Apostle, "It is well done that thou hast come."

England has indeed redeemed the character of the White Man in the eyes of the African. There was nothing that the slave so dreaded, as the moment when he should be brought into the presence of the White Man; when this oppressor of his race should place his hands and yoke upon him, to lead him away into hopeless bondage. We doubt not that many an unhappy slave has destroyed himself, rather than encounter the horror of such a moment. We know that Mr. Samuel Crowther attempted to do so. But now the Africans have learned that all White Men are not the same; that there is at least one race of White Men on the shores of Africa, who, so far from buying slaves themselves, rescue the slave out of the hands of others, and, when they have done so, set them free, without money and without price.

Thus God has given us acceptance in their eyes. They look up to us as benefactors, and many of them are, like little children, willing to be taught. May we diligently improve the opportunity, and publish far and wide among the tribes of Africa the better redemption from a worse captivity!

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**SUFFERING INDIANS RELIEVED BY THEIR CHRISTIAN BRETHREN.**  
**RUPERT'S LAND** consists of lakes, rivers, and plains, strangely mingled together. Generally speaking, it is a barren land, although occasionally more favoured spots are to be met with. Thus at Red River the soil is comparatively fertile, and the climate healthful, although early frosts not unfrequently injure the crops. Also near Lake Winepegos, where the Rev. A. Cowley's Station of Manitoba lies, the country is well wooded and watered; but as you go northward it becomes more dreary; the choice spots are few and far between; until at length, beyond a certain point, all vegetation ceases, and no land that can be cultivated is to be found. None of our Missionary Stations are so far north as this. The northernmost is Lac-la-Ronge, of which we told you something in our last Number. The Rev. R. Hunt has given us a description of the country immediately around the Missionary Station, and it conveys to us the idea of a desolate and dreary place: water and rocks alone meet the eye, except where, here and there, the wind has wafted a little vegetable mould into the crevices of the rocks, and some trees—pines, birches, poplars, and willows—have taken root; and there our Missionary is now in the midst of the long and cold winter.

The winters are indeed intensely cold. The following extract from the *Journal* of Mr. James Settee, our Native Catechist at Lac-la-Ronge, will enable us to form some idea of their severity—

*January 22, 1850*—I and one of our Indians left home to visit the fort at Lac-la-Ronge. We encamped on an island. After supper we laid down to sleep in the snow: we had a little pine brush under us. At midnight I awoke with the cold: one of my arms was so painful that it made me groan. I rose up and made a large fire of dry wood, and warmed myself. I was warm on one side, and cold on the other. How many poor creatures, I thought, suffer in this manner, and perhaps perish. I laid down again, but could not sleep: the cold had penetrated into my body. I laid trembling for an hour or two, and, the night being long, I did not consider it prudent to proceed on the lake till daylight.

*January 23*—Long before day we both got up, and sung one of my Cree hymns, "Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?" The comfort conveyed in the hymn almost made me forget the night's suffering. We proceeded on. The cold was sharp, affecting every part of my body. However, through the mercy of our Heavenly Father, we arrived at the fort early.

The poor Indians suffer dreadfully during the long winter from cold and hunger, and many of them die in consequence. The winter of 1849-50 was one of peculiar severity and scarcity, and our Missionary Station at Lac-la-Ronge proved a merciful refuge to many a poor wanderer; so that, through the timely aid which they received there, several members of three different families were preserved from starvation.

We shall relate to our readers some affecting instances of this. There is a Christian Indian of the name of Abraham at Lac-la-Ronge. When in his heathen state he had been a conjuror, and had deceived the people. An English gentleman of the name of M'Kenzie, a chief factor in the employment of the Hudson's-Bay Company, and in charge of a district, pitying this man, about eight years ago brought him down to Norway House, a principal Station of the Hudson's-Bay Company on the north of Lake Winnipeg, that he might have an opportunity of being instructed in the truths of the Gospel of Christ. There he stayed some months, and so profited by the pains which were taken with him, that on his return home he began to communicate what he knew to his relatives and friends. This man, with a companion of his named Paul, was afterward baptized by our Missionary, the Rev. J. Hunter, and they were confirmed last summer by the Bishop of Rupert's Land. During the winter already mentioned, Abraham was the means of saving several of his countrymen from dying of cold and hunger. He was occupied at the Station in nursing a sick nephew, when, on January 26, 1850, an Indian arrived in an extreme state of starvation. Food was given to him, and, while eagerly eating a little fish, he fell backward, but was able to say that he had thrown his family away—that is, that he had been obliged to leave them, so completely worn out with cold and hunger that they could go no further. Abraham immediately set out in search of them, tracing the man's track on

the moss. He walked all that night, and next day, and the following night, before he found them. The cold was severe, walking in the snow fatiguing, and the way long: still he persevered. At last he came on the objects of his search. There they were, a woman, three children, and two young men, huddled together in the snow, but all alive. This is the interesting moment represented in our Frontispiece—Abraham coming suddenly upon them, when he was beginning to fear his search would be in vain; and the poor creatures astonished to find help at hand, when they thought themselves beyond all help, and that they must soon die.

What a wonderful change Christianity makes in the human character! How true it is that "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." An heathen Indian would not have acted as Abraham did. Nay, the aged parents are neglected and treated with contempt by their own children, and are often left behind to perish. "If an old man or woman of the tribe becomes infirm, and unable to proceed with the rest when travelling, he or she, as the case may be, is left behind in a small tent made of willows, in which are placed a little firewood, some provisions, and a vessel of water. Here the unhappy wretch remains in solitude till the fuel and provisions are exhausted, and then dies."

The first thing Abraham did was to light a fire. He had brought with him a few fish: these he boiled, and gave them a little of the liquor, and so gradually revived them, and brought them all at length to the Station.

Alas! how many are there not on every side, whose souls are being famished for lack of the bread of life; and who, having no hope, and knowing not from whence help could come, have given themselves over to despair. And shall it be said of us, "The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost." And if we are negligent and say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" shall it not be required of us? "Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

But there were some other touching instances of poor Indians saved from starvation, which are thus related by Mr. Hunt—

On the 9th of February another family, Henry Bear, his wife—Abraham's daughter—and their little infant, reached the Station, or rather their shadows did, for they had long been half devoured by frost and famine, not having eaten any thing for seven days. Some of the Indians have been known to fast for ten successive days. There was no other refuge for them within forty miles; but, thank God! they were saved alive at the Church Missionary Station, though the infant still suffers severely from the effects of that trying time.

On the 22d of the same month, late in the evening, two half-famished women made their appearance, and related that their husbands and three children were perishing in the snow for want of food. A poor invalid at

the Station, himself suffering severely from a large sore in his bosom, set off in search of them, and, after five days, returned with all of them to the Station. Altogether, seventeen poor Indians were rescued, who must otherwise have left their bones to the hungry wolves of these wide howling wastes.

One more tale of pity, to beg the help of the Dorcas of the Society. Among the children whom I found here, boarded, clothed, and educated at the Society's expense, are four whose history I will briefly relate. A small canoe was drifting on the lake close to the Station: it was nearly filled with water: a young child was attempting to paddle with a stick: three other little heads appeared in it: it drove ashore. Mr. Settee took care of these helpless children. He had lately buried their mother, and now found that they had left their father some time before. He had taken them ashore, and as soon as he had struck a light he gave it to the eldest, who thought he wished to have a fire lighted; but he instantly laid down, and went to sleep, as they thought, and slept so long that they were afraid to stay there any longer; so they called to him, and pushed him, but he did not stir or answer, and at last they got into the canoe and came away. Their father had died of measles, and Providence committed his orphan children to the care and love of the Church Missionary Society.

The poor Indians of Rupert's Land, how much they suffer! Who that can render it will refuse the help which Mr. Hunt asks for in the following urgent appeal?—

For these, and others such as these, we want prompt aid, in the shape of articles for clothes. The coming long and cold winter will consume all we brought with us, and we are not certain that we can receive any thing that may come out by the ships next May, before July 1852, unless we have an opportunity of sending to Lake Winnipeg some time in September 1851. We shall heartily thank God, and our dear friends who assisted us in 1849, and any others whom God may dispose to clothe our naked people, if they will kindly send to the Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, by the middle of next May, and any following year, such articles as those mentioned below, for the use of the English-River Mission.

Blankets, small and large.

Strong warm flannels, white, *red*, or blue.

Stout washing prints.

Woollen shawls.

Stout unbleached calico.

Strong, coarse woollen cloth, for coats, &c. (Stroud's).

Strong striped cotton for men's shirts, blue or pink.

Strong common combs, for use after washing.

Needles, thimbles, and scissors.

Strong pocket-knives.

Fire-steels and gun-flints.

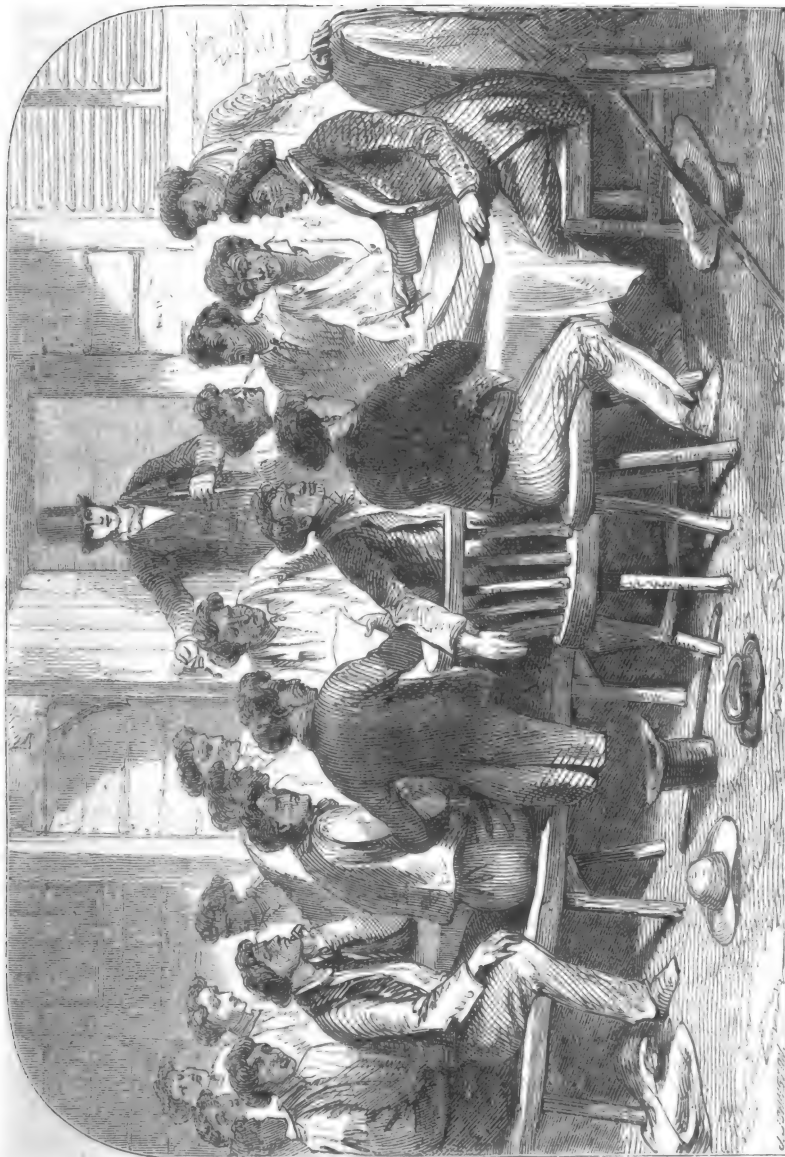
Twine for fishing nets, Nos. 1, 6, and 10.

*Large* cod fish-hooks.

Any useful article of clothing for man, woman, or child.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



NEW-ZEALAND CHIEFS DRAWING UP A REPLY TO THE SOCIETY'S JUBILEE LETTER.—*Vide* p. 147.

## HANS EGEDE.

*(Continued from p. 135 of our last Number.)*

IN Hans Egede's Missionary work we may behold a fulfilment of our Saviour's words, "One soweth, and another reapeth." He left Greenland after thirteen years' prayerful and persevering labours, without having been privileged to witness a single instance of conversion. Yet in these apparently unsuccessful efforts he was laying the foundation of a prosperous and much-blessed Mission amongst the Greenlanders. In building piers and breakwaters, a great quantity of materials is sunk in the deep sea, which appears to be lost; but under the water a work is going on, and the foundations are being laid on which the visible portion of the building may afterwards be raised. So in a new Mission, the first Missionaries are employed in laying the foundation, and much of their labours and efforts appears to be lost; but on these are raised the more successful efforts of such as come after them.

Egede's position was rendered more trying by the fact, that the undertaking, as sanctioned by the King of Denmark, was not a purely Missionary undertaking, but that a commercial speculation was joined with it. Egede was not circumstanced as the Missionaries of our Society are, who are set free for their work, and relieved from all worldly anxieties, that they may give themselves more unreservedly to the preaching of the Gospel and the salvation of souls. Beside the one thing to which he wished to give himself, the trading prospects of the Colony were a cause of anxiety to him. There were, of course, many persons engaged in the undertaking who were moved only by temporal motives. They came as colonists, not as Missionaries: when, therefore, they met with trials and reverses, such persons became discontented, and caused much discomfort and uneasiness. So Egede found it. The Natives had been accustomed to trade with the Dutch, and were not disposed to do so with the Danes. The supplies began to fail. The vessel which had been expected in the early summer of 1722 did not arrive. The settlers decided on returning in a ship which they had kept with them. In vain Egede reasoned with them. They were resolute, and he had the choice, either of giving up a work on which his heart was set, or of being left behind with his wife and children in such an inhospitable land, to perish by hunger or violence, like the Norwegian settlers on the eastern shore. These are some of the straits into which good men are occasionally brought, that out of the depths they may cry unto the Lord. Egede's mind began to waver, but the Lord sent him support through his wife. She would not entertain for a moment the thought of returning. She had put her hand to the plough, and was not disposed to look back. She reproved her husband's unbelief. She cheered his drooping spirit. She would not pack up



any thing ; but when the people began to take down their habitations she rebuked them for doing so, telling them they were taking needless trouble, for they would surely be relieved. How unlike Lot's wife! She was changed into a pillar of salt. It is remarkable that on the south-western border of the Dead Sea a lofty round pillar remains to this day standing, about forty feet high, of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime. It rests upon a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. But of a devoted Christian like Mrs. Egede a memorial also remains—the Greenland Mission and its blessed results—as an example and encouragement to Christian females to be steadfast, unmoveable, in the work of the Lord.

Beside what he had to endure from the impatience and discontent of the colonists, Egede found it necessary to undertake long and perilous voyages, in the hope of advancing the interests of the Company, as on their success the continuance of the Mission seemed to be dependent. In these he endured great hardships, even to the risk of life, and unsuccessfully. At length, on the death of Frederick IV., King of Denmark, the Government decided that the Colony should be relinquished ; and orders were sent that all the people should return. If Egede decided on remaining, he was permitted to retain with him as many men as he could prevail upon to stay, with one year's provisions, but without any promise for the future. But Egede hesitated not. His heart was fixed. He believed the promise, "Dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Even the two Missionaries, who had come out to help him, forsook him ; and with eight or ten men, whom with difficulty he prevailed on the Governor to leave with him, he remained a whole year, uncertain whether at the end of that time he should find himself entirely abandoned, or whether more assistance would be sent. He was not tempted beyond what he was able to bear. The Lord is good to them that trust in Him. At the end of the first year new supplies arrived, and at the end of the second year a vessel brought him the welcome information that the trade was to begin anew, and that the King had been pleased to order a free gift of 400*l.* annually to be devoted to the support of the Mission. His difficulties with the Natives, and his "patient continuance in well-doing" amongst them, we shall relate in another paper.

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#### NEW-ZEALAND CHIEFS IN COMMITTEE DRAWING UP A REPLY TO THE SOCIETY'S JUBILEE LETTER.\*

CHRISTMAS-DAY is Midsummer in New Zealand. At that season numbers of Native Christians of different tribes—men who had once fought with each other and contended as enemies in deadly strife—meet at Wanganui, the Station of the Rev. R. Taylor, from different parts of his immense district, to unite in prayer and praise, and

\* This Letter is printed in the Society's Jubilee Volume, p. 298.

benefit by the instruction of their Minister. The last Christmas Meeting of which we have received an account, that of 1849, was numerously attended, and deeply interesting. In that year Christmas-day fell on Tuesday. On the previous Sunday, the 23d, the Congregation was so large, that, the Church not being capable of containing it, the pulpit was carried into an adjoining field. The day was fine, and the congregation attentive; Mr. Taylor, in his sermon, remarking that the present assembly proved the power of God: no earthly cause would have brought so many tribes together: God's word had done it. After the Service, the Sacrament was administered to 295 individuals, and a collection made, amounting to 2*l.* 13*s.*

The 24th was a lovely morning, most suitable for the purpose for which it was intended—a Missionary Meeting; to those who possess the spirit of Christian Missions, and know their value, a delightful and animating occasion. At five A.M. Morning Service was held, and after breakfast about 2000 Christian Natives assembled in the open air, in God's own temple—for "the Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth; by understanding hath He established the heavens"—the pavement carpetted with the grass which He makes to grow, and the clear blue sky of New Zealand extended as a canopy over their heads. The proceedings commenced with singing the hymn in Maori,

" Salvation h oh, the joyful sound!  
What pleasure to our ears !"

Mr. Taylor says—

I then opened the Meeting by stating that a Letter had been addressed by the Church Missionary Society to them, in common with the rest of their countrymen who had embraced the Gospel through the instrumentality of the Society; that a similar one had been sent to all parts of the world where they were labouring to spread the Gospel, and that now they were assembled to hear the Letter read; that it was filled with love to them; that the Society style themselves elder brethren, but, for my part, I thought they were rather entitled to the name of fathers, as they had begotten them to be a new people in Christ Jesus; that very large Meetings had been held in England to spread the Gospel throughout the world; and that they had sent this Letter of love to confirm their faith, and interest their hearts in the same glorious cause. But, to explain more fully the object of the Letter, I had also written an introductory one, which we had got printed, together with that of the Society, which should now be read to them. I then called on Mr. Baker to read the introductory Letter, and that of the Society.

Several Resolutions were then moved and seconded, in suitable speeches, by Native Chiefs and Catechists. The first was by Tamehana Te Rauparaha, the son of the warrior and cannibal Rauparaha, who in his day slew multitudes of his countrymen. This is his speech—

Listen to these words. You have just heard the Letter of the Church Missionary Society read to you, and you see that we ought to be united in spirit and love towards them, as they are towards us. To do this we must write them a Letter. We have seen and felt the power of the Gospel, for all our old customs have been given up through its instrumentality. Now we have begun a new work let us not go back, but strive to go forward. Some have foolishly tried to continue their evil ways, but have found they can do so no longer. The Missionaries first drew our feet out of the mire, and placed us on a firm foundation. We are now called upon to thank the Church Missionary Society for our Ministers. They are a peculiar blessing to us: they are but few in number, and therefore ought to be more highly prized. For, whilst we can at all times get plenty of merchants and settlers to come amongst us, who only come for their own interest, we cannot so easily obtain Missionaries. I feel much for our Ministers, for they have to contend with Europeans as well as Maori, and have truly the care of all the Churches upon them. It is to them alone we owe our present state of civilization; and now we are called upon to show that we are aware of our obligations to the Church Missionary Society.

Another speech, made by Matini Wiwi, was as follows—

Are there not many still amongst us who were once strongly attached to all our old customs, and the superstitions of our forefathers? Let me ask them, what was it that made you forsake those ancient customs? My friends, it was the Word of God, which sunk deep into your hearts. We did not lay them aside as a man does an old garment when it is no longer fit to wear. No! but because it opened our eyes to see the folly of them. St. Paul truly says, that though our bodies may be separated according to the flesh, still the spirits may be near. This is the case with the Members of the Church Missionary Society. We do not know them personally, nor the place where they live; but we know them in our hearts as our sincere friends, and the remembrance of what they have done for our welfare will always claim our love.

After five Resolutions had been duly moved, seconded, and in some instances supported, so many were anxious to address the Meeting that Mr. Taylor called upon all the principal Chiefs to do so. The Meeting concluded with a hymn translated from

“ Jesus, immortal King, arise!  
Assume, assert, Thy sway!”

After prayer and the blessing all quietly dispersed, apparently much interested.

Several of the Chiefs had expressed an anxiety to reply to the kind and encouraging Letter of the Society; and they had been recommended by Mr. Taylor to meet for the purpose, and confer together. He then relates—

In the evening I went into George King's house,\* which I found converted into a Committee-room. A table ran down the centre, nearly twenty feet long, covered with a white cloth, at which all the principal Chiefs and Teachers were sitting, Wiremu Eruera Tauri being at the

\* George King is the principal Chief of Wanganui.

head, with a neat writing-desk before him. They were all busily engaged in preparing the Letter, each word of which was discussed before it was received; that, as Thompson Te Rauparaha said, it might be good, lest their Christian friends should think meanly of them. All were dressed in European clothing, and altogether presented such a respectable appearance that I felt great pleasure in looking on; and the cure of the demoniac, who was sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind, was brought to my remembrance.

This is the scene which our Frontispiece represents. Can anything be more deeply interesting? Twelve years ago what were these men? Restless, irritable, blood-shedding cannibals. How wonderful the change which the Gospel effects! How strongly ought we not to be persuaded, with such evidences before us, of the transforming power of that Gospel, and that, although the weapons of our warfare be not carnal, they are mighty through God! What an encouragement to persevere in the good work we have been permitted so long to carry on, and in which God has so remarkably blessed us! We shall conclude with Mr. Taylor's description of Christmas-day—

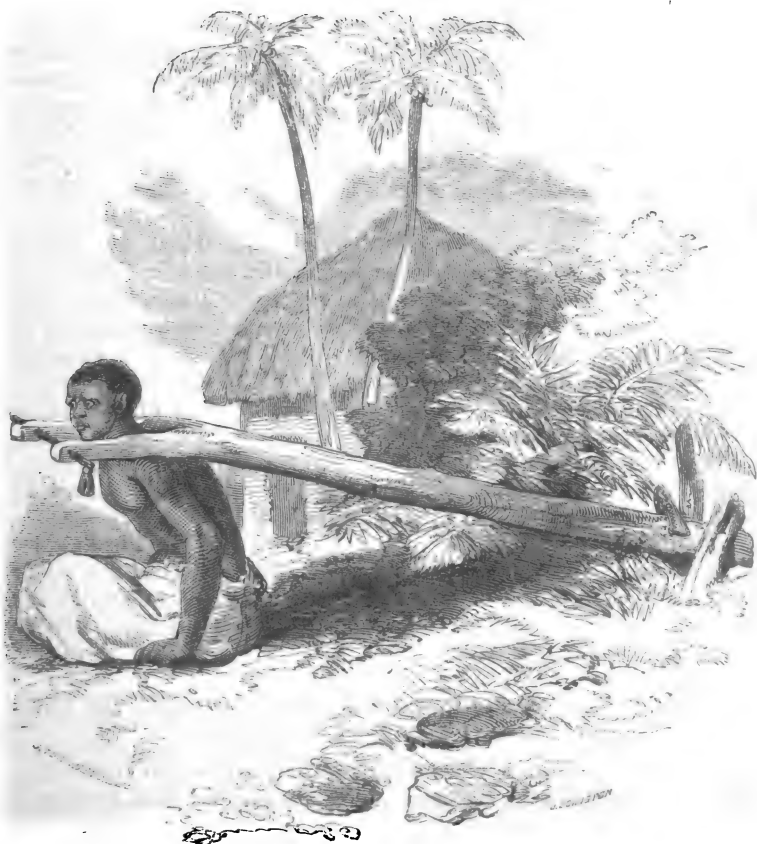
We had a gloomy morning, but it cleared up. An immense Congregation collected in my field, each as he came quietly placing himself next to the person who had come before him. When all were assembled, a dense mass of human beings stood before me to hear the Word of Life. If I had felt I was any thing more than an instrument employed to utter what the Lord would give me to say, I should have been cast down; but, having the promise that He would be with His servants to tell them what to say, I believed and felt that what was said went to the hearts of the hearers. Full four thousand were present. I called over the names of the Teachers throughout the District for the ensuing year. I next administered the Sacrament to 270 persons: it was received with great reverence. I crossed over, and gave the usual Services to the Europeans. Immediately after dinner I again held Service, and restored the lapsed who had given some tokens of contrition, and then administered the Sacrament to the remainder of my Communicants, about 200, making a total of 776 to whom the Sacrament has been administered this Christmas.

The reply of the Natives to the Jubilee Letter has not yet reached us, as it has gone round the District for signature. As soon as we receive it, we shall not fail to place it before our readers.

#### ~~~~~ EAST-AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.

It is not only on the West Coast of Africa that this barbarous traffic is carried on, but on the East Coast also. Part of that coast belongs to the British, and there, as we might expect would be the case, no slave-dealing is permitted. Moreover, the Imaum of Muscat, who rules over a considerable portion of it, has entered into a treaty with England, by which he engages to assist us in putting down the slave-trade. But some portions of the coast belong to the Portuguese, and

other portions are infested by Arab robbers or pirates, who, in armed bands penetrating up the rivers, attack the inland tribes, and seize and carry away all they can as slaves. Thus on this coast, as well as in other quarters of Africa, the slave-trade has its victims. Dr. Krapf mentions one remarkable proof of this, which came under his own and Mr. Rebmann's observation—7000 Natives from the neighbourhood of a large lake called Niassa, who were captured, and afterward destroyed or sold as slaves. The babes were tied together in bundles, hung upon trees, and suffered to be choked by the smoke of fire kindled under the trees, because they were unable to proceed to the coast for the slave-market. The accompanying engraving represents one among the many modes of torture, under the guise of punishment, adopted by the slave-owners of the East Coast. It was made under the eye of a gentleman who has been engaged in a mercantile house at Zanzibar. The neck is thrust between the fork of the pole, which is secured in the ground behind, and the two ends of the fork are fastened by a bar of iron with a padlock attached.



How fearfully the slave-trade hardens the heart ! All feelings of compassion are at an end. The slave-trader not only beholds without pity the sufferings of his fellow-man, but even takes pleasure in inflicting them. Better far to suffer ourselves than to become callous to the sufferings of others. Pitiable indeed is the condition of the poor captive made fast in a yoke like this. But the slave-dealer has a heavier yoke upon him, which the enemy of man has made fast on his soul, and in which he holds him bound until the moment comes when he shall be transferred from time to the judgment seat of God.

The slaves brought down to the eastern shore are either sold northward to the Persian Gulf, or else they are purchased by the white slave-dealers, to be carried to South America. This branch of the slave-trade is chiefly carried on in American vessels which have been sold to Brazilian merchants. Some of them are good and sound, but the generality of them are old vessels. With American crews, and under American colours, they reach the African coast, where they are made over to the Brazilian slave-dealers, who soon put on board the slaves they have purchased ; and as our cruisers are not allowed to search American vessels, they often escape. In order to double the Cape of Good Hope, they are obliged to keep considerably to the southward ; and here the poor slaves suffer severely from the cold, a source of suffering which negroes shipped from the western shore are not exposed to. Off the Cape stormy weather is often met with ; and as the slaves are then obliged to be sent down under the hatches, many perish from want of air. In one instance half the human cargo died.

This trading in man is the more wicked, when we remember that on the east coast of Africa there are abundant materials for lawful commerce. The rivers abound with hippopotami, which yield the finest ivory ; the shores are washed with gold dust ; the vast plains abound with elephants, lions, tigers, and other wild animals, from which ivory and skins of great value may be had ; the forests are full of valuable woods ; and the ground, when cultivated, yields rice in abundance.

Yet matters have been much worse on this shore than they are now. There was a time when on this coast husbands sold their wives and wives their husbands ; and the Natives say that but for the English they would not be allowed to sit quietly with their wives and children. Now the active efforts of our cruisers have afforded opportunity for the commencement of Missionary efforts on this coast ; and as Christianity extends itself, and takes possession of the land, the horrid slave-trade shall cease.

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#### HER MAJESTY'S ANSWER TO THE MEMORIAL OF THE TINNEVELLY CHRISTIANS.

LAST year the Native Christians in the province of Tinnevelly, in number 40,000, under the care of the Society for the Propagation

of the Gospel in Foreign Parts and the Church Missionary Society, addressed a Memorial to Her Majesty Queen Victoria,\* in which, as her subjects, they acknowledged, that by being placed in the providence of God under the just and merciful rule of the English Government, they enjoyed in the blessing of peace a happiness unknown to their forefathers. "Even the most simple and unlearned of our people"—such is the language which they use—"acknowledge the time to have at length arrived when the tiger and the fawn drink at the same stream." In the fact that through the exertions of English Missionary Societies they had learned the true religion and its sacred doctrines, they acknowledged themselves specially bound to be grateful. "Many amongst us were once unhappy people, trusting in dumb idols, worshipping before them, and trembling at ferocious demons; but now we all, knowing the true God, and learning His Holy Word, spend our time in peace, with the prospect of leaving this world in comfort, and with the hope of eternal life in the world to come. And we feel that we have not words to express to your Gracious Majesty the debt of gratitude we owe to God for His bounteous grace." They conclude by saying, "We would entreat, with the confidence and humility of children, that your Majesty, agreeable to the words of Holy Writ, 'Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing mothers,' will still graciously extend to us your care and protection."

To this Memorial a gracious answer has been returned through the Archbishop of Canterbury, addressed to the Senior Native Clergyman in Tinnevelly, the Rev. John Dewasagayam, Missionary of our Society. He thus notices it in his Journal—

*Oct. 3, 1850*—This day I received a kind Letter from his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, from which I shall only extract that portion which relates to the Memorial presented by the Native Christians in Tinnevelly to Her Majesty our Gracious Queen. "Some time ago an Address was presented to Her Majesty from the Christians in Tinnevelly, expressing their gratitude for the benefits they had derived from the Christian teaching which Her Majesty's English subjects had afforded them. Such a communication was most gratifying to the Queen, as it was also most honourable to those who sent it; and I hope you will assure them, that although the formalities of a Court do not allow of a reply to such Addresses, they are not the less welcome or valuable."

As the Catechists' Meeting was held this day, we humbly thanked the Lord for the interest taken in our welfare, both by our Gracious Sovereign and His Grace the Primate of all England, and prayed for their health and welfare. It is of no small comfort to us, that our valuable Liturgy gives us daily an opportunity of remembering before His throne of grace these servants of the Lord. I sent copies of the Letter both to our Missionaries and those of the Propagation Society. It is

\* It is printed in the "Church Missionary Intelligencer" for March 1850.

intended to publish a translation of it in the "Friendly Instructor,"\* for the information of our Congregations.

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MISSIONARY TOUR IN BRITISH GUIANA.

BRITISH GUIANA is a part of South America, where, amongst the Indians, we have been engaged for some years in carrying on Missionary work. It is a country in which rivers abound, some of great size, so that their mouths form creeks which are navigable for ships of several hundred tons burden upward of eighty miles from the coast. The European Settlements are on the coast or on the banks of the rivers, the country being covered with immense forests, which the White Man leaves to the cunning Indian, who in his canoe or on foot wanders through them searching for game. These forests abound with beautiful and valuable trees and shrubs, some of medicinal properties; as the castor-oil bush, which grows about six feet high, and bears a nut enclosed in a triangular-shaped husk, which yields the oil; and also the ipecacuanha bush, about two feet high, the fruit containing a number of small flat seeds of a brown colour. Of the trees, some grow to the height of 100 feet; amongst others, the cabbage-palm, its fruit being about three feet long, and in taste more delicate than an almond. In the rich soil which lies next the coast, sugar, cotton, coffee, and indigo are grown. So productive is the country which God gave of old to the Red Man for his inheritance, but which he has never used as God intended he should. The command given him was, "Replenish the earth, and subdue it;" but he has not done so. Its vast productive powers are wasted in a wild extravagance of vegetable life. The Red Men, few in number, wander about in the restlessness of a savage state, and permit the wild beasts to share their patrimony with them; and such they appear to have been for generations. They are rapidly diminishing, and in a few generations more will probably have disappeared, and their place shall know them no more.

Our Mission Station is at a place called Bartica Grove, where two large rivers meet, the Essequibo and the Mazaroonny, the latter, not long before it enters the Essequibo, having been joined by another river called the Cuyuni. Here our Missionaries, the Rev. J. H. Bernau and the Rev. J. J. Lohrer, have access to three different tribes of Indians—the Arrawaks, who are the most civilized, and live nearest the plantations; the Akaways, whose skin is of a still deeper red than the preceding tribe; and the Carrabeese, who are very drunken, and have diminished more rapidly than any of the others. There are others more distant and less frequently met with—the Warraws, who make beautiful canoes of the trunks of trees, without seam or joint, plug or nail, and which are highly prized for their elegance and safety; and the Macusie, the most numerous of the tribes, who

\* A monthly periodical, published by the Tinnevely Book Society.



manufacture the *worali*, a deadly poison, which never fails to kill, and the nature of which is known only to themselves.

At Bartica Grove the Christian Indians, between two and three hundred in number, consisting of individuals from amongst the three tribes we have mentioned, live under the care and instruction of the Missionaries. Here they cultivate the ground, and dwell in houses. There is a neat Church, where on the Sunday a well-ordered Congregation of 200 assembles. There are also Schools for boys and girls; and from the children of these Schools our Missionaries have been encouraged by many proofs that their labours are not in vain. Sometimes journeys are made up the different rivers, to search for Heathen Indians, and persuade them to come and be taught at the Grove.

We now present a Letter from Mr. Lohrer to a Student in the Islington Institution, giving an account of one of these expeditions up the Cuyuni in Nov. 1849, which we think our readers will find interesting. The Letter is dated Nov. the 29th.

We started early on Wednesday, Nov. the 14th. At two P.M. we arrived at an Indian Settlement. Here were fifteen persons, all of whom promised to see me on the morrow at a stated place. Among their number was an old captain (chief), who was most attentive to what I said, and spoke of his ignorance of these things, having never before heard them. An old blind woman was sitting in her hammock, and on my asking her how long she had been blind, she showed me by stretching out her ten fingers and then pointing to two toes, indicating that she had been in this state of darkness twelve years. "Who made you blind?" I asked. "I don't know," was the answer; "but I suppose wicked men—the *peimen*" (conjurers). "Do you not think *Jamusi* (God) made you blind?" "I don't know." "Yes, *Jamusi* made you blind. But why do I suppose *Jamusi* took away your eyesight?" She did not understand how and why that should be the case, and I continued—"Your soul is as blind as your natural eyes. God wishes to enlighten your soul, that you may see what is good for it. He therefore took away your natural sight, that you might learn to think of your soul, and ask Him for light." She said, "Yes, perhaps it is so." I then told her that God had sent me to speak to her, and to lead her to that Light which came into the world to enlighten all who would not refuse light. She listened, and seemed to understand what I meant. After I had spoken a few words to some others, I asked them to come to our Meeting the next day on the opposite side of the river.

We had to walk a considerable way through the bush before we came to the river-side. Here I gave the men some refreshment, and went higher up the river, in search of one more family, which I soon found; and, as I purposed to stay there till the morning, I asked the men to take me up the first rapids before night, which they cheerfully did. This is a beautiful scene. The stream is divided into several branches, each of which is mightily obstructed in its course by huge masses of rock. These are split in certain places, and at others do not rise above the level of the water. As the gorges which serve as outlets to the current are inadequate to the quantity of water, it passes through with tremendous force, and causes—not

indeed, as is sometimes said, a thundering, but yet an awful, gurgling, gushing noise, to be heard more than a mile below the spot where it is actually produced. The scene is, however, not so grand as I have seen in Switzerland.

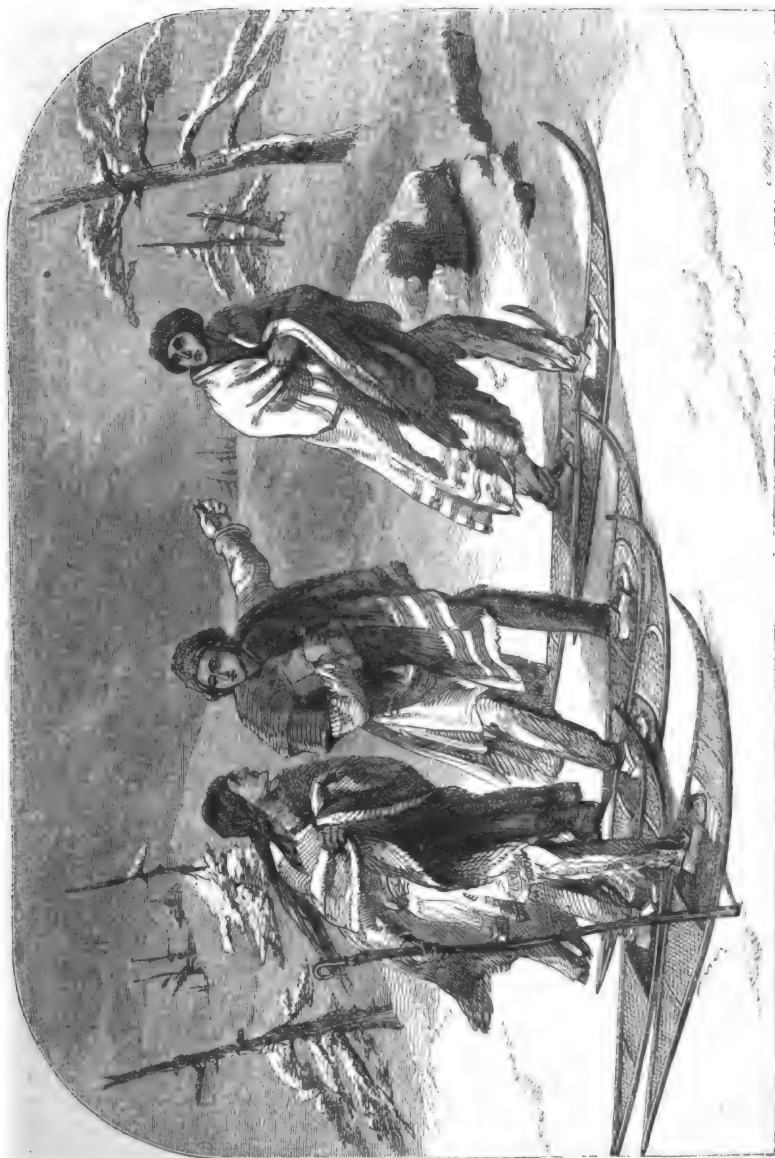
A little after six we came back to the last-mentioned family, where we had dinner, and refreshed our weary bodies. The construction of an Indian hut is very simple. Four posts are put in the earth; four bars are laid across them; and then a few poles for rafters complete the whole frame. The covering of the roof is made of a certain leaf, which they bind on with bush ropes. The furniture is as simple as the house: a few hammocks fastened to the beams, a pagole to put things into, especially when travelling, a pot for cooking, bow and arrows, perhaps a gun, an axe, and cutlass. Such a cottage we had; but I wished to have it look a little tidy, and set my ingenuity to work. Outside the cottage I observed two large earthen jars, between two and three feet high, and near them the bottom of an old basket. Having placed the two jars in the middle of the room, I put the bottom of the basket on them, and covered it with a nice clean towel, which gave the whole an air of civilization. After that I constructed a low chair before the table, and was very comfortable. The people were quite astonished at the appearance. After dinner I collected them around me, and read and expounded the hundred and fifteenth Psalm, to which they were very attentive. After prayer, I retired to my canoe, thankful to God for the mercies of the past day, and, commending myself and dear ones to the Lord, enjoyed such a sweet and refreshing sleep as I had not had for a long time before.

Early in the morning we prepared to advance, and after prayers went off. We first visited a place where Mr. Youd\* had a Chapel. Not the least trace of it can now be seen: all is overgrown with hedges and trees. There were a few orange trees of his planting, one of which had an orange, which I prized very much. About eight A.M. we arrived at the place appointed for our Meeting. The weather not being favourable, it was the more interesting to see the Indians in their small canoes paddling along from every direction. At about ten o'clock there were fifty gathered together under a large hut, in which they made a convenient bench for me, while they sat before me, and at my side, on trunks of trees. I now told them the purpose of my coming, and my intention to see them often if they wished to learn the way to heaven. I especially required their children: some were quite willing to give them, but others objected. The old captain whom I saw the day before gave his two boys, but I would only take the younger: another man offered his girl: others said they would give theirs, but their foolish mothers would not part with them. At last I persuaded one woman to give up her boy.

On leaving them, they expressed a great wish that I would come again. About five P.M. I reached Bartica, and was received with real affection. The three children I brought with me are doing well.

\* The Rev. T. Youd, the Society's Missionary to the Indians, who died in 1839.

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



THE REV. HENRY BUDD ON HIS JOURNEY TO CUMBERLAND STATION.—*Vol. p. 161.*

## LIVES OF MISSIONARIES.—HANS EGEDE.

*(Concluded from p. 147 of our last Number.)*

THE foundation of all Missionary effort is our Lord's command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Some, when they hear of money, and efforts, and human life, expended in making known the Gospel to the Heathen, may feel disposed to exclaim, like Judas, "Why was this waste? How much better if all this had been laid out in relieving the temporal necessities of our own poor." But Christ's command not only sanctions but necessitates such efforts; and, with that obligation laid upon us, however some may object, we may not cease from them.

When individuals are faithfully engaged in fulfilling this duty, the Lord is usually pleased to acknowledge their work, and give them souls for their hire; and this, when granted, is a great encouragement. Still, the true Missionary principle is that which enables us to go on, even when we see no fruit. But for this blessed assurance—that, however unsuccessful his efforts might be, he was, nevertheless, fulfilling his Master's will—how could Hans Egede have been enabled to persevere, when, at the end of fifteen years, he could not rejoice even over one converted Greenlander?

And yet this arose not from want of pains on his part. No man could labour more diligently or self-denyingly. Knowing how useless he must be until he could communicate with the Greenlanders in their own tongue, he at once applied himself to the native language. He first furnished himself with a single word—"Kina," "What is this?" and then, constantly inquiring the name of every object that he met with, he wrote each word carefully down. His children, also, soon caught the sounds, and much assisted him. The good man would also go and stay in a Greenlander's hut, cheerfully enduring the noisome smells and filth, as well as other inconveniences, while visiting them, with the hope of a rich reward in an increased knowledge of their language. After a time, two or three young Greenlanders came to live with him, whom he diligently instructed in reading, and in the truths of the Gospel. The reward of a fish-hook for every letter they learned attracted them for a time; but they soon grew weary, and said they knew not the use of sitting every day, looking at a piece of paper, and crying A, B, C; whereas going to sea, to hunt seals and shoot birds, was both pleasant and profitable: so when the summer came, one by one they stole away. Thus twelve years elapsed, the Natives continuing indifferent and perverse. If the weather changed unfavourably, they ascribed it to the reading and praying, which they said irritated the air. If they were urged to pray themselves, they said, "We do pray, but it signifies nothing." At length, in 1733,

a Greenland boy, who had been sent to Europe for education, brought back with him the small-pox. Fearfully it spread, and fearful were its ravages. Ignorant of the proper mode of treating it, and tormented with pain, heat, and thirst, the poor Natives drank large quantities of ice-water, and few lived beyond the third day. Then it was that Christianity brought forth more abundantly its lovely fruits. Although weak in health, Egede, assisted by the Moravian Missionaries, who had just arrived, went about from place to place, sending his son to comfort the dying, and lodging as many as came to him. Then the hard hearts of the Greenlanders began to be moved; and one man who had often, in health, ridiculed Egede, when dying said to him, "Thou hast done for us what our countrymen would not have done: thou hast fed us when we had nothing to eat; thou hast buried our dead, who would otherwise have been devoured by dogs, foxes, and ravens; thou hast instructed us in the knowledge of God, and told us of a better life to come."

In 1735 Egede's pious and faithful wife fell asleep in Jesus, and immediately afterward, taking her remains with him, broken in health, he bade farewell to Greenland, taking, as the text for his last sermon, "I said, I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain: yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God." Yet before his death, which did not take place until 1758, Hans Egede had the joy to hear, not merely of one, but tens and hundreds of the once indifferent Greenlanders converted to the faith of the Gospel.

#### ORDINATION OF HENRY BUDD AT THE RED RIVER.

SUNDAY, the 23d of December last, was at Red River a deeply interesting day. It was marked by the first ordination of an Indian Catechist—of one from amongst that red race of men who for so long a period seemed fitted only to hunt the wild beast of the plain and forest. So far as the native population is concerned, Henry Budd may be considered as the first-fruits of our North-American Mission. He was a first Scholar, the first Native Schoolmaster, and the first Native Catechist. He is now the first Ordained Indian. It is remarkable that the first pupil in the Fourah-Bay Institution at Sierra Leone, after serving as Native Teacher and Catechist, became our first Ordained Negro.

How encouraging the position in which we find our Missionary work at the present moment. Men once themselves heathen, or the children of heathen parents, under the improving influence of the Gospel have been advanced, intellectually and morally, to such a degree of improvement, that they are deemed fitted to receive Holy Orders at the hands of our Bishops. Thus at Bombay a Brahmin and a Sudra have been ordained, the one from the highest caste, the other from the middle classes, of the Hindus; five at Madras

from among the Shanars of Tinnevely ; and about the same time, at the Red River, a North-American Indian ; besides two Natives in Travancore, three in Tinnevely and Madras, three in Ceylon of the Singhalese race, and three Africans, who had been previously ordained. What an encouraging group ! Surely we may "thank God, and take courage." How wonderful the Gospel ! How it transforms a man ! and why ? Because it quickens the soul which had been dead in sin, and raises it to communion with God. It is in the exercise of this that the man improves, and becomes a new creature in Christ Jesus. "The Lord hath done great things for us ; whereof we are glad." Let us not fear to go forward, making known far and wide the pure truths of His Gospel. He will not fail to do still greater things for us.

The Ordination took place in St. Andrew's Church, the largest in the colony. The building itself has connected with it many pleasing remembrances. It was commenced in 1845, and finished at a cost of 1500*l.*, the greater part of the necessary expenses having been contributed by the settlers, in money or materials or labour, to an amount far beyond what could have been expected. Some furnished wood, some labour ; one made the pulpit and reading-desk ; the young ladies of the congregation prepared the hangings for the pulpit, reading-desk, and communion-table ; the young men gave the stoves, a most valuable contribution at the Red River. Thus, without any regular architects, the church was finished, a becoming stone building, and was opened for Divine Service on December the 19th, 1849. On that day all the other churches in the colony were closed during the time of Morning Service, the Clergy being required at St. Andrew's Church to assist in the Ordination : numbers, in consequence, flocked to the new church from various parts of the colony. Along the frozen river some 200 carioles or sledges might be seen passing rapidly along, and in the mid-winter of the Red River many a heart beat warmly at the prospect of the deeply-interesting Service they were about to witness. The Congregation, when assembled within the walls, amounted to no less than 1100, 300 of whom remained to communicate. The Ordination itself was deeply interesting ; and when the Bishop, with his brother presbyters, proceeded, by imposition of hands, to set apart Mr. Budd for the ministry of the Gospel, there was exhibited a beautiful emblem of that noble Missionary work in which the Church of England is engaged—the transmitting to other races of men that Christian truth, and those Christian privileges and ordinances, which she has so long possessed herself. Mr. Budd, after his ordination, read the Gospel. It was one peculiarly suitable. When Jesus "saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd. Then saith He unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few ; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers

into His harvest." The poor Indians have long been wandering about as sheep having no shepherd. We trust that the Lord is about to raise up some from amongst themselves who will help to gather in and feed the scattered sheep.

The Rev. Henry Budd, of Rupert's Land,\* remained at Red River a fortnight after his ordination, during which he preached several times to his countrymen in their Indian tongue. On Sunday evening, December the 30th, he preached in St. Andrew's Church an Indian discourse from 1 Peter iv. 7. About 500 persons were present, among them many Indians who have hitherto rejected the Gospel. They appeared wholly taken up with what they heard, and kept their eyes steadily fixed on Mr. Budd. His Indian mother was also present, her changing countenance showing how much was passing within. Strange, that in this respect also there should be a resemblance between him and Mr. Crowther!

The Christian Indians would gladly have kept Mr. Budd at the Red River. But he has been ordained for service, that, like his Master, he might seek and save that which was lost. Before his departure, his fellow-countrymen, without the Missionaries having been aware of their intention, presented to him an address expressive of their best wishes and prayers for his welfare. There were added to it the names of many amongst them who promised contributions of grain, or cloth, or money, toward his own Missionary sphere. On the next morning he set out with our Missionary, the Rev. A. Cowley, who was to be his companion as far as Mr. Cowley's Station at Manitoba. From thence, with a couple of Indians, he was to pursue his journey, in snow shoes, to Cumberland Station, as seen in our Frontispiece. Let us remember him before the Throne of Grace.

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#### THE AMAZONS.

IN our Number for November last we mentioned that the King of Dahomey was intending to attack Abbeokuta. Letters recently received from that city inform us that he was then within a few days' march, and that the Abbeokutans were preparing to defend themselves.

The regular army of Gezo, the King of Dahomey, consists of 12,000 troops, of whom 5000 are female soldiers, called Amazons. We present a sketch of one of them.† The Amazon is dressed "in a blue and white striped cotton surtout, the stripes about one and a

\* We so designate him to distinguish him from our venerable friend the Rev. Henry Budd, Rector of White Roding, Essex, after whom he was named; the Rev. John West having been Mr. Budd's curate before his departure for North America.

† By the kind permission of Messrs. Longman and Co. we copy this from Commander Forbes' recently published "Dahomy and the Dahomans."

half inch wide, of stout native manufacture, without sleeves, leaving freedom for the arms. The skirt or tunic reaches as low as the kilt of the Highlanders. A pair of short trowsers is worn underneath, reaching two inches below the knees." A girdle, with a cartouch-box attached, tightens the dress round the waist. On the head is a skull-cap of white cotton, with devices of various kinds. The device of the regiment to which this soldier belongs is that of an alligator. They are all armed with long Danish guns, a short sword, and a sort of club. Many are the sufferings which the



fierce soldiers of Gezo have inflicted on the surrounding nations. Their usual mode of proceeding is by surprise. Having arrived during the night in the neighbourhood of the town which they intend to assault, they make a rush on it about two hours before daybreak. It is probably defended by "a broad close-growing fence of very dangerous prickly bush, about fifteen feet high."



This the Amazons soon break through, although their feet are without shoes. The inhabitants, surprised in their sleep, are completely in their power. Such as resist are slain. "The others are tied round the neck with a piece of small grass-rope, each soldier having that article, as well as a piece of chalk. Each soldier uses his own private mark on the back of as many slaves as he may capture, and also secures the scalps of as many as he murders in the attack. After all is over, these slaves and scalps are presented to the King or Chief, who gives each soldier, according to the amount of his capture, a sum of cowries, as well as allows him to attach a cownry to the stock of his gun, which is reckoned an honourable distinction, and is given as medals to civilized armies."\*

*The Amazons summon Gezo to the War.*

We march for Abbeokuta, the royal Gezo leads!  
 Come, let us tell his greatness, and vaunt his noble deeds.  
 When he awakes to battle, who ventures to oppose?  
 He waves his kingly sceptre, and scatters all his foes.  
 Dahomey's royal leopard! Thou fierce-eyed eagle, hail! †  
 Swoop from thy lofty eyry, and make the nations quail!  
 Thy marshalled troops await thee, impatient for the fight,  
 And call thee forth to battle, for this is their delight.  
     Bring forth the standards, the war-drum beat;  
     Lift high each musket; the monarch greet:  
     He comes in the pride of royal state,  
     Honoured the ground be that bears thy weight.

*Gezo's Answer.*

Hail, to my valiant soldiers! the wished-for day is nigh.  
 We gird us for the contest, to conquer or else die.  
 Let every sword be sharpened, and hearts be void of fear:  
 Onward! the path is open, the foeman's neck is near.  
 The Anagoos are conquered, the Mahees are our slaves,  
 The Attapahms who fought us are silent in their graves—  
 We came, we saw, and conquered: each bore a scalp away,  
 And carried home a record of prowess in the fray.  
     Onward, Amazons! rush to the fight.  
     Close on the foemen, put them to flight!  
     Wrestle for victory, prove yourselves brave,  
     Bring back to Gezo a scalp or a slave!

*The War Song of the Amazons.*

Forward, then, new scalps to win,  
     Hasten to the welcome battle;  
 Quickly let the strife begin,  
     Sharply let the muskets rattle.  
 The Fetishes assure us  
     The Yorubas shall women be;  
 They never can endure us;

\* Duncan's "Travels in Western Africa," vol. i. pp. 260, 261.

† His people call him, The Leopard, and Kok-pah-sah-kree, a peculiarly fierce eagle.

## THE AMAZONS.

They will not fight like men, but flee ;  
 We'll tread them down,  
 We'll win their town,  
 Gezo shall rule triumphantly !

*Abbeokuta's Resolution.*

They come at length, a rabble rout,  
 We hear afar their noisy shout :  
 The robbers come in eager haste,  
 Our country and its homes to waste.  
 Like storm-clouds rising on the blast  
 A momentary gloom they cast—  
 The hurricane will soon have past.  
 What though our enemies be near,  
 The Yorubas disdain to fear :  
 Our children and our wives are dear.  
 For these we peril precious life,  
 And mingle in the bloody strife,  
 Father for child, husband for wife,  
 Until the tyrant Gezo knows  
 He has not women for his foes.

*The Native Christian's Prayer.*

Protector of the weak,  
 Subduer of the strong,  
 Thy powerful aid we seek :  
 Power and might to Thee belong !  
 He who has mastered other lands  
 Marshals around his hostile bands !

Our warriors are bold,  
 Inured to war of old,  
 And, ignorant of fear,  
 They hasten forth with sword and spear  
 Bravely their homesteads to defend,  
 And for our liberties contend.

Ours was heathen night,  
 We had no gleam of light :  
 To idol gods we cried,  
 And served our sins and lusts beside.  
 This was a gloomy state, indeed,  
 Without a friend in time of need.

That night is chang'd to day ;  
 We know to whom to pray ;  
 We know that Jesus gave  
 His precious life our souls to save.  
 Our trust in Thee we now repose  
 To save us from our cruel foes.

Break the oppressor's arm,  
 Defend Thine own from harm  
 E'en now the battle rages,  
 As host with angry host engages.  
 O Lord ! Thy promised aid we claim :  
 So shall we live to praise Thy name.

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## A CONVERTED BRAHMIN'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

A BRAHMIN named Narain Rao has been recently baptized by our Missionary at Junir, in Western India, the Rev. C. C. Mengé. The following account of himself will be read with interest. It represents the state of many a poor heathen, labouring and heavy laden under an uneasiness and distress of mind which he knows not how to account for, and tries in vain to still. It is the restlessness of man while a wanderer from God, for whom he was created, and in whom alone he can find rest. How delightful is it when "the day-spring from on high" visits such poor and needy sinners, to guide their feet into the way of peace! Narain Rao was born in the year 1812 at Hindele, in the district of Rutnagere. He writes—

My father was a respectable Brahmin, with whom I resided till some time after my marriage. During that period I studied the Brahminical law, and qualified myself for secular employment. When I was about twenty-five years old, I resolved to go on a pilgrimage to Benares, accompanied by my family. On my way I passed through Nassuck, where my wife and child were carried off by cholera. This bereavement affected my mind so much that I gave up my intention to go to Benares, and returned to Bombay. However, I could not forget the heavy loss I had sustained; and, being at last quite overcome with grief, I became melancholy. In this state of mind I determined to spend my small earnings in visiting some of the most holy places of pilgrimage in Hindustan, in order to obtain perfect righteousness and peace. Among others I visited the celebrated places Rameshwar, Kari, Prayag, Juggernaut, and Kartik Swamy. On the way to these places I suffered severe hardships and privations. Notwithstanding all this, I could not obtain that purity of heart and peace of mind which I was in search of. Everywhere I could observe nothing but deceit, fraud, and hypocrisy, and nothing to convince me of the truth and reality of the Hindu religion. On my return from Rameshwar I made the acquaintance of Suchitanunda, a famous religious teacher and devotee in the city of Goomtoor. He convinced me of the vanity and unprofitableness of idol-worship and every thing connected with it, and at the same time directed me to worship the only invisible God. Although I was now fully persuaded of the truth that there exists but one invisible and supreme Being, still I had found no peace in my heart. About this time I began to reflect on what I had heard from the Missionaries at Mangalore and Bombay concerning the Christian religion. I remembered that in the Christian religion was enjoined both the worship of the invisible God and the necessity of leading a holy life; but, above all, I discovered in it that one great truth, that God became man in Christ Jesus to save sinners: further, that He made an atonement for the sins of mankind and became their surety, and that, by believing in His name, and trusting in His merits, we receive forgiveness of our sins and eternal redemption at the hands of God. These truths occurring to my mind from time to time, brought me to the resolution to embrace Christianity; but as yet I did not reveal my intention to any body. Besides, I felt very sorry for having lost so much time and strength and money by going on pilgrimage, and determined in my mind henceforth not to

seek the favour of God by engaging in a vain and fruitless pursuit, but to employ the ability and talents which God had given me in some lawful occupation, in order to receive further instruction in the Christian religion, and apply for baptism. With this object in view I arrived at Ahmednuggur; and there, in conversation on the Christian religion with several of the converts, my few remaining doubts were removed, and my desire of becoming a Christian was confirmed. Being informed that the Catechist Ram Krishna, whom I had met at Nassuck ten years ago, was at present residing in Junir, I took an introduction to him from one of his friends and went thither. I immediately opened my mind to him, and applied for baptism. On Friday, the 8th of November 1850, I came to live on the Mission premises, and made over to Mr. Mengé my sacred string, rosary, and ladle, with the following words—I have given up the performance of Brahminical rites, and cast myself at the feet of Jesus." Having received fuller instruction about the nature and importance of baptism, I was admitted into the Church of Christ by Mr. Mengé, on Sunday, the 24th of November 1850, and my prayer to God is that I may remain unto the end a living member of His Church.

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#### DISCUSSION WITH A POPISH PRIEST IN NEW ZEALAND.

POPERY is very busy just at present, compassing sea and land to make proselytes. It is thus that she walks to and fro throughout the wide circle of Protestant Missions. There are, alas! dreary wastes of heathenism where there are no Missions, and, if her simple object were to do good, she might go there and teach. But the little gardens which the Protestant Missionaries have fenced in from the wilderness seem in a special manner to attract her attention. There her priests are sure to come. Perhaps she thinks it well that we should go and do the rough work, dig up the roots, remove the stones, bring the ground into order, form the little channels which will make it a well-watered garden, and then, when all looks well, Rome comes and tells us, I have permitted you to do so much, but now you must leave. This is my property; the nations are my inheritance; especially the converts you have baptized belong to me, for all baptized persons are mine. If the Protestant Missionaries think this unreasonable, and demur, she then slanders them, and tells the Natives that such are false teachers, who are leading them astray, and that, if they desire to be saved, they must come to her. Thus she does all possible to hinder the work; and it is very clear that the Church of Rome would rather see the nations heathen, than brought under the care of Protestant Missionaries.

Rome for many years has been thus busy in New Zealand. A Romish Bishop reached those distant isles just as the Natives generally were beginning to improve and open to Christian instruction. The Missionaries at that time had about 35,000 under their teaching. The Romish Bishop, in his letters written at that time, set them all down to his own account. "At present," he says, "almost all the Natives of the north island belong to the Catholic Church," meaning

the Church of Rome, which usurps the name of the Universal Church of Christ. He found it, however, much easier to *write* the New Zealanders Romanists than to make them so. Some had learned to read in the Missionary Schools; and the few had taught the many. Perhaps there is no instance on record of a people acquiring the art of reading so rapidly; and just as they had mastered the difficulty, the British and Foreign Bible Society supplied them with the New Testament in their own tongue. This they read very diligently, searching the Scriptures daily; and when the priests came to tamper with them, they found the converts more than a match for them. Thus, when sly doubts were suggested to the Native Christians with reference to their Protestant teachers, and the instructions received from them, they at once proceeded to test such insinuations, as well as the pretensions of the priests, by Scripture, as we are commanded to do. (1 John iv. 1); and they were thus enabled to understand how groundless they were, and became the more confirmed in what they had been taught. "What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord." Thus, through the mercy of God, the New-Zealand Churches have been upheld against this great danger, which came upon them when they were in a weak and infant state. Popery is now assailing England, and we need to "know the Scriptures." If she find men ignorant of these, or inexpert in the use of them, or can prevail on us to put them aside in the contest with her, and make use of other weapons, then she flatters herself with the hope of victory; but Popery dreads the Word of God, and when even a weak hand uses this keen weapon she soon takes to flight.

Occasionally, however, her priests come forward in New Zealand to discussion with our Missionaries; and an instance of this occurs in the Journals of Archdeacon W. Williams, which we now relate.

Archd. W. Williams, while travelling through his extensive district in November last, received a letter from his home at Turanga, the central Station of the district, informing him that the Popish priest was there waiting his return, for the purpose of proving, as he affirmed that he was able to do, that he was right and the Protestant Missionaries wrong. The Archdeacon immediately wrote back, requesting his people, if possible, to induce the priest to remain until his return. He was the more anxious, as he remembered that nine years previously a similar meeting was attended by the happiest results. On reaching home the Archdeacon communicated with the priest, and the morning after his arrival, the 22d of November, was appointed for the purpose. Messengers were despatched inland to collect the Natives, who were looking forward to the event with much interest. The results have been thus communicated to us by the Archdeacon—

The place fixed upon for the Meeting is a well-shaded spot, not far from my house. By eight o'clock the people began to assemble, and the priest, with his little party, was among the earliest. A little before

nine our business commenced by the arrangement of a few preliminaries, among which was the regulation of half-hour speeches. The priest had been amusing the Natives for some days by telling them that the only way of testing the true faith was for himself and me to walk into a large fire, when God would interfere in behalf of His true servant, and show which was the right way. A shrewd Native tried him one day with a fire-stick, urging him to put his hand upon it, and saying that, if he were not burnt, he should then believe him to be an extraordinary person. This the priest declined, saying that it was necessary I should be exposed to the fire at the same time. I opened the proceedings by telling the priest I had heard of this proposal. He said it was the only way to arrive at a true conclusion, and that he was ready to expose his body to the flames if I would do the same, and quoted, as authority, "the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." I told him we should all be most happy to see him try the experiment if he had a wish to do so, but that I, not knowing any authority from Scripture for such a proceeding, was not disposed to tempt God. He still pressed that we should both be exposed to the ordeal, and the Natives became very impatient, and would not listen to him without frequent interruptions. I gave him, in reply, somewhat more solid, attacking the infallibility of the Church of Rome, and urging the absence of authority for asserting Peter's superiority to the rest of the Apostles. When he spoke again he still kept to his subject, and added, that they have miracles in the Church of Rome, which are a proof from God that it is the true church. He was challenged to mention any miracles which he had performed since his residence in this country, and an opportunity was given him for the exercise of his power by a lame man hobbling before him and begging him to restore his deformed limb. His failure to do any thing excited a strong feeling against him. I then spoke on the worship of the Virgin Mary and the saints, referring to texts in the Douay Bible, and directing the attention of the Natives to their New-Zealand Testament. The priest then brought forward the subject of tradition, and, while he freely allowed the authority of a large array of Bibles and Testaments, in six languages, including that of New Zealand, *he affirmed that there was no salvation to be found in the Bible alone—that we had one eye only, and they had two.* The priest continued to declaim in the same style every successive half hour; but he seemed to regard with satisfaction the frequent interruption of the Natives, which relieved him from the awkwardness of talking when he had nothing to say. He occasionally urged an appeal to the sign, and at length some of the Natives ran off for a quantity of wood, to give him the opportunity of having his fire if so disposed. After the lapse of nearly ten hours the patience of the Natives was exhausted, and the assembly was broken up in much confusion, the Natives being abundantly satisfied that the priest had no ground to stand upon.

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



LYING IN STATE OF THE NEW-ZEALAND CHIEF HOANI HEKE.—*Vide* p. 172.

## HEKE.

HOANI HEKE was a Chief of the Bay-of-Islands' District, in New Zealand, and had married a grand-daughter of the famous Hongi, who, on his return from England in 1821, had for several years wasted with cruel war large districts of the island. Such were fearful times—fearful to read of: how much more awful to have witnessed! They were significantly described by a middle-aged Chief, who was the travelling companion of our Missionary, Archdeacon Brown, in a recent journey from Taupo to Tauranga. Pointing to a distant range of hills, whose tops were covered with snow, he said, "Formerly that was the residence of my tribe; but so many of them were killed and eaten by our enemies, that we abandoned the place to live at Taupo. In those days," he added, "men were our *pigs*, that is, food. If the Gospel had not been sent to us when it was, the Missionaries by this time would have had no one to preach to: we should have devoured each other till we had been extinct."

Heke seems to have caught the restless spirit of old Hongi; nor had he the excuse of ignorance, for he had received Christian instruction, and, on his profession of repentance and faith, had been baptized. When the authority of Great Britain was extended over New Zealand, instead of being thankful for an event which preserved his country from being seized upon by some other European power, in whose hands it would have fared far worse, he indulged feelings of discontent, which at length broke out in open violence. He cut down a signal-staff which had been erected near the town of Russell, in the Bay of Islands; and, on its being replaced by order of the Governor, united his tribe with that of a heathen Chief named Kawiti, and, at the head of 1000 Natives, proceeded to attack the town, from which, after some fighting, the soldiers retired, leaving it in the hands of the insurgents. Yet amidst this outbreak of war the improved character of the New Zealanders was very clearly manifested. They gave up the dead bodies of the English which were in their possession, and hoisted a flag of truce for the purpose of delivering up, uninjured, a White woman and her child whom they had taken prisoners. On the second day of skirmishing, the officer commanding the troops and sailors, and his aide-de-camp, advancing considerably ahead of their party, fell into an ambush, and were taken as prisoners to the camp of the Maories, who, after a careful examination of them and their arms, allowed them to return to the town with their swords and pistols, after they had danced round them; a very remarkable circumstance, when we remember that many of these Natives were heathen.

After the war had terminated, Heke continued to reside in the Kaikohe District, where our Missionary, the Rev. R. Davis, is stationed. Had he been spared, there is little doubt that he would have gone to reside with Archd. H. Williams at Parakaraka, in accordance with his expressed intention; but he fell into ill health;



and it soon appeared that consumption, that disease to which so many of his countrymen every year fall victims, had seized upon him. At first, when visited, he was surly in his manners, and seemed disinclined to listen. As, however, his sickness increased in severity, he softened down much. "When Thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, Thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity." No doubt Heke felt it so; and, as his once healthy frame wasted away under the power of a sickness, the seeds of which were not improbably sown in his constitution amidst the excitement and hardships of the war, he began to feel the importance of those truths which in his health he had neglected.

His last days, and the funeral ceremonies with which his tribe honoured the memory of their departed Chief, are very touchingly described in the following extracts from Mr. Davis's Journal—

*July 27, 1850*—Heke is much worse. He told me that he felt a change had taken place in his system. He appeared low-spirited and thoughtful. His mind was directed to Christ, but he said nothing.

*July 29*—Yesterday Heke was very ill. He appeared affectionate. He was visited by several members of the Church, when addresses were given, and much prayer offered up; but I fear his heart is not deeply affected, and this distresses me. This morning he appeared better, and told me that he had been thinking about receiving the Sacrament. I requested him to think seriously on that subject, and as soon as his mind was made up to let me know, when I would communicate with the Arch-deacon. He replied, "Ah! it may be that there may not be time."

*Aug. 1*—I visited Heke, who has been removed about five miles toward his own place. I found him very ill. His people are now gathering around him, as it is evident to all that he is sinking into the arms of death. Several having assembled in the house in which the Chief was lying, and others outside, they were addressed from Matt. xxii. 1—11, and pressed and invited to come to Christ.

*Aug. 5*—I visited Heke yesterday. He is near death. He grasped my hand, and held it for a long time. His eyes beamed with affection; and they were fixed upon me during almost the whole of the address. When I left him, he appeared to wander. I told him his mind must be solely fixed upon Christ. He replied, "It is on Him my mind is fixed." He then gave me a farewell token with his nose,\* but said no more. His people were all very respectful.

*Aug. 6*—A messenger came to inform me that Heke had expressed a wish to be removed to his own place, and that they had removed him accordingly, and thought he would not last more than about four days.

*Aug. 7*—This morning, while engaged in the School, a messenger came to inform me that Heke had died this morning. Poor man! he has now gone to his final account. He was always, I believe, in his heart a friend to the Missionaries; but, alas! he was not always a friend to their cause. But here the curtain must drop. He had numerous faults. His determination to go to war with the Government was to us a deep, severe, sore trial. Every argument was used, and every means resorted to, to divert

\* The old New-Zealand custom of saluting.

him from his purpose; but he was inflexible. From the manner in which he conducted the war, however, it was evident that his mind was neither under the influence of hatred nor revenge.

*Aug. 8*—I went to Heke's place, to put in a claim for the body for Christian burial. I knew it was his wish not to be tapued after death, but to have Christian burial; but he doubted whether we should be able to attain the object, against a strong party which would raise objections thereto. On my arrival, I found the body tapued, dressed, and laid in state, and all done with considerable taste. They had removed the front of the house, so as to throw it open, and from the part removed a covered entrance to the body was formed, into which the people should enter to take a last farewell of their Chief. The body was placed in one corner of the house, in a sitting position. The head was dressed with feathers. At the back was a large red silk handkerchief fastened to the wall. Over head was a white cloth, which formed a canopy. The body was covered up to the upper lip with a scarlet cloth, fringed round the border. Before him was laid his green stone mere.\* At his right hand were his Prayer-book and his double-barrelled gun; while at his left hand stood a native war-weapon called a paraua, made of whalebone.† On the outside stood a flag-staff, with his flag, a piece of red print, hoisted half-mast high. There was a large assemblage of Natives. A party arrived when I was there, and immediately walked quietly up to the appointed place to view the dead Chief and cry over him. In their crying—or rather howling—they chanted forth his patriotism, his noble deeds, and daring exploits; and lamented, as far as I could understand, that they had not joined him therein. After visiting and consulting with the principal people, I found it would be in vain to say any more on the subject of burying the body; but I requested the people to assemble in the presence of their dead Chief, and I took my stand in front. I told them that Heke did not die in the belief of their superstitions, but in the belief of the Gospel; that it was his wish not to be tapued after death, but to receive Christian burial; that the last words he spoke to me were to let me know that his mind was fixed on Christ; that, as they had expressed their opinion that there would be danger of a serious quarrel should we attempt to give him Christian burial, I of course should be guided by their opinion; but, nevertheless, as the Chief had died a professed member of the Church, I should read the Service over him, and leave them to do as they pleased with the body, knowing that, whatever that might be, it could not affect him in his eternal state, as it was not Heke, but his body only, which was now present before us. The Service was then read, and the people addressed from John xi. 25, 26. They were attentive and respectful. Heke's widow looks miserable and wretched. She was a daughter of the late Chief Hongi Ika, and was brought up in Mr. Kemp's family; but, alas! I fear she is a stranger to the consolations of the Gospel.

*Aug. 12*—I visited the people assembled at Heke's place. We found the Christian party holding Service in front of the house which contained the body of the departed Chief. Poor man! I have now paid him my last visit. His body was put away last night, and we shall not meet again

\* The general native weapon before the introduction of fire-arms.

† The rib of the sperm whale, not the substance usually called whalebone. Both a mere and paraua may be seen at the Church Missionary House.

until this mortal shall have put on immortality. I hope he has found mercy; but it is but a hope—a ray of hope grounded on his apparent sincere wish to be visited regularly, in order that prayer and reading the Scriptures should be a daily exercise. I very seldom visited him less than three times a week, when prayer was made, the Scriptures read, and a short exhortation given. He also wished to keep a Christian Native always with him, night and day, as he was fearful lest the native priests should again endeavour to entangle his mind. Many attempts were made by them to accomplish this object, but in all they apparently failed. The last attempt of the kind was made when they thought him dying, a day or two before he died; but he interrupted the man, and said, “Cease to destroy me.”

So died Heke! Had he given himself to Christ during his time of health, instead of to the impulse of his own evil and headstrong passions, his last hours would have been gilded by a hope as bright, and a peace as settled, as those which beam forth so beautifully in the following touching extract from a Journal of Archdeacon Brown—

*April 2, 1850*—Samuel, who has been lying ill at the Station for a long time past, had a severe hæmorrhage from the lungs this morning, and it is probable he will not long survive. When a little recovered from exhaustion, I said to him, “How do you feel, Samuel, in prospect of that death which appears coming so near to you?” “My heart is not dark,” he replied, “but light.”—“What gives you joy?” “That Christ has died for *my* sins,” laying a particular emphasis on the pronoun. “When the Natives are in health,” he said afterward, “their whole thoughts are occupied about the riches of this world: they want horses, and ships, and mills. When a man is dying, as I am now, he feels that horses, and ships, and mills, are of no value to him; that nothing can satisfy him but a crown of glory.”

#### THE TURK AND ARMENIAN.

ARMENIA was once a powerful kingdom of Asia, occupying the region which, bounded on the north by Mount Caucasus, lies between the Black and Caspian Seas, with Mount Ararat in its centre. As a distinct kingdom it has long since been broken up, and divided between Russia, Persia, and Turkey. The Armenians are a nation “scattered and peeled.” They are to be found, not only in the countries immediately adjoining what was once the dwelling-place of their forefathers, but in India to the east, and westward as far as Italy, Hungary, and Austria.

Christianity was introduced amongst them in the beginning of the fourth century, at a time when the “silver had become dross, and the wine mixed with water.” Ceremonies, and relics, and pretended miracles, appear to have occupied their attention much more than the pure and undefiled religion which the Apostle sums up when he says, “In Jesus Christ neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision; but faith which worketh by love.” Yet such as it was amongst them, they were satisfied to endure for its sake many and grievous persecutions, at one period from the heathen Persians, then

from Greek Christians, and lastly from the Mahomedans; until at length, toward the latter end of the sixteenth century, they were broken up as a nation by the Persian conqueror, Shah Abbas, who, that he might defend himself the more easily against the Turks, laid waste a great part of Armenia, and carried away to Persia great numbers of the people.

In Constantinople, as well as in other parts of Turkey, there are many Armenians. They may be seen moving along the streets in a half-stride, half-shuffle, of a pace, gliding as if afraid to put their feet to the earth. Their dress consists of red cotton trowsers, a tunic of dark striped cotton or silk, over which is worn, in cold weather, a spencer lined with fur, an immense red shawl wound round the middle, and a large black or dark-coloured cloth cloak. The feet are covered with a pair of pointed red slippers, and on the head is placed a hat of very peculiar shape, like a pear with the small end put on the head. ~~Our Engraving will explain it better than~~



~~any description.~~ The Armenians are generally a wealthy class. Many of them are serafs or bankers, who buy old coin, and, melting it down, sell it to the Government for bullion. They are also lenders of money. It is very difficult to say what the Armenian is not in the way of trade and labour in Turkey. Corn-merchants, physicians, bakers, builders, braziers, masons, joiners, smiths, are to be found among them. In Turkey, therefore, they are a very useful class, particularly as the Turk is lazy, and indisposed to exert himself. His religion makes him so. Rising with the sun, he goes through his form of prayer, drinks his coffee, and stagnates through the day. He is the conqueror, the master, and is contented that the other classes of the population should labour, while he remains inert. Hence the whole empire is fast decaying.

Here then you have, side by side, the Turk and the Armenian; the conqueror and the conquered: the one haughty, the other cringing, in his manner: the one presuming on his position, and becoming poor; the other feeling the necessity of effort, and crafty in forwarding his own interest: the one a professing Christian, the other an Infidel: the Turk hating idols, the Armenian a picture-worshipper. He does not, indeed, carve an image, but paints an image, before which tapers are burned, votive offerings suspended, and prayers offered. Thus, instead of recommending Christianity to the Infidels by whom he is surrounded, he has made it to be abhorred in their eyes. But a blessed work of reformation has commenced among the Armenians, ~~of which we intend to say something in a future Number,~~ and in this there is hope for the Turk.

#### EAST-AFRICAN INQUIRERS.

OUR Missionaries in East Africa have been encouraged in their labours by the conversion of some sinners to God, over whom they have been enabled to rejoice as the first-fruits of the Mission. They are few in number—three—but it is not by numbers that the value of the work is to be tested. Although so few as three, yet they are the first converts, and therefore are necessarily invested with a peculiar interest. A poor cripple named Mringe was the first whose heart opened to the Truth. He seemed much interested in what the Missionaries said, remembered the Bible histories he was taught, and soon began to pray to Christ in a very simple manner. He told Dr. Krapf one day of a dream which he had the night before, that he ought to throw away his beads and other superstitious ornaments which he wore. Dr. Krapf told him that the plain Word of God, without any dream, ought to be quite sufficient reason for putting aside things which were sinful, and could not quiet his soul. Dr. Krapf continues—

Upon this, he cut off the string of blue beads which he wore around his neck. I kept silence, but rejoiced in heart at this small beginning of a change for the better in this country. We sat under the shadow of a

tree when this happened. How unsightly are often the beginnings of the kingdom of God in a country! like a little tree rising out of its hidden roots. There is an Mnika cripple with mutilated legs—no wise, no mighty, nor noble man of this world—and he performs an act worthy of the look of angels; for by this act the poor man declared to serve the living God, and no more the superstitious idols of his countrymen.

This first instance was soon followed by a second. The Rev. J. Rebmann, in a Letter dated Sept. 21, 1850, says—

By means of the poor cripple Mringe, another more respectable Mnika was induced to listen to the Gospel, and to open his heart for its reception. As they live very near to each other—about three miles from hence—my visits to the Wanika on their plantations have latterly been almost wholly limited to them. They may now be considered as Candidates for Baptism, though we do not think that we shall baptize them very soon, as they, being the foundation of an East-African Church, need a longer trial than those who will come after them. The latter, whose name is Abbe Gunja, though we have not been acquainted with him so long as with Mringe, has given us more decided proofs of his sincerity, he being a healthy, independent man, while Mringe is a helpless cripple, of whom, up to this day, we are not fully convinced which of the two is prevalent in his mind—whether desire after the Gospel or the wish for bodily help, which, from his poor circumstances, we cannot wholly deny him; the more so as his mother is often scolding him on account of his parting with the few heathenish practices he was able to perform, and receiving the new and strange doctrines of the Musungu (European). Abbe Gunja is for the same reasons also found fault with, but he wants no help of any body, nor has he up to this day begged the smallest thing of us. On Sundays, if he knows that I shall not come to him, he will come to us to hear the Word of God. The observance of the Lord's-day will never be grievous to these people, as their own customs of old require them to rest, at least from agricultural business, on every fourth day. But Abbe Gunja has left his communion with heathenism in other matters, which require more resolution and firmness, as, for instance, their terrible customs practised over the dead, which for a considerable time forbid them to do their usual business, and often render them destitute of provisions. As a proof of having his conscience awakened, I would mention that the violent mode of having debts paid by climbing up the debtor's cocoa-nut trees and taking down the palm wine, appeared to him as unbecoming in a man who had laid hold on "the Book;" wherefore he asked me one day what he was to do with a debtor of his who would not pay him. I told him that, as a Christian, he ought to seek to have his lent property restored in a just and gentle way, and if he did not succeed it was better to lose it than to commit violence in having it paid, to which he perfectly agreed.

Another man promising for conversion is a Cadi of the neighbouring Mahomedan village, Jomfu, who formerly was in the employment of Dr. Krapf as interpreter, and whom, at the time of my being confined to our cottage, I instructed in reading the books which have been printed in the Kinika language, and set forth Christ to him as also his Saviour and Lord. He evidently was deeply impressed with all I told him, and

much wished to be able to live near us. On his return to his village he took several copies of both translations with him, for the purpose of instructing other people in his village, especially children. He has since written to me several times in his own language—Kisúhéli—but with the English printed characters; and about twenty days ago he was deprived of his Cadiship in consequence of his open confession that he would henceforth follow Christ. His chief argument against Mahomedanism is, that its professors, in order to obtain the favour of God, are enjoined to make pilgrimages to Mecca, which the Suáhélis, on account of their general poverty, cannot afford. And this is, indeed, the principal reason why the term “bigotry,” so well deserved by the generality of the followers of the false prophet, can scarcely be applied to the Mahomedans on the East-African coast. If there be a real work of the Holy Spirit in the heart of this man, he may well be expected to prove an able instrument, in the hand of the Lord, of bringing a blessing upon many of his countrymen, Mahomedans as well as heathen.

We trust that Dr. Krapf, with the Rev. C. Pfefferle, and the German mechanics, has by this time reached Mombas. May there be, with the increase of labourers, a great increase of blessing from God, and our Missionaries be privileged to count their converts not by units but by tens!

#### THE BURDWAN MISSION STATION.

BURDWAN is about seventy-three miles north-north-west of Calcutta. Missionary operations were commenced there many years ago by an officer, Lieutenant Stewart. He opened some Schools for the native children; and the Church Missionary Society having, on his representations, taken them under their charge, they increased to twelve in number, Lieutenant Stewart continuing to superintend them.

In the year 1819 two Missionaries of the Society, the Rev. Messrs. Jetter and Deerr, reached Burdwan, and in that year a piece of ground was purchased, which is the site of the present Missionary Station. The ground it occupies consists of about twenty-one acres, and is situated about two miles from Burdwan on the high road to Benares. You first meet an entrance leading to the residence of one of our Missionaries; then, as you pass along, you come to the Orphan Boys'-school, then to the church, and then to another entrance leading to an avenue of fine trees, which conducts you to the house of another Missionary. This occupies the second side of the compound. Passing along the third side, you come first to the Infant-school, then the Orphan Girls'-school and play-ground, then the native village, built along two sides of a noble tank, which supplies all who reside on the premises with water. Each cottage has its garden before it, and all is marked by a neatness and cleanliness which form a marked contrast to the uncomfortableness and filth of the generality of the native dwellings. The middle space of the compound is a green lawn, in the midst of which stands a magnificent peepul tree. Under the shadow of this great tree the children of the Schools, not only of those on the Mission compound, but of

many others in the surrounding districts, have often assembled, and been examined class by class.

From the Burdwan Schools the Good Shepherd has gathered many lambs into His heavenly fold. During the year ending September 1850 several promising children were removed by death. Of one of these, ten years of age, the following interesting account is given by Mrs. Weitbrecht, the wife of our Missionary, the Rev. J. J. Weitbrecht—

He had been ill a long time, and was not led to feel his sinful condition till within a few weeks of his death. His pious father had called him Samuel, because he had asked him of the Lord, and he was a child of many prayers. When his sickness assumed a serious aspect, this parent's great concern was for the safety of his soul, though he also employed every means in his power for the restoration of his bodily health. At one time it seemed as if it had pleased God to bless some of these means, and his father's first impulse was to present a thank-offering to the Lord, which he did by asking four rupees to be given from him to the Bible Society. Soon after, however, the child again relapsed, and his good father's anxiety redoubled, while his prayers increased in fervency, for his son's true conversion. The good and faithful Lord beheld his tears, and listened to his petition, and once more repeated the cheering words which He had uttered to a beseeching father in the days of His sojourn here—"Thy son liveth." But it was not as to the present life He gave him this gracious assurance—it was of the infinitely more important and eternal life upon which he so earnestly desired his child to enter. Little Samuel was exercised for many days with great distress of mind, because, as he repeatedly said, "I have been such a wicked, sinful child, that I shall never be forgiven;" but by degrees his fear was removed, and it was given him to "look on Him whom he had pierced," with the eye of faith, and, while he mourned for sin, to rejoice in the assurance that this same precious Saviour had forgiven all his guilt, and received him as His own. The last few days of his short pilgrimage were very cheering, so that even his weeping mother smiled through her tears, and said, "I feel I ought to be much more glad than sorry, and I hope I am; but it goes very near my heart to part with my first-born son." Samuel continually comforted her, and told her there was no doubt whatever of their certain and eternal re-union in heaven, when she would never be called to part from him again. His father had gone out preaching; and during his absence the dear child felt himself sinking fast, and expressed an earnest wish to see his beloved parent once more. A messenger was despatched for him, and he came. On leaving his pastor, he said, "Sir, remember me, and pray for me that I may be enabled to glorify God in the sacrifice He now calls on me to make, as Abraham did." On his arrival, the whole family quickly gathered around the dying bed, and parents and children united in that solemn hour in thanking and praising God for His great mercy to him who was now about to be delivered from the pains and sorrows of this sinful world, and then he bade them all farewell: his father commended his spirit to the tender Redeemer's keeping, and it departed to rest in His bosom, where it is safe, and happy for ever.



These tender flowers have been transplanted from this rude earth, where they were liable to be injured, to the courts of heaven, where they are safe.

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A MISSIONARY VISIT TO SZE CHE.

NINGPO is a large city of China, one of the five free ports, situated about twelve miles from the sea shore, on a river called the Tahea, in the centre of a fertile plain bounded by ranges of hills rising to the height of 2000 or 3000 feet. We rejoice to say that there are to be found at this point thirteen Protestant Missionaries, English and American, of whom three, the Rev. Messrs. Cobbold, Russell, and Gough, belong to our Society. There is a wide field for usefulness, not only in the population of the city, which amounts to 400,000, but in the fact that foreigners may visit or even reside in any part of the *heen* or district of Ningpo, extending to the south-west more than fifty miles, and including not only many villages, but even large towns. A visit to one of these, as related in the following extract from Mr. Cobbold's Journal, will help us to form just ideas of Missionary work in China—

*Dec. 30, 1850*—After an early breakfast, Mr. Gough and I started with a bundle of books for Sze Che. We found our boat outside the west gate, and were well off by nine o'clock. Shortly after eleven we arrived at the junction of the canal with the river, and there left our boat with the servant, ordering him to have our dinner ready by sunset, and set off on foot for the town, distant about five miles.

On nearing the city it was soon known that we had books to distribute, and the eagerness of the applicants, especially of the boys, was great. We followed a path that turned off to the right, to the chief Taoist temple; and after being sickened with the sight of its hosts of idols, the work of men's hands, within, we turned our eyes to the lovely scene, the work of God's hands, stretching away for many a mile without. After drinking a cup of tea, and explaining to an old man who seemed to have some superintendence over the temple one of our sheet Tracts, we entered the city by the east gate, and, walking slowly through the street towards the west, we left a book at most of the respectable shops, and also gave away a considerable number of sheet Tracts. We went into the Examination Hall, and found in a side apartment a gentlemanly-looking Schoolmaster, and four or five very nice-looking boys. We gave him a copy of St. Matthew's Gospel, and one of my books. Entering the Confucian temple, we were followed by a crowd, and I took advantage of the opportunity to address them for a few minutes. We afterward inquired the way to the Ching wang meaou, and on entering saw, in large characters, the two words 敬神 "Honour the gods." As there were many following us, I stood still and addressed them solemnly on the subject of their idolatry, pointing them to Him who was God over all, and showing, by illustrations, the way of salvation. All the crowd present listened with great attention, and I felt—what, alas! I cannot always feel—that knowledge had been con-

veyed, and some impression made upon the people. I therefore went quietly away, distributing no Tracts, which is always a noisy business.

It was now about time to be getting back again, so we just went to the north gate to look at the two small lakes, the Buddhist monastery and the temple, and the Hall of Precious Virtue, which commands a good view of them all, and then, walking on the walls to the east gate, we followed the path till we came to our boat, which we just reached, as we supposed, at sunset, and found dinner ready for us, and ourselves ready for dinner. We set off at once, and got home by half-past eight.

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### MUNIFICENT CONTRIBUTION FROM AN AFFLICTED CHRISTIAN.

THE following deeply touching Letter, enclosing bank notes for 600*l.*, reached the Church Missionary House a few weeks ago—

*London, April 16, 1851.*

SIR—I beg to forward by this post the sum of 600*l.*, to be devoted to the purposes of the Church Missionary Society.

The donor is suffering deep affliction, and would beg the prayers of your Committee that God's strength may be made perfect in his weakness.

Accept the above amount as from God, and do not seek to find the instrument that passes it to you.

Please acknowledge the above in the second column of the "Times" Newspaper, as from U. C.

Such a Letter illustrates the difference between sanctified affliction and the tribulation which is not cheered by the presence of God as a reconciled Father in Christ. The selfishness of worldly sorrow is great, and the heart contracts under its power; but where God is present in affliction, the heat of the furnace is tempered, and the heart, instead of being hardened, becomes more tender. The subdued believer, while sorrowing himself, sympathizes with his fellow-men who are suffering under the various forms of affliction with which the world is filled; nor does he fail in a special manner to remember the vast multitudes who know not Him who is as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and who have no opportunity of knowing Him. If the waters of affliction, even amidst the truths and comforts of the Gospel, be deep, what a "mire of depth"\* must there not be, where there is no voice of mercy speaking peace by Jesus Christ!

But we have another object in inserting this letter—to secure for the writer a more extended sympathy. We would earnestly entreat every believing person who reads it, in whatever rank of life he may be, whether amongst poor or rich, to remember the donor in fervent prayer before the throne of grace, that he may be enabled to say, as Paul once did, "For I know that this shall turn to my salvation through your prayer, and the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ." Phil. i. 19.

\* Ps. lxxix. 2. Marginal reading.

No. 16. NEW SERIES.]

[JULY, 1851.

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



THE NINGPO TEA-SHOP AND THE MISSIONARY.—*Vide* p. 183.

VOL. I.

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## MISSIONARY LABOURS AT NINGPO.

IN our last Number it was stated that we have three Missionaries at Ningpo, engaged in the work of Christian instruction amongst the Chinese. Our readers would perhaps wish to know how their labours are carried on amongst this peculiar people. Be it remembered that it is "the day of small things," and yet not, therefore, to be despised by us; for the day of small things is continually found to be the source and origin of great results. The largest rivers, if traced up to their source, will be found to spring forth from very small beginnings—some little stream, struggling forth amidst rocks and mountain forests into the plains beneath. Such is the work of Christian instruction. It begins with a little; it has, perhaps for a length of time, many difficulties to contend with; sometimes the way seems as though it were blocked up: still it makes progress, until, gradually increasing, it has free course, and renews and fertilizes as it flows along. Missionary work in China is as yet amongst the strait and difficult places; but in God's own time it will break forth to the right hand and to the left.

Our Missionaries at Ningpo have an interesting Day-school, attended by about twenty boys, varying in age from ten to fifteen, principally the children of artisans. Most of these poor children can give clear and intelligent answers to the solemn, soul-saving truths of Christianity. We should be very thankful that so much has been done with them, as education in China is a very laborious process, in consequence of the difficulties connected with the written characters, which are altogether distinct from the spoken languages. In English, when you look at a word, it gives you not only an idea, but a sound by which to express that idea. But the Chinese written characters suggest ideas only, and no sounds. They have no specific sounds attached to them; so that if you collected a number of Chinese from different parts of that immense empire, and put them to read the same page of a printed book, they would each read it with different sounds, according to the particular dialects in which they were accustomed to speak. The signs used in the written character are very numerous, consisting of many thousands, and are very difficult, not only for strangers, but for the Natives, to learn.

Beside the Day-school, the Missionaries have two little Chapels in different parts of the city. One, near the south gate, is attended by about forty persons, consisting principally of the lowest orders, who happen to be passing by at the time. In the other Chapel, which was opened at the beginning of last winter, and which is in a better position, the attendance is larger—about eighty in number. The people are of a better description, a good many of them being men engaged in business. The attention which they give is very uncertain. Sometimes they listen in silence from the beginning to the end: at other times the Missionary has scarcely commenced, when all is confusion, and there is no possibility of maintaining order. Still the Missionaries persevere: they cease not to teach and preach

Jesus Christ. The sinfulness of idolatry is pointed out, and the heathen are invited to turn from idols and serve the living and true God; and thus a knowledge of Christian truth is gradually spreading. The prejudices of the people against the Missionaries are fast dying away; and it is now no unusual thing to hear some of the women say, "Before, if we saw you at a distance, we would run away and hide ourselves: now we are not afraid to come and talk with you." We are happy to state that three persons, who have been regular attendants at the Services, both public and private, since the Missionaries arrived at Ningpo, have offered themselves as Candidates for Baptism.

The Missionaries go much amongst the people, and converse with them as they have opportunity. Except amongst the lower classes, little has as yet been done. The higher classes live so shut up in their own premises, surrounded by high walls, that there is no possibility of seeing them, much less of conversing with them, unless the Missionaries call expressly for the purpose, which it is thought better should not be done yet, until the prejudices which have been entertained against the Missionaries have been more completely removed. A Chinaman has no idea of walking about for health and recreation; and the literary and upper classes seldom leave their homes, except when compelled by necessity to do so. Meanwhile, the Gospel is being preached to the poor.

The tea-shops afford a favourable opportunity of conversing with the people, and bringing before them Gospel truths. Mr. Russell has given us the following description of these places, and of his mode of proceeding when he enters them—

In the tea-shops—which correspond very much with the gin-shops at home, except being free from the horrible intoxication of the latter—I have had, since I came, much intercourse with the class of people who resort there, principally artisans. These shops have in each some twenty or thirty small tables arranged about the room, with seats surrounding them, capable of accommodating five or six to each table. Here—morning, noon, and night—you will find a number of persons drinking tea, apparently without any limit; smoking their pipes with as little restriction—fortunately the doors and windows are all open, to admit of escape for the smoke—and, I might add, giving as unbounded license to their tongues, which, notwithstanding the drinking and smoking, seem incessantly to keep going. I go into these places, and take a seat by one of the vacant tables, and, in an unconcerned kind of way, call for a cup of tea. This generally elicits an exclamation of surprise from the company present, that a "red-haired man"—the designation they give us here—should be able to talk their talk.\* When supplied with my tea, at the cost of less than a farthing of our money, I generally ask the most respectable-looking of those about me his honourable name. Taken by surprise, he will sometimes, forgetting himself, reply, "My honourable name is" so and so; instead of "My disreputable name," which Chinese courtesy would

\* *Vide* our Frontispiece.

have him say. This generally leads to a conversation, which gradually brings the whole company about me. They ask a variety of strange questions, as, for instance, "Is not a woman the monarch of your country? Are the officers of Government also women? Is it the woman who in marriage 'carries home' the man, and not the man the woman, as here?" These ideas have arisen, I imagine, from their having heard of our Queen, and also seeing the respect with which the Missionaries' wives are treated by their husbands, so very different from their own conduct in this particular. The distance of my "honourable country," and its productions, are also topics of inquiry. In the midst of these, and such like questions, some one is sure to ask whether we have the *Boosah* in my country—the term used here to designate their gods. This offers an opening to me, which I generally try to take advantage of, and endeavour to lay before them, in as concise and clear a manner as I can, the folly of idolatry, the existence of only one living and true God, man's duty toward Him, his inability to perform this duty, the need of a substitute, this substitute the Son of God, who, freely given by the Father, has freely come to work out a righteousness for man which he never could do for himself, as also to offer Himself in sacrifice for the guilt which man has already contracted. "This substitute, this Son of God, is the Jesus we preach unto you." The mere mention of the name of Jesus I think it desirable to keep from them until toward the close of the address, as numbers of them frequently will go away at the mere mention of His blessed Name, feeling it is the old story, which they know all about. A great variety of strange notions prevail amongst them as to whom Jesus is or was. Some ask if He is not, or was not, a King in our country of great merit, or at least one of the high officers of Government; some, if He was not a sage, similar to Confucius, perhaps the most prevalent notion: some have even asked whether He was a man or woman. Alas! when will they know that this Jesus is King of kings and Lord of lords, Confucius's Maker and God?

May the Lord hasten the time when the millions of this great nation shall be converted unto Him!

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#### NEW-ZEALAND WELCOME.

IN Sept. 1839 a vessel left the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, on an important and interesting expedition. There were on board Archdeacon Henry Williams and the Rev. O. Hadfield, proceeding to Cook's Straits, a part of the island where no Missionary had previously been, for the purpose of forming there a Station; Messrs. Wilson and Stack, about to be stationed at Tauranga; and Mr. G. Clarke, with four families of Christian Natives, bound for the East Cape. Some months previously, two Native Teachers had been placed at Waiapu, to the south of East Cape; but the cry for instruction was urgent along the whole line of coast, and it became necessary to occupy as many points as possible with Native Teachers—and that, too, without delay, as the Romish Priests were on the alert, and would not fail to avail themselves of any neglected opening.

In the beginning of 1843, the Rev. G. A. Kissling was placed as

Missionary at the East Cape, and remained there until April 1846, when failure of health rendered it necessary for him to remove to the neighbourhood of Auckland. He was succeeded, in the beginning of 1847, by the late Rev. C. L. Reay, whose death in March 1848 left the Station without a Missionary; in which state it continued until the end of last year, the work being sustained by the Native Teachers, with such superintendence as the Missionaries in the nearest Districts were capable of exercising amidst their own pressure of employment.

The Rev. R. Barker having reached New Zealand in November 1850, was appointed to the East Cape. These introductory remarks will place our readers in a position to peruse with interest the following extract of a Letter from Mr. Kissling—

Being requested to introduce the Rev. Ralph Barker to my former field of Missionary labours, we closed our Native-Girls'-school at Auckland for a few months, and, with those girls who belonged to Waiapu and Te Kauakaua, accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Barker to the sphere of their recent appointment. We formed a large cargo on board the "Sisters"—a Missionary family amounting to sixteen.

On the 30th of Dec. 1849 we sighted Te Kauakaua, and great was the joy of all on board in the near prospect of landing again on that peaceful place, which had become endeared to us by many ties of relation, friendship, and affection. Joy preponderated over prudence, and, had it not been for a merciful Providence, would have prepared for us a watery grave. Fifteen of our number ventured to go ashore in the "Sisters'" leaky boat, believing that the water was smooth on the beach. Drawing near the land, we discovered both our error and danger. The raging surf had already seized our boat before the order to retreat could be carried into effect. The happy faces now turned pale. We feared to pull back to the vessel, in the leaky state of the boat; and a high rock being pointed out as approachable, toward it we steered, and one by one clambered to its summit. The practised eyes of the whalers on shore espied our position, and they immediately came to our relief. Even their buoyant whale-boat, however, was in danger of being shattered to atoms by the terrific rollers which rushed in rapid succession to the pebbled shore. Long were we kept in anxious suspense outside the surf; but at last the command was given to pull, when the fragile boat flew over the angry waves like a petrel, dipping her wings into the white foam, till we felt the ground. As soon as the ground was touched, the rowers leaped into the water, leaving their oars to the waves, and snatched us from our seats, with such rapidity that we scarcely knew where we were, or what we were about, when a host of people surrounded us, and welcomed our arrival.

Evening Service was just over, and the whole Congregation met us in an extasy of joy and delight. I cannot describe the scene. To meet again at the first moment of our arrival an affectionate flock; to hear their calls of welcome; to see the deep sigh heaving from their breasts; to shake hardy hands, and at times rub noses, which the old men and women still would do; to mark their willingness to help in carrying our children and the few articles which we had brought with us; to experience their attention to our wants, by supplying us with milk, butter,

flour, potatoes, kumeras, &c.; to see one running to make a fire, another bringing a calabash of water, and a third gathering fern for our beds—in fact, all striving together how they could best show their affection and care, and by their various services please our hearts and eyes; completely overwhelmed my feelings: it was more than my frame was calculated to bear. No doubt the excitement of seeing again their former Minister, and the novelty of a strong and active fellow-labourer for them by his side, produced at the moment great interest and activity among the people. Still, it would be the height of ingratitude in me were I not openly to acknowledge their strong and enduring affection.

Mr. Kissling then proceeds to state his conviction that a considerable improvement had taken place amongst the people since he had been there before, notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which the Station had been placed. Parents were more anxious to have instruction for their children. The young men, who used to be often rude and stubborn, came forward, entreating to be employed by Mr. Barker on his journeys through the district, that, as they travelled with him, they might be benefited by his instructions. After mentioning other points, Mr. Kissling says—

The principle of doing something toward the support of Schools, and erecting substantial buildings for Divine Service among themselves, begins to develope itself. At Rangitukia a quantity of timber has been sawn by the Natives, and they expressed not only their willingness, but even their anxiety, to receive the plan of a Church, and to be told the requisite dimensions of the timber, that they might go in a body to the forest, and prepare the materials with their own hands. Several other settlements are ready to follow this example.

Another pleasing sign of their improvement is the extensive cultivation of wheat. Seven years ago, when I first laboured in that District, not a grain of wheat was grown. Mr. Stack took thither two stockingfuls of wheat. This was carefully sown at Waiapu and Te Kauakaua on nicely-prepared soil. This small quantity of seed yielded in the first year—1843—a crop beyond our expectation. It was distributed amongst the best of our converts, on condition that its produce should be distributed again, and used for seed only. From this small beginning large and rich fields of wheat now cheer the eyes of the visitor; the Natives being everywhere supplied with wholesome food, beside the many thousand bushels—last year 10,000—which they sell to traders for excellent breeds of horses and cattle. The latter yield them a large quantity of milk, which serves for the support of their young children, for their sick, for regaling visitors and strangers among them, as well as for themselves on their return from their peaceful plantations.

In this we have a beautiful emblem of the manner in which Christian truth has spread throughout the District. It was at first as a handful of corn, and was sown in a few hearts; but it wonderfully multiplied; and now there are fields white unto the harvest, and the only fear is that there may not be labourers enough to reap them in.

Our readers are aware that Archdeacon W. Williams, the first Missionary ever stationed in the Eastern District of New Zealand,



is now in England. Let us pray that his visit home may be productive of much good, and that several devoted labourers may go back with him to assist in gathering in the precious harvest.



ABBEOKUTA AND ITS PEOPLE.

THERE is little doubt that both the climate and people of Africa have been generally misrepresented by the slave-traders. The climate has been described as pestilential, in order to fright the lawful trader from its shores. Now we are inclined to think that the African climate is not, on the whole, as unhealthy to the European as many other parts of the world which might be mentioned. There are, of course, unhealthy spots and unhealthy seasons there as elsewhere; but we do not find that the loss of Missionary life is greater at Abbeokuta than in India or Ceylon.

The Negro tribes have been branded with dulness and stupidity, and a position the lowest in the scale of humanity has been assigned them. Indeed, they have been treated as if they did not belong to the human family, and have been dealt with by the slave-dealers as if they were included amongst those inferior creatures over whom man was given dominion. They have been shamefully and inhumanly bought and sold, as if they had no rights of their own. Thankful we are in being enabled to state that this wicked traffic, at the present moment, is being rigorously dealt with, as it deserves; and as the clouds which have for ages overshadowed Africa with gloom clear away, we are enabled to perceive how cruelly its people have been misrepresented. We find the educated African mind as comprehensive as our own; and as we learn more of the interior of the country we find much in the internal economy of their great towns to convince us that the African people are not the stupid savages they were once supposed to be, fitted only for beasts of burden, and possessing no suitability for social, moral, or intellectual advancement.

Our Missionaries have happily dispelled so selfish a view of African capabilities, and from them we obtain the true state of the case. From Abbeokuta we learn that the native population there, although bound up in many degrading superstitions, yet possess social, political, and commercial institutions, which exhibit them in a far more elevated position than the slave-dealer would have us believe they occupy. Abbeokuta possesses a government, administered by a head Chief, who is advised by lesser Chiefs and warriors. Their domestic system is on the patriarchal plan, and they are eminently a trading people. Their daily and periodical markets are supplied abundantly with all the necessaries of life, consisting of fowls, vegetables, the flesh of wild animals, dried fish, medicines, herbs, roots, native ironmongery, beads, clothing of all descriptions, gunpowder, earthenware, sweetmeats, and cooked provisions of various kinds. The markets are arranged with the strictest regard to order, each variety of goods being found in its appropriate place.

The scene depicted below is common in the streets of Abbeokuta.



This is the ordinary morning meal of the inhabitants—a sort of hot gruel, composed of Indian-corn meal, prepared by women whose business it is to sell it. She has dipped it out of the earthen pot with a wooden spoon, and is pouring it into a small calabash, the buyer paying a cowry or two in proportion to his wants and means. Our own early coffee-stalls afford similar examples of a street breakfast.

The Yorubans do not take their meals together in families, as in our country. The husband eats apart from his wife, or in company with his male children, while the mother provides for the younger children or daughters; and the dressed provisions, as already described, are frequently made use of instead of their own cookery.

May the work of the Lord, which has been so successfully prosecuted in Abbeokuta, yet go on and increase, so that souls may be daily added to the Redeemer's kingdom!

## JATNI, THE BRAHMIN'S DAUGHTER.

THE following sketch from the "Journal of Missions"—Boston, U. S.—will, we doubt not, prove interesting to our readers. It has been condensed from a fuller account of Jatni, furnished by the Rev. J. Warren, of the American Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, at Allahabad, Northern India.

Many years ago a Brahmin, named Ranjit, made a profession of Christianity at Chunar, and put himself under the care of the late Rev. W. Bowley. There he was baptized, and after a while made a Catechist, or Native Assistant. He was engaged some years as Superintendant of a village belonging to the Church Mission at Chunar.

This man had two daughters, of the younger of whom I am about to tell you. She was married, when about fifteen years old, to one of the young men who had been brought up at that Mission; and they were shortly after sent to us by Mr. Bowley for employment. Her husband has since become the foreman of the printing-office under my care here. Both were educated in connexion with Mr. Bowley's Orphan-schools. They were not orphans, but were taught with the orphans.

She was baptized in her childhood by the name of Betsey; but was also frequently, indeed generally, called by her native name, Jatni. She was received to the communion in our Church five or six years ago. At that time she passed an examination; but we did not see any thing very remarkable in her. I have often noticed that she seemed to pay perfect attention to the preaching of the Gospel; and when I have been in her house, to speak on the subject of religion, she always seemed to listen with great interest, and to be glad of the opportunity to learn. If I asked her any questions, she answered me in a satisfactory manner, so far as her extreme modesty, or timidity, would permit her to speak. But, though so shy, it was not long before we discovered that her character had many excellencies. Though we could not often hear of any thing in particular that she did, yet she gained the respect and love of all the Native-Christian community. All the men were ready to point to her as an example for their wives; and all the women, without envy or strife, acknowledged her as the most excellent person amongst them.

Jatni suffered many sorrows in her life. She had a darling little son, who, at thirteen months of age, was suddenly cut down by convulsions, after about a day's illness. My wife and I saw him die. Poor Jatni, who was not at all prepared for such an event, cast her arms around Mrs. Warren's waist, and hid her face in her bosom, and, in a strain very similar to David's lament for Absalom, bemoaned her loss; but she neither did nor said any thing unbecoming her Christian profession. After this she had another little boy, who died in the same way; and after this again a little daughter. On one of these occasions, for a few moments she was almost wild with grief; but when I began to hold up to her view the heaven that is promised to believers and their infant children, she at once laid hold of and acknowledged the consolations of the Gospel.

At last came sickness—fever, constantly returning in spite of all that could be done to check it. I suspected consumption, and soon it showed itself in a way that left no doubt we should soon lose her. I took the first favourable opportunity to ask her how she felt when the question came up in her mind whether she should get well or not. I asked this

with all the care and softness I could, because I knew she was so timid, and I feared she might be shocked and injured. But I was delighted to find that she had thought of it, and had come to feel willing that God should do with her, as to life, just as He pleased. I questioned her closely, and set death and the judgment before her plainly; but her nerves were firm, her eye clear, and her voice calm and steady: her uniform profession, from that time forward, was, "I know Christ, and can fully and completely trust Him in all things. He keeps my mind in perfect peace." No soldier on the field of battle, no brave and strong man, ever faced death with more cool, unwavering courage, than did this weak, timid, shrinking woman, though shattered by sickness and pain. I saw her often, and always found her the same.

Her disease was not very rapid in its destructive work: she wasted away for some months. Sometimes she had hope of recovery; but that hope did not produce any lessening of her resignation, nor did it seem to render her less fit for her great change. At length she gave up all hope. I saw very little difference in her after this. She seemed ready to go; and the main thing that I could notice in the state of her mind was a quiet, calm, trustful waiting for the set time. I went to see her before going to Church one Sunday evening, and found that she was peaceful. When I returned from Church she was dead.

As soon as it was known that I had come into my bungalow, my best Native-Christian Assistant came to tell me of it. To my surprise, he spoke in a tone of unusual animation, and seemed to be rejoicing. I asked, "How did she die?" "Oh, Sir, such a thing was never seen in the Native-Christian community in this part of the country before. She called for you, and was sorry she could not tell you how much she thanked you for all you had taught her and comforted her. Then she called for all of us, and when we went to her she asked if she had offended any one, and said that, if she had, she begged for pardon. Then she said she wanted to tell us that Christ was with her, and that her heart was full of joy and faith. Then she bade us all farewell, and prayed for us. We all knelt down and prayed for her. She spoke to her heathen servant, and told him to become a Christian. Then she remained silent a few moments, and suddenly died."—I said, "This is a very happy thing that has occurred, Baboo. This is not like a common death, that leaves a faint hope and a great deal of sorrow behind." "No, Sir, it is not. Come out and see the people. You will see how those who loved her best rejoice rather than mourn." I went out, and found a large party of the Christians gathered in the verandah. The body was laid out there. All were calm. I talked to them a little about what they had witnessed. Many of them confessed that, when they had heard from us how happily Christians had died, they had hardly been able to believe it; but now they had seen it—it was a strange thing to them. They had known Christians to die with some calmness; but they had never seen one triumphant and joyful.

The next day we laid the body of dear Jatni beside those of her three children.

Thus the seed sown by Bowley has been matured and gathered in under another instrumentality. "Herein is that saying true, One soweth, and another reapeth." But the time will come when "both he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together."

## LADIES' WORKING PARTIES.

THE kind friends who assemble to work for our destitute converts in Rupert's Land, New Zealand, &c., will be gratified to hear that the ships which sailed for Hudson's Bay last month carried with them, against the time when stern winter shall resume its sway over the cold and desolate regions of the Red Indian, warm clothing amounting in value to 238*l*. It has been distributed in the following proportions—

For the Rev. R. James, Grand Rapids . . .	£45
J. Smithurst, Indian Settlement . . .	16
A. Cowley, Manitoba Lake . . .	30
J. Hunter, Cumberland . . .	42
R. Hunt, Lac la Ronge . . .	105
	<u>£238</u>

We embrace this opportunity of informing our friends that two more Stations have been added to the Mission—Moose Lake, under our Native Missionary, the Rev. Henry Budd, and Moose Factory, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Horden, who proceeded thither in the ships above mentioned. Although these Stations are somewhat similar in name, they are separated from each other by hundreds of miles of impassable morasses, rivers, and lakes. As new Stations, they will especially call for the sympathy which has been so seasonably extended to the other Stations; and if spared until next year we shall hope to plead for them, stirring up the minds of our friends by way of remembrance.

We would recommend the contributors to the above liberal supply of clothing to procure a most interesting little work just published by Nisbet, price 3*s*. 6*d*.—"The Rainbow in the North," by Miss S. Tucker, author of "South-Indian Missionary Sketches." It gives a clear, graphic, and touching account of the Society's Mission in Rupert's Land, and is illustrated by many engravings.

It will encourage our friends who give their time and labour to aid the Missionary cause by contributions of clothing and fancy work, to know that in the year ending June 1851 there have been sent out to the different Missions, as nearly as can be ascertained, supplies to the following amount—

West Africa . . . . .	£129
Abbeokuta . . . . .	71
East Africa . . . . .	8
North India . . . . .	363
South India . . . . .	303
Western India . . . . .	68
New Zealand . . . . .	108
British Guiana . . . . .	18
Rupert's Land, as above . . . . .	238
	<u>£1306</u>

We could give many testimonies from our Missionaries of the value of these supplies of clothing; but we will confine ourselves to one of the most recent, received from the Rev. R. Davis, of the Northern District of New Zealand. In his Journal of 1850 he says—

We have again, in the name of our school-children, to express our most sincere thanks to other unknown Christian friends for an additional supply of clothing. May a blessing from the Lord rest upon them, and upon their families! Through the bounty of such friends 54 poor naked children have been clothed during the winter, which has been unusually severe, and there has been but little sickness among them. They have also now a small stock on hand, which will be preserved for next winter.

It is desirable that such Christian friends should not remain "unknown." If they would enclose with their articles a Letter to the Missionary, he would be able to return his thanks, and those of his converts, direct to the benevolent donors. A link of Christian sympathy would thus be established, which might be expected to result in benefiting both the reliever and the relieved.

Our readers are reminded that lists of the articles most suitable for the different Missions are published, and may be obtained on application to the Secretaries, Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, London.

We believe it to be a practice in working parties for one among the number to read aloud some publication of a profitable character, generally having reference to Missionary work. Several interesting books of this kind have been published by the Society, and would be found well adapted for such a purpose. We conclude our remarks by subjoining a list of some of them. A fuller list may be had by applying to the Secretaries, as above.

Good out of Evil; or the history of Adjai, the African Slave Boy. 3s.

Wertheim and Macintosh, Paternoster Row.

Weitbrecht's Protestant Missions in Bengal illustrated. 5s. Shaw, Southampton Row.

Leupolt's Recollections of an Indian Missionary. 2s. Seeleys, Fleet St.  
Tucker's (Miss S.) South-Indian Missionary Sketches. 6s. Nisbet, Berners Street.

Tucker's (Rev. J.) Lecture on the commencement of the Society's South-India Mission, and the history of the Travancore Mission. 6d. Seeleys.

The late Rev. H. W. Fox's Chapters on Missions in South India. 3s. 6d. Seeleys.

Memoir of the above, by the Rev. G. T. Fox. 7s. 6d. Seeleys.

Pettitt's Tinnevely Mission of the Society. 7s. Seeleys.

Bernau's Missionary Labours in British Guiana. 7s. Shaw.

Church Missionary Intelligencer and Gleaner, monthly. Seeleys.

Church Missionary Tracts, Nos. I. to IX. (to be continued). Seeleys.

No. 17. NEW SERIES.]

[AUGUST, 1851.

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



FLIGHT OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN FROM ABBEOKUTA. — *Vide* p. 195.

## DEFENCE OF ABBEOKUTA.

IN our Number for May last we introduced an Engraving of a Dahomian Amazon, accompanied by a brief description of Gezo's formidable army, at the head of which this slave-trading monarch has wasted so many of the surrounding countries, burning the towns and villages, and slaying or carrying away as prisoners the miserable inhabitants. Much anxiety has been felt on account of Abbeokuta, as it was known that the female soldiers had demanded to be led against it, and that it was marked out as the next object of attack. The history of that town—the manner in which it has sprung up from amidst the ruins of the Yoruba kingdom—the return of the Egbas who had been liberated in Sierra Leone to this their own country, bringing with them the elements of improvement, and preparing the way for the commencement of a Christian Mission—the hopeful aspect of our Missionary work in this new sphere, and the promise which it afforded of the approach of better days for Africa—all helped to invest Abbeokuta with peculiar interest. Just in proportion as it became an object of interest to us, was it viewed by Gezo and his people with increasing jealousy. They saw in it a rival state, rising into importance, and likely to interfere with them in their bloody wars and slave-trading pursuits. It was resolved, therefore, that it should be crushed at once, before it became stronger; and, in its destruction, Gezo hoped to vaunt himself as one of old—"My hand hath found as a nest the riches of the people: and as one gathereth eggs that are left, have I gathered all the earth; and there was none that moved the wing, or opened the mouth, or peeped."

The Chiefs and people of Abbeokuta had been much encouraged by the visit to their town of Mr. Beecroft, the British Consul, in January last. He had been at the Court of the King of Dahomey last year, and had endeavoured to dissuade him from his intended attack on the Egbas, but in vain. He was therefore able to forewarn the people of Abbeokuta of the coming danger, giving them wholesome counsel, and supplying them with means of defending themselves in case they should be attacked.

Toward the end of February, the inhabitants of the smaller towns to the westward of Abbeokuta conveyed intelligence to the Chiefs that the Dahomians were approaching; and on the morning of Monday, March the 2d, their army was to be seen from the heights within the city, driving before them the Egbas who had gone out to meet them on the open ground, but who, finding themselves unequally matched, retreated within the walls. There they turned on their assailants, the walls, as far as could be seen, being lined with the Egba soldiers, who, knowing that they were fighting for all that was most dear to them, were resolved on defending the town to the uttermost. The battle raged fiercely, the Dahomians advancing boldly—the Amazons at the head—fully expecting to force their way in, as they had done at other places, but checked by the fire of the Egbas, beneath which numbers of them fell. We may well conceive what a time of anxiety this must have been to the Missionaries, and that



part of the population who were not in the excitement of the contest. Gezo's army was numerous and well disciplined, flushed with victory; the Egbas, on the contrary, were little accustomed to war, and it was very doubtful whether they would be able to hold their ground. If they gave way, our Missionaries well knew what would be the consequence: a scene of horror would ensue, human blood would be poured forth as water, the survivors be led into captivity, and the town committed to the flames. The Missionary work would then be broken up, and this they knew to be Gezo's object. It was just "afore the harvest, when the bud is perfect, and the sour grape is ripening in the flower," and he had come to "cut off the sprigs with pruning-hooks, and take away and cut down the branches." It was therefore with them a time of earnest prayer, in which they cried mightily to the Lord for help. There was much on every side to stimulate them so to do. On the one side the battle was fearfully raging; on the other side of the town the women and children, fearful lest the enemy might prevail, were hurrying forth, weeping as they went, with some few men among them, to hide themselves in the woods from the tyrant's cruelty.\* Nor were their prayers unheard. The Lord marked the proceedings of the proud monarch of Dahomey, and humbled him in his unprovoked attack on a people who desired to dwell at peace. "I know thy abode, and thy going out, and thy coming in, and thy rage against me. Because thy rage against me, and thy tumult, is come up into mine ears, therefore will I put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest." His soldiers, male and female, fought ferociously, but in vain; until at length, finding themselves baffled in every effort, they were compelled slowly and sullenly to retire, leaving 1200 of their number dead upon the field of battle, beside many prisoners in the hands of the Egbas. On their retreat, they vented the fury of their disappointment on some poor people whom they had taken prisoners while engaged in their farming occupations. These, to the number of 42, they put to death by cutting off their heads, which they intended to carry back to their own country; but in this they were disappointed. While engaged in attacking another town, the Egbas unexpectedly came upon them, routing them with great loss, and, in the hurry of their flight, they were compelled to cast the heads away.

Let us pray that the deliverance vouchsafed to the Egbas may not be without its due effect on their minds; that they may recognise the hand of God in this great national deliverance, and, casting away their idols, prepare themselves more diligently than ever to receive instruction from our Missionaries.

#### BAPTISM AND DEATH OF THE FIRST MNIKA CONVERT.

In our Number for June we mentioned the case of the poor East-African cripple, "whose heart the Lord opened, that he attended

\* We have endeavoured to represent this scene in our Frontispiece.

unto the things which were spoken" by our Missionaries. The following extract of a Letter from the Rev. J. Rebmann—dated March 22, 1851—informs us that he has been removed by death—

The first fruit of this Mission has been gathered in. Mringe, who has often been mentioned since 1848 as the subject of Divine grace working in his heart, was baptized on the 24th of November, and went to his eternal rest on the 3d of December last. Seeing that his constitution was rapidly sinking, in consequence of the cancer which had long ago destroyed his hands and feet, I visited him very frequently, being anxious to comfort him in his sufferings, and to ascertain his state of mind—whether he indeed personally and inwardly felt himself a sinner, and his consequent need of a Saviour. Orthodox answers to questions put by the Missionary are not decisive, from a person who for years has been taught the doctrine of salvation by Jesus Christ alone. Such answers may be given rather from memory than from a corresponding state of mind. It was his behaviour, taken as a whole, and especially the mentioning of particular sins in his youth, the remembrance of which he said *ached* him; his decided refusal of the country medicines, which his mother was desirous to apply, as being almost invariably connected with sorcery; his willingness to make an open confession of his faith; and his readiness to die; which convinced Mr. Erhardt and myself that he was, though a weak, yet a real believer in Christ, and as such entitled to baptism. Nothing remained but to make him understand, as much as possible, the nature and solemnity of baptism, for which purpose I went through the Baptismal Service with him twice; and, as he was so much dependent on his mother, on account of his helpless body, to get her consent to declare her son to be by that act taken out of every connexion with heathenism, and to be a member of the Church of Christ. Having gone so far, I fixed at last on Sunday, November the 24th, for his baptism, which then took place, all in the Kinika language, in the presence of his mother, Abbe Gunja, the Chief and one of the Elders, one of our servants, and a few other Wanika. He was living at the time in a little hut about three miles distant from us, which had been hastily constructed for him some months before his death, as is customary with the Wanika in the case of persons afflicted with cancer. This hut being too small, the baptism was administered in the open air, not long before sunset, that he might not be exposed to the heat of the sun. He was called Johannesi. Thus the first soul of the thousands and millions of this part of Africa has been translated from the reign of Satan into the kingdom of Christ, the pledge of the full harvest for which our faith has still to wait, and our love to labour. The Lord's name be praised, who allows even the least and most unworthy of His servants to lead souls to Him, who alone is our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. He had now no other wish than to depart from this troublesome world, and to go to Jesus; and, from the exhaustion of his body, it was clear to himself and others that his days on earth could not be expected to be many. I much wished to be present at his end, and to procure for him a Christian burial; the more so, as the Wanika are accustomed to deny people who die of cancer the usual way of burying, and cast them into cliffs or caves of rocks, from the foolish belief that if they are buried like persons who have died of some other disease, the dreaded cancer, or "*máhāna*"—as it is called in their own language, a word which they are afraid even of pronouncing—will

take hold on some one of the relatives. Having, however, some business to settle at Mombas, and Mr. Erhardt being unwell, it happened that in our absence Mringe died. He was immediately carried on a bedstead, and cast into the cavity of a rock.

At the sounding of the archangel's trump the rocks shall be rent, and the graves shall be opened, and the bodies of the saints arise. Nor shall our first East-African convert be wanting. He shall "stand in his lot at the end of the days."

### DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE HINDUS.

WE do not call a man civilized, however magnificent his dress, whose manners are rough and uncultivated. Sparkling jewels and costly raiment will not make up for the want of kindly tempers and gracious manners. So it is with nations: we often find them with a kind of outward civilization, but the heart of the nation is not civilized. In China there is very much of this. At the Emperor's Court there prevails a stately ceremonial. In the houses of the Mandarins there is much taste and elegance, and the deportment of the people, in their intercourse with each other, is studied and polite; but true civilization is wanting there, for parents often in the most cold-blooded manner put to death their own children. So in India there is much of this appearance of civilization. There are splendid buildings, mosques, and pagodas, and beautiful structures erected in memory of the dead; there are princely Nawabs and rich Rajahs; one passes on his elephant, surrounded by his attendants; another receives his guests at a costly entertainment, and nautch-girls and fire-works are provided to grace the feast; but this is only the glitter on the surface, and the interior life of the people remains uncivilized.

True civilization is the effect of Christianity. The private dwelling is its home: there you will find it. There it produces affectionate hearts, makes people unselfish, leads them to seek their own happiness in the happiness of others, renders the wife the equal and companion of her husband, invests the children with value in the parents' eyes, who regard them as God's precious gifts to them, causes the father and mother to be respected and loved, and, if circumstances render it necessary, succoured by the children. It banishes quarrellings and evil tempers from the private dwelling, and makes it a loved and pleasant home. Our English homes are often such, and where they are such, Christianity has made them so. Domestic civilization is the product of Christianity, and nowhere is it to be found except where the Gospel has come and shed abroad in the hearts of men its renewing and sanctifying influence. A Christian Englishman's greatest earthly enjoyment is his home. Thither he hastens when the toils of business are over. He knows there is a welcome awaiting him there; that no sooner is he seen in the distance than some will run to meet him; that no sooner has he passed the threshold of his door than he will be gladdened by the sunshine of affectionate hearts and smiling faces. What a lovely

thing pure Christianity is! It shares its blessings with the poor as with the rich. It beautifies the cottage of the labourer, it makes his humble habitation pleasant and cheerful, and it is the richest ornament of the rich man's house. It sanctifies wealth and it ennobles poverty. Pervaded by its influence, the royal palace becomes a tranquil and affectionate Christian home, and the lowly dwelling becomes the poor man's palace. Happy England! Happy, because she has the Gospel; and still more happy if that Gospel were more extensively and deeply influential.



Perhaps we should be more sensible how much we owe the Gospel, if we compared an English with an heathen home. We shall select that of the Hindu. If it be a poor man's dwelling, there is nothing attractive in its appearance. It is a small cabin, seven or eight feet high, without a single window; for, although the Hindus have long known glass, they have never used it as we do, to admit light, and yet shut out the heat and dust of the dry season, or the heavy rain and wind of other periods. The interior consists of two rooms:

the partition-wall, not being so high as the roof, allows the innermost one some small share in the scanty light which enters by the door. On entering, it looks bare and uncomfortable. Chairs, tables, and other items of what we esteem to be necessary furniture, are all wanting. A few vessels for holding water, and two or three mats, alone meet the eye. This, however, would be of little consequence if love and peace and mutual respect graced the humble dwelling—the husband giving honour to the wife as to the weaker vessel, the wives having “the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit,” children obeying their parents, and parents not provoking their children to wrath. The climate of the Hindu is such that he can dispense with many things which to us are absolutely necessary; but, alas! within doors the climate is so chill that domestic affections do not flourish there. The false religion of India exercises the same influence on domestic life which the wintry cold of the polar regions does on vegetable life. The varieties of plants which adorn happier countries are unknown in those stern lands, where for nine months in the year the earth is frozen as hard as rock. Hindu idolatry is as cold winter to the heart of man, and the manifestations of kindly feelings and affections are just as rare where it prevails as plants of pleasant growth amongst the arctic snows. The wife is the husband's slave. The husband expects her service, but requires it by no affection. He sits; she stands by to serve: when he has eaten, she removes what is left, and this is her portion, provided it be eaten somewhere else. ~~This is the scene presented in our Engraving.\*~~ ~~The expression of the countenances is not quite truthful: the husband is looking too kindly—the wife seems as if she hoped to please.~~ When there is no affectionate intercourse between the parents, what can be expected of the children? Dread of the father, disrespect to the mother, soon show themselves, and the household is full of all those evil tempers which might be expected to disfigure the daily life of young people placed in such unhappy circumstances.

David, in the 144th Psalm, uses the following expression—“that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth.” Such will be the case with those who, in Christian families, are brought up in “the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” But the young people in heathen families, how do they grow in character and disposition? As plants grow which are deprived of light, crooked and distorted, and without that beauty and fair proportion they would have attained if they had enjoyment of that element which is so necessary to them, and which they so curiously affect. The greater part of living vegetables incline their stems toward the light. Plants in a greenhouse turn their leaves toward the side from whence the light comes, and on that side the blossoms open. Turn the flower-pot the opposite

\* The Brahmin is sitting under the shade of a large tree, as is the custom in hot weather, and his wife is bringing him his rice upon a young plantain leaf. He will eat it with his right hand, without knife, fork, or spoon; and when he has finished he will take a good draught of water, taking care not to touch his lips with the vessel, but pouring the water into his mouth.

way, and the leaves will curiously twist, until they once more get round to the light. Some flowers open as the sun rises, follow his course by turning on their stems, and shut up so soon as he disappears. The light which comes from the Sun of Righteousness is not less needful to man; but the plants and flowers put him to shame; for, left to himself, he makes no effort, shows no desire to attain that light; nay, sometimes he shuts up when it falls upon him: "the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not."

Lord! hasten the time when He who is the true light shall enlighten every dark heart, and illuminate every cheerless dwelling of the human family!

#### DEATH OF A PUPIL IN THE PALAMCOTTAH SEMINARY.

THE Rev. W. Clark, who has charge of this Institution, has communicated to us the following notice of Gnanapragasam Abraham, one of the students, a youth of much talent and great promise of usefulness, who has recently been removed by death—

He was in the second class; but so diligent and successful was he, that two prizes, given by a Christian friend, were awarded to him. One consisted of a box of mathematical instruments, valued at about twenty-two rupees, given for the best translation of a portion of Paley's Evidences into Tamil: the other was a bound copy of Horne's Introduction, given for the best essay describing "A day spent in a pious and well-ordered Tinnevely Christian family."

Though we felt his loss, and still feel it, yet we are much comforted with the thought that he left a cheering evidence of his dependence on his Saviour for salvation, and of his acceptance and adoption by his heavenly Father.

The disease of which he died was cholera, supposed to have been produced by a shock which he received at the sight of the mangled remains of a murdered woman. He had been to Mr. Huffton's house, and, having heard that a murder had been committed in a village close by, he went with some of his school-fellows, who were accompanying him, to see the murdered person. So affected was he with the sight, that he wept as he returned home. In the evening he was not able to eat his usual meal: the sickening sight was still before his eyes. In the morning he was attacked with symptoms of cholera; but, as they were not violent, he did not regard them with any serious apprehensions. At seven o'clock he went to Church, as usual, with the rest of the boys; but before he had been a quarter of an hour in Church he became so ill as to be obliged to return to the School. There he was seen by the dresser, but he did not think there was any cause to be alarmed. He gave him some medicine, and promised to see him again. At nine o'clock, however, as soon as we had returned from the Service, Vathanayagam came to me with much anxiety, and told me that he was in a dangerous state. I immediately went to the sick-room, where he was lying, and found that the disease was really cholera, and that it was in an advanced stage. The dresser was sent for, and afterward the European doctor, and every expedient was tried to restore warmth to his cold body; but nothing that we could do succeeded: only the smallest portion of cungey would remain on his stomach, and the little heat that was produced by hot

water, &c., almost instantly left him. When he perceived that he was really in danger he asked us to pray for him ; so we all knelt down, and Mr. Schaffter prayed on his behalf. He was very earnest, and intently engaged in the prayer, as much as his strength would permit. When asked by Mr. Sargent and myself what were his hopes for eternity, and whether he rested solely on the merits of Christ for salvation, he replied that he felt no fear ; that he rested only on the merits of Christ ; and that he believed his sins were pardoned for His sake. Such, I believe, was truly the case ; and I do not doubt that, when permitted to enter into the fulness of joy, we shall meet him in the enjoyment of eternal life.

During the last hour he was scarcely conscious. At three o'clock, while the bell was ringing for the Afternoon Service, his released spirit passed from his body into the eternal world.

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KAREPA, OF TE HAWERA.

Our Missionary, the Rev. W. Colenso, has under his charge an immense district on the eastern coast of New Zealand. Like other of our Missionaries in that island who are similarly circumstanced, much of his time is occupied in travelling. So widely scattered is the population, and so numerous are his engagements, that months elapse before he is able to revisit the same point again. During the intervening period many changes take place, and on his return he finds, perhaps, the most Christian of the people, who were wont to value him for his work's sake, and kindly greet him on his arrival, removed by death. So it proved on a recent occasion—April 1850—when, emerging from the dark wood through which his path had lain, Mr. Colenso approached the little lonely village of Te Hawera. Mournful cries were heard ; nor was he ignorant of the cause. Since he had been with them, his old friend Karepa, or Caleb, the Chief of the village, with two other baptized adults, had died. The New Zealanders are a people of very strong feelings, and their national expressions of sorrow are very affecting. Soon the relatives and friends were seen defiling from the village, uttering the same sounds of sorrow, until, meeting the Missionary party, they conducted them to a little enclosure near the Chapel, where, on similar occasions, the tent had always been pitched. There, removed a little distance, they bewailed the loss of their Chief. Mr. Colenso was sitting on the very spot where he and Caleb had last parted : now, on one side, was his tomb, neatly fenced in, and the weeping widow and tribe ; on the other, the little Chapel which he had erected, and where he had been baptized ; and at Mr. Colenso's feet, within a little fence which he and Caleb had put up, were four young and healthy apple-trees, which had rapidly grown from as many seeds of an apple which the two friends had shared together on the day on which they parted. Ideas of an opposite character, thus strangely associated, so affected our good Missionary that he could not refrain weeping with the mourners.

By and bye, the villagers slowly came toward him, with wet eyes, sighing silently, and, as each one shook hands and rubbed noses with him, quietly said, "Accept the dying love of Karepa!"

At night the Natives gathered round Mr. Colenso in his tent, and one of them thus related Caleb's last illness and death—

"Karepa adhered to your advice, and when he felt a little unwell he moved about, and did some light work. In the early part of October he dug around and cleared away the grass from the four young apple-trees, saying how glad he was to see the trees of his Minister spring and grow. His illness increasing, he said he thought he should not recover. He now summoned us all to come close around him, and with much love exhorted us, talking energetically"—as was his custom—"a long while. He said—

'You well know that I have brought you from time to time much riches. I have obtained for you muskets, powder, hatchets, knives, blankets, shirts, spades, &c. I afterward heard of the new riches, called Faith. I sought it. I went to Manawatu—in those days a long and perilous journey, for we were surrounded by enemies: no man travelled alone. I saw the few Natives who, it was said, had heard of it; but they could not satisfy me. I sought further, but in vain. I afterward heard of a White Man, called Hadfield, being at Kapiti, at Otaki, and that with him was the spring where I could fill my empty and dry calabash. I travelled to his place, to Otaki, but in vain: he was gone—gone away ill. I returned to you, my children, darkminded. Many days passed by. The snows fell, they melted, they disappeared: the tree-buds expanded, and the intricate, entangled paths of our low forests were again passable to the foot of the Native Man. At last we heard of another White Man, who was going about over mountains and through forests and swamps, giving drink from his calabash to the poor secluded native folk—to the remnants of the tribes of the mighty, of the renowned of former days—now dwelling by twos and by threes among the roots of the big trees of the ancient forests, and among the long reeds by the rills in the dells! Yes, my grandchildren! my and your ancestors once spread over the country, as the koitareke (*quail*) and kiwi (*upteryx*) once did; but now their descendants are even as the descendants of these birds—scarce, gone, dead, fast hastening to utter extinction! Yes, we heard of that White Man: we heard of his going over the high snowy range to Patea, up the East Coast, all over the rocks to Turakirae. I sent four of my children to Mataikona to meet him.\* They saw his face—yes, you, you talked with him. You brought me a drop of water from his calabash. You told me he had said he would come to this far-off islet† to see me. I rejoiced: I disbelieved his coming; but I said, he may. I built the Chapel: we waited expecting. You slept at nights. I did not. He came: he emerged from the long forest: he stood upon Te Hawera ground. I saw him: I shook hands with him: we rubbed noses together. Yes, I saw a Missionary's face; I sat in his cloth house [tent]; I tasted his new food; I heard him talk *Maori*. My heart bounded within me; I listened; I ate his words. You slept at nights. I did not. Yes, I listened; and he told

\* In Mr. Colenso's Journal of April 12th, 1845, we find—"I saw at Mataikona four young men from Ihuraua," the old residence of Caleb, "three of whom immediately entered their names as Candidates for Baptism." He then promised to visit their tribe in his next journey. Of those four, three had preceded the old Chief to the eternal world; and the fourth was Mr. Colenso's narrator.

† The Natives call an isolated wood or village, in the interior, by the same name as an island—*motu*.



me about God and His Son Jesus Christ, and of peace and reconciliation, and of a loving Father's home beyond the stars. And now I, too, drank from his calabash, and was refreshed. He gave me a book, as well as words. I laid hold of the new riches for me and for you; and we have it now. My children, I am old; my teeth are gone, my hair is white, the yellow leaf is falling from the *tāwai* tree:\* I am departing. The sun is sinking behind the graet western hills: it will soon be night. But hear me: do you hold fast the new riches—the great riches—the true riches. We have had plenty of sin and pain and death; and we have been teased by many—by our neighbours and relatives; but we have the true riches. Hold fast the true riches which Karepa sought for, for you.'

"Here he became faint, and ceased talking. We all wept like little children around the bed of the dying old man—of our father. We were few in number, and far from human aid or sympathy. The next day he expressed a wish that his only son, Huru, might be sent for. He had been several weeks absent, roaming about on the Manawatu river. The messenger went to the nearest villages on the river, and learned that he was nearly a week's journey off, so that he could not be fetched in time to see his dying father. In two days the messenger returned, and Karepa, when he heard that Huru was not come, and considered that he should no more see the face of his only son in this world, was for a time very sad; but he soon talked again as before, and left instructions for his son. The next day the old Chief said, 'My children, I have been dreaming. I last night saw my Minister: he was here, smiling upon me, and praying intercessory prayers for me. It is well. It is good. Now I know I shall go to the world of spirits. It is well. Hold fast the true riches when I am gone. God be merciful to me a sinner!' He now suffered much pain, from which he had scarcely any cessation until death relieved him. He prayed much and often, under the trees on the edge of the wood, going—in his pain—from place to place. His prayers, in his exigency, were those he had got by heart—the Collects for Ash-Wednesday, the second Sunday in Advent, the second and fourth Sundays in Lent, and the first in the Communion Service, and the Lord's Prayer. He also well knew the daily Collects of Morning and Evening Prayer, with the Confession, and Chrysostom's, and St. Paul's Benedictory Prayer: these, with the third chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, the old man always used whenever he was obliged to stay away from his Chapel, or to act as Minister. His constant prayer was, however, that of the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' He said he should like to see your face once more; and straitly charged us to tell you, that, though his body is dead, his love for his Minister still lives: this he often repeated. On Sunday, the 4th of November, while we, the few inhabitants of the village, were at School in our little Chapel, Leah, Mikaera's wife"—who had remained as a friend with Azubah, Caleb's aged wife—"came running to the Chapel to say he was gone! We concluded our School abruptly, and went over to the edge of the wood, where the body was: the soul had fled away to Jesus' city to dwell with Him. With much grief we paid the last rites. In less than a fortnight after, Caleb's only brother, Seth, also an aged man, who was in perfect health at this time, had also died; and now, O our father! your eyes behold the remnant!"

\* *Tāwai*—*Fagus* sp.—a deciduous-leaved beech; one of the few deciduous trees of New Zealand.

Mr. Colenso adds—

I wept much during this unadorned yet affecting recital ; but the holy and certain hope of his having, with all the faithful departed, entered into rest, comforted me not a little.

#### MISSIONARY MEETINGS AMONGST CONVERTS FROM ROMANISM.

WE have frequently alluded to Missionary Meetings held amongst the Natives of New Zealand, and in the Negro villages in Sierra Leone ; and we now have the pleasing task of reporting Missionary Meetings amongst converts from Romanism in Ireland—all illustrating the poet's beautiful idea, that "Charity is like a pebble dropped into a basin of water, which forms ripple after ripple upon the surface, till they are lost in the distance of the placid lake"—the converted soul, whether in Africa, New Zealand, or in the Romish districts in Ireland, always desiring to proclaim to others the free salvation which there is in Christ Jesus the Lord.

The following is an account of a Meeting held in the Doon Mission of the Irish Society—

*April 22*—Last evening we held a Meeting of the Church Missionary Society. A large number of converts attended, and evinced deep interest in the progress of the Gospel among the heathen. It was an interesting audience. Almost every individual present had been a Romanist twelve or eighteen months ago.

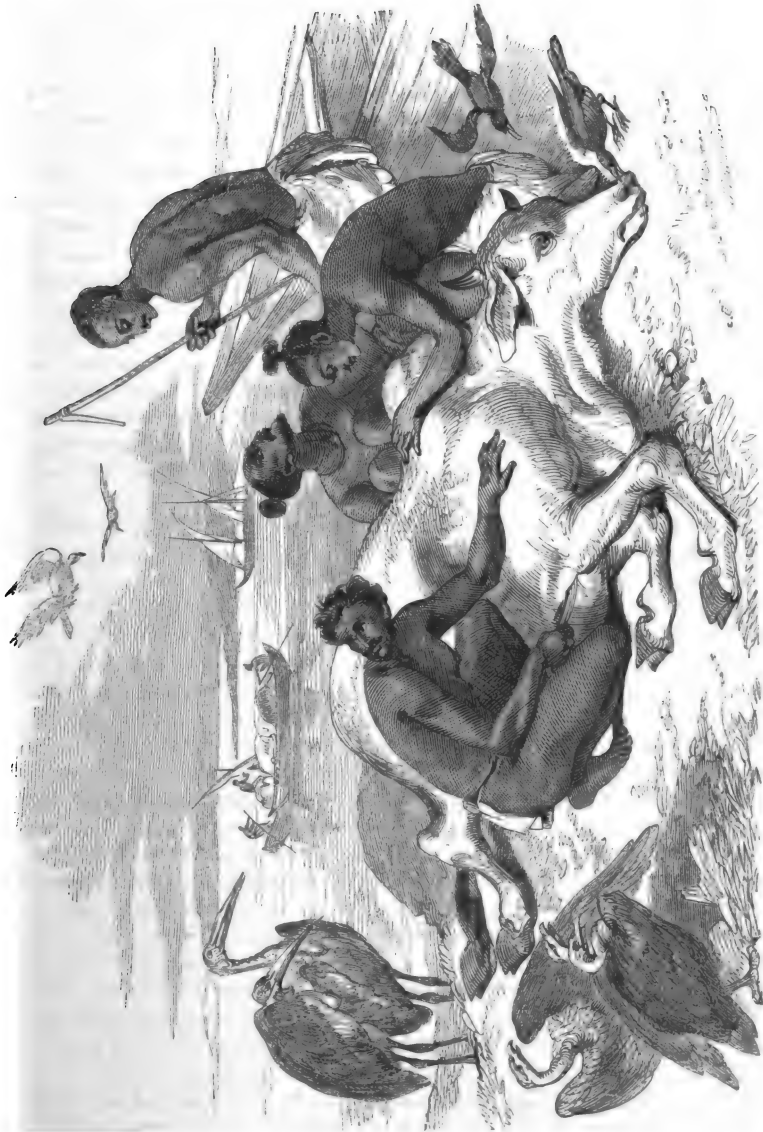
The following extract of a Letter from the Rev. J. R. Cotter—dated Donoughmore, county Cork, June 21, 1851—has been sent to us by the Secretary of the Irish Society—

We had last evening a glorious Meeting assembled for the special purpose of being addressed by the Deputation of the Church Missionary Society, headed by that most interesting English brother, the Rev. Edward Hoare, Incumbent of Christ Church, Ramsgate. He was anxious to see a work among the Roman Catholics. I told him I feared, as he could not come on a Sunday, I could only promise a small Meeting. We announced it for yesterday, Friday, at 7 P.M., when, to the surprise of us all, we had a *cram* of above 500, of whom about a hundred were at the doors and windows, and in the back porch. All the windows were open, and one party of those outside had an intelligent boy on their shoulders at a small end window, reporting to them what was said by the speakers within! Truly it was "as doves to their windows." Dear Mr. Hoare was delighted: indeed, he said to the Meeting, and to us, that of all the many Meetings he had attended he had never addressed one with such deep interest. His affectionate, loving manner and countenance, took greatly with them, and they wished him a thousand blessings, while some said they would have sat up all night for it. Your Letter, announcing the kind intentions of your Committee, reached me about half an hour after Mr. Hoare and the Rev. — Harbert, of Cork, left us. The latter also spoke very well indeed, and displayed a Hindu idol. I have this day found that some of the people remarked respecting it, "That is just the same as we used to have in the Chapel." All these individuals have been Roman Catholics, and many had come then for the first time. Our stated Sunday Congregation is now never under 350.

No. 18. NEW SERIES.]

[SEPTEMBER, 1851.

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



THE PARIAS, OR OUTCASTS, OF INDIA.—*Vide* p. 207.

## THE PARIAHS, OR OUTCASTS, OF INDIA.

THE Hindus are a numerous people, and by no means deficient in personal courage. The conduct of the sepoys in many sanguinary fields of battle, where they have fought and conquered under British colours, sufficiently proves this; yet have they always been a subjugated people. The productiveness of India has invited the invader, and seldom has he failed to carve out with his sword a portion for himself from the fair domains of India.

We are led to inquire what is the secret of this. There must be some source of national weakness, something peculiar to India; and such we find to be the case. The system of caste has rendered her unable to compete even with nations idolatrous like herself. It has prevented that close incorporation which would have given the Hindus strength, and rendered them able to act as an united body.

Society among the Hindus was originally separated into four divisions, called castes, which, from lapse of time, have been multiplied into many others. These castes are not like the different ranks of society amongst ourselves, which are so bound together by various relations as to be still one, so that "the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you." The Hindu castes are based upon the principle, that all men are not originally the same; that the different castes sprung in different ways from Brahma; and that there is consequently an essential difference between them, as much so as between different kinds of grain or fruit, or the different species of animals.

Of these castes we shall speak at another time. But beside these, there is another class of people which may well claim our commiseration—the Pariahs, or Outcasts. They are either the descendants of those who have been expelled from the castes, or they are the remains of a people once, perhaps, the owners of the soil, but who, by conquest at some very remote period, have been crushed and degraded. They are by no means few in number, a despicable portion of the community unworthy of attention. On the contrary, they are supposed to amount to twenty millions of human beings, most miserably oppressed, and ground into the dust.

An outcast may not live in the common street with the caste people, and in some districts may not enter the street where the Brahmins live. He may not enter the house of any caste person. The utmost which he is permitted is to show his head and one foot within the door of the family apartment. The place where the cattle herd is open to him. In this the caste people think him honoured, as, in their opinion, he ranks far below the cattle. He is cut off from all interchange of human sympathy, except with Pariahs like himself. No caste person may touch him, venture into his house, drink water which he has drawn, or eat food which he has cooked. Thus he is dealt with as a leper, hunted beyond the village wall, scorned and loathed as the most unclean of all unclean things. Their appearance is what might be expected. Their features are harsh and rugged, their manners coarse, and their habits immoral.

They are extremely poor. Some are employed as scavengers, others labour in the fields, earning about a rupee, or two shillings, a month, and receiving, when the harvest is gathered in, about another rupee in value, with some straw. If the wife is industrious, she earns something more by spinning cotton, so as to make their means of subsistence about three rupees a month. Poor creatures! if they become unable to labour there is no charity for them, and they are forced to eat all kinds of disgusting things. No sooner does a beast die, than a crowd of these hungry beings are seen around the carrion. We have given an engraving of a group of these poor outcasts. The sketch was made from nature, by a lady born in India. She says—"Frequently these miserable wretches go to the river-side in search of dead cattle thrown on shore by the waves, and dispute the prize with birds of prey, pariah dogs, and jackals, in order to get the skin, which they afterwards sell to the tanners for a trifle." May the strong pity of our readers be kindled, and many prayers on their behalf be put up to Him who "raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill."

This degraded class have greatly benefited from the occupation of India by the English. In the neighbourhood of large English settlements the caste people can no longer tyrannize over them. They have been universally employed as domestic servants in English families, where they soon improve in appearance, and become well-looking and agreeable. They are found in the army, and have been admitted into other situations. Many of them, in the Mission Schools, have shared in the blessings of Christian education. Of the Gospel they stand much in need, as on every thing connected with religion they are exceedingly dark and ignorant. They do not know what prayer means. At bed-time and rising they will frame a wish to some idol-god or goddess; or they will make a vow when in trouble, or on the eve of some important undertaking; but even these have reference only to the body: as to the soul and its wants they have no consciousness. But if their need of the Gospel be great, there is in their case no barrier of caste to interpose between them and its blessed influence. One of our Missionaries at Masulipatam has been visiting the Pariah villages in the neighbourhood, and has found how easy of access they are in this respect, compared with other natives of India.

Their separation from man leaves them more open to the efforts of the Missionary: the women, as well as the men, come freely to hear: their social disqualification becomes, in this respect, an unspeakable gain; and as it is most necessary, so is it most suitable, that they should have abundant opportunity of hearing the words of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. May the time come when it shall be said of the poor Pariahs, "which in time past were not a people, but are now the people of God: which had not obtained mercy, but now have obtained mercy!" We recommend them to the earnest prayers of our Christian readers.

## THE AFRICANS IN THE DELTA OF THE NIGER.

THE great river Niger discharges itself into the Atlantic Ocean through a great number of streams and channels which communicate with each other, so that the country, intersected as it is with them, looks like a network of waters. Parts of the country are described by the Presbyterian Missionaries who are labouring there as cleared and under cultivation, and very beautiful. It is a very populous part of Africa, inviting Missionary labour, and affording, by the abundance of water communication, easy access to the millions along the banks of the rivers lying in heathen darkness.

It will be interesting to our readers to learn that the Gospel is being preached to them. The Christian Africans in Jamaica, who are under the care of Presbyterian Missionaries, felt themselves bound to do something for their fatherland. They had received freely: they wished to give freely. They held meetings, offered prayers, collected considerable funds. The King of Old Calabar, with seven of his Chiefs, earnestly invited them to send Missionaries to his country. It was determined to select Native Christians from the West Indies as the men fittest for the work, European Missionaries being appointed to direct and superintend them; and the Rev. Hope M. Waddell, with some Africans from Jamaica, reached Old Calabar in 1846. We are sure that our Christian readers will be thankful to learn, that where we have not been able to send Missionaries, others have; that where the Gospel is not preached by us, it is by others; and that they do not share in that narrow feeling which would say, "If they be not Episcopalian Missionaries, we take no interest whatever in their work." We of course like our own Missions best; we would they were more numerous; but the grand concern is, that the Gospel be preached; and therein, with the Apostle, we "do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice."

The poor Africans on that part of the coast which is to the east of the Yoruba Country were found in a very degraded state. Human sacrifices prevailed amongst them. When Chiefs died, many persons, chiefly slaves, were put to death, that they might go with them to the other world, and there wait upon them. This dreadful practice had prevailed for ages: it had deluged the land with blood, and kept all the slaves in perpetual terror. A Chief of one of the native towns in the Calabar river, called Duke Town, about 45 miles from the mouth of the river, having died in February of last year, seventeen slaves were immediately killed and buried with him, and twelve were bound to be similarly dealt with. At the request of the Missionaries, the captains and surgeons of the ships trading in the river interfered, and meetings were held, which ended in a law being passed to put down this awful custom. Very recently, however, an outbreak took place amongst the slaves. It was feared that they would take the town, and perhaps plunder the merchant ships. A screw steamer immediately went up the river to prevent a collision, and Mr. Beecroft, the British Consul at Fernando Po, soon followed. This gentleman, by his own straight-

forward integrity of character, and firmness accompanied with kindness, has gained great influence over all the Black People in that quarter of Africa. By his interference, the slaves were induced to send in delegates, who were to state what their complaints were at a large meeting assembled for the purpose. The real truth soon came out: the poor slaves were afraid that the law forbidding human sacrifices would not be carried into effect; and it was determined that an agreement should be drawn up and signed by the headmen, the slaves, and the British officers, confirming that law, and binding the slaves on their part to keep peace. To bind them the more strongly to observe this agreement, the slaves went through a curious ceremony called "chopping doctor." Three large pots were brought in, filled with some dark liquid, like Warren's blacking, and ornamented with goats' and dogs' skulls, alligators' teeth, &c. Some of the fluid was poured into shallow saucers, and then the men were brought up one by one, and made to sit down while a man repeated something to them very much like putting an oath to a witness. They then dipped their fingers three times in the black stuff, and sucked them.

Mr. Beecroft and another officer then proceeded to visit another native town called Creek Town, in a creek four miles further up. This is the place where Mr. Waddell has his Station. The King is called King Eyo-Honesty. He has great dealings with the British merchant ships, is very fond of the English, and is very superior to his race in intelligence and general character. He is also very wealthy and independent, and governs his people well. The English gentlemen were shown into a very fine room, the floor covered with an oil-cloth of handsome pattern: the walls were papered with a rich flock paper, and about the room there was a large quantity of furniture, which, although faded, had been handsome. There were three splendid pier-glasses, in rich gilt frames, on three sides, and several pictures of different persons, amongst others of Queen Victoria. The tables and sideboard were covered with glass bottles and jugs of large dimensions, with his name upon them in gilt letters. He received his visitors most cordially, and in a very civilized way.

King Eyo was invited to breakfast on board the steamer the next morning, and was asked to name the hour which would be most convenient to him. He came about ten o'clock in the morning, in the steamer's gig, followed by four large war canoes, with swivels in the bows and huge white English ensigns flying. He was received on board with a royal salute. It was very curious to see him trying to explain to his followers the principle of the screw. When the engines were shown him, he expressed his admiration, and said that the man who invented them must have had very much of "that," significantly placing his finger on his forehead.

King Eyo is not only intelligent, but, in matters of greater importance, very promising. The people assemble in his courtyard every Sunday to be instructed by Mr. Waddell, who explains

to them the great truths of the Gospel, King Eyo himself acting as interpreter; and this has been going on for upward of four years. He is quite convinced of the absurdity of the superstitions which had prevailed so long amongst his people, and frequently speaks of them as "those foolish things."

The following anecdote will show that the instruction which he is the means of communicating to others is not without benefit to himself. The subject on one occasion happened to be the due observance of the Lord's-day. Eyo was much struck by it. It is by the sale of palm-oil that he carries on trade with the English merchants, and it so happened that the next market-day fell on a Sunday. Eyo determined that he would not traffic on that day; and he informed the traders to that effect—that it was "God's palaver-day," and he would not trade on it. They were much annoyed, and endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose. They told him that he would lose the sale of it, and that henceforward no one would traffic with him; but he was immovable. His mind however was much troubled, and he could not rest. At last he resolved he would go and tell God about it in prayer. He went on his knees and breathed forth his thoughts. He prayed to God that, as he had kept His palaver-day, so He would not suffer his market-day to fail, but so order it that he might sell his oil. It was a simple prayer, for as yet it was only a little light that had entered within his mind, and which was struggling with the darkness that had so long prevailed there. The Sunday was observed, and no market was held on it; but, on the next market-day, such was the demand, that Eyo sold all the oil he had on hand, both old and new, and still was unable to meet it fully; and then it was, that, in the fulness of his heart, he went to Mr. Waddell and told him all that had taken place. No Sunday market is now permitted to be held in Creek Town, and the people have thrown away their Ekpongyong, or chief domestic idol. A galvanized iron church, made in London, is now being erected, in the putting up of which the King and the Chiefs take a lively interest, and are rendering very efficient assistance.

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STEDFAST FAITH.—MARK x. 29, 30.

IN the Journals of our Missionaries at Abbeokuta we find much which affords to us satisfactory evidence of the progress of the work. The people are very anxious to hear the good news of the Gospel, and that, not only in Abbeokuta itself, where the Missionaries have been for some years resident, but in the neighbouring towns and villages. They seem, indeed, in this respect, to resemble a newly-ploughed field, which lies open to receive the seed which falls plenteously on it from the sowers' hands. Nor is this all. In other Missionary fields the seed was long in springing up, and many years passed away before the hearts of the labourers were cheered by a single instance of conversion; but in Abbeokuta the seed is already coming back in produce. There are many who have cast away their idols as sinful and worthless, and,



boldly professing the name of Jesus, have willingly endured for His sake the dislike and scorn of their relatives and friends. Our Native Catechist, Mr. Thomas King, in the accompanying narrative, has related an interesting case of this description.

*Oct. 28, 1850*—This morning I went with the Rev. H. Townsend to see a sick Candidate, who had sent to him earnestly requesting to have the sacrament of baptism administered to him, as he found his sickness gradually gaining the mastery. His answers to several questions proposed



to him by Mr. Townsend were such that it would have been unjustifiable to refuse him his request, especially under such pining disease. "Why do you wish to be baptized?" asked Mr. Townsend. "Because Jesus has commanded it to be done to every one that believes in Him."—"It is, then, answerable to the heathen amulets, as a means by which you hope to be preserved from sickness, death, and other evils?" "By no means: it is only an outward sign of an inward operation by the Spirit of God."—"Administered to you, will your salvation be then completed?" "It will by no means be profitable to me without true faith in Jesus the Saviour."—"Do you, then, believe

in Jesus?" "O yes! with all my heart; and I hope that He will enable me more to trust in Him. I know that I am unfit; but as I cannot tell how it will fare with me in this sickness, I therefore wish to receive the sign which Christ has appointed as a means for salvation." After this, he was baptized by Mr. Townsend, in the presence of more than a dozen individuals, Communicants and Candidates, who went with us, and some of the household. After this, some words were spoken to those of his unconcerned and careless relatives present for about an hour; by which an emigrant who came with us from Sierra Leone was so convinced of the utmost necessity of casting his lot with the people of God, that he quitted the residence of his heathen relatives the same day, to live with one of the Native Communicants who went with us, where he would be able to attend to these things without molestation.

*Nov. 24: Lord's-day*—The above sick young man was brought to the yard this morning. The most influential man among his relatives sent to Mr. Townsend about a fortnight ago to take the young man to our premises. To ascertain the real cause of this message, Mr. Townsend sent Mr. A. Wilhelm and myself to make inquiries. He assigned no other reason than that, as the young man refused their making sacrifices for him, they knew not what assistance could be rendered to him. His language, he said, was not understood by them, as their words were contrary to his. We inquired how this could be, since the young man knows and speaks no other but the same common language. "His views," said he, "are contrary to us, neither can any in the house understand him. As long as he refuses to worship Ifa,\* I know not what other help could be rendered him, neither will I show him any favour. Tell the gentleman that I am quite sincere in what I said. If he is better, he may remain with him in his yard; but should the sickness terminate in death, he may bury him: we cannot help it." What provoked them to be so much disgusted with the sick man, I am informed, was the violent insult he once offered to Ifa, when, in spite of all his remonstrances, this head man of their family determined to consult Ifa on his behalf. On a certain day, when the babbalawo, whom the head man brought for the purpose, had taken his seat, and spread Ifa and all the instruments, the sick man was requested to come forward and perform his adoration by prostration on the ground before the priest, and by touching the nuts with his forehead, all which are to precede the act of divination. But the young man refused. As he would not rise,

\* Ifa is a supposed deity, represented by sixteen palm-nuts. He is consulted by means of the nuts, manœuvred by a babbalawo, or priest. Before commencing operations, the inquiring parties must evince their faith in Ifa by prostration, and by touching the nuts with the forehead. The priest then gives to some of the bystanders pieces of broken earthenware, or something of the kind, some representing a favourable, others an unfavourable response. Having also whitened a board, he shakes the nuts within his hands, and with the right hand grasps a number. Some are left in the other hand, and the babbalawo makes marks accordingly on the whitened board. He now asks for one of the pieces of earthenware, and declares whether Ifa's answer be favourable or not. The people being ignorant as to what pieces represent favourable and what pieces unfavourable replies, they are altogether at the mercy of the priest's arbitrary declaration. If the response be adverse, the babbalawo says the applicants must sacrifice, and Ifa is again consulted as to what sacrifice he requires. The answer may be a sheep, goat, fowls, &c., as the necessities of Ifa—or the babbalawo—may render most desirable.—*Ed. C. M. G.*

it was then proposed that Ifa should be handed to him, in order to touch it with his forehead, but even with this they could not get him to comply. His relative, the employer, then remarked, that as they could easily perform the ceremonies were the sufferer to be absent, they might deal with this case just in the same way, and therefore bade the priest to proceed. At this crisis, the sick man, who in the mean while was contemplating how to put an end to all their imposing cheats, nimbly got up, on which they supposed he was now inclined to comply with their wishes; but on the contrary, to the astonishment and displeasure of all, he took hold of the nuts, and scattered the whole in the yard. Enraged by such daring conduct, the chief relative threw the sick young man down by such a violent push that those present supposed him to be dead. The whole party being in confusion were then dispersed. The babbalawo, without a word to his employer, departed in haste. The poor man, coming to himself after a while, got up and went into the house. This is the source of their animosity to him, from which even his mother is not exempted, but seems, as it were, to be hardened against her own son. They troubled him greatly after this to give up his faith, but, finding they could not prevail, their hatred to him was the more increased. But the young man, instead of being shaken in faith, was firm and resolute; and, far from being sorry for the proposal made by the head man, he was rather much pleased to come to the yard. Their bitter hatred to him has given him sufficient reason to suspect that, in case of danger, such as outbreak of fire, they might leave him to perish. The poor man, since his entrance into the yard, has met with parental care and attention from Mr. and Mrs. Townsend. How forcibly is the Saviour's saying verified in the case of this young man—"I am not come to send peace on earth, but rather division!" Neither is David's saying less applicable to him—"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

This poor fellow has since entered into rest. During his illness he was often cast down under the deep sense of his unworthiness; yet at other times he was enabled to rejoice in the hope placed before him by the Gospel of Jesus. On one occasion, when asked by Mr. King what he thought of the Lord's dealings with him, he replied, "Oh, very kind and loving indeed is He to me—more than any parents." "What! is it kindness to suffer you to be thus afflicted, while many of your companions are in full vigour and strength?" "O yes! very indeed;" and then he entered into a long detail of all that he had passed through since the commencement of his sickness: how, when in ignorance of the promise of mercy in Christ, he was repeatedly tempted to commit suicide, but, being discovered, was providentially prevented. That he should have been spared to hear the glad tidings of salvation, appeared to him an uncommon mercy; and heartily did he bless God that he had not been suffered to plunge himself into endless misery. His mother, finding that there was no hope of his recovery, wished to have him removed to his grandmother's place, that there, taking advantage of his weakness, they might practise their idolatrous rites. Mr. King questioned him, to see whether he felt disposed to

go. "Do not," he said, "entertain any fears for me: not while there is breath in me shall I go there." Most grateful was he for any thing that was done for him. Entering his room suddenly, Mr. King on several occasions found him on his knees. Often, with deep interest, did he speak of the rest to be found in Jesus, and as long as he had the power of utterance continued to express his hope in Christ. "The last time," says Mr. Townsend, "that I saw him alive, when almost past consciousness, he had lying by his side his books, which I understood from his mother were placed there at his desire—doubtless, a last testimony that he continued 'a book-man' and a Christian."

#### THE MISSIONS OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN INDIA.

So little is really known of the extensive Missionary operations that have for many years past been carried on in India—and which at the present time, under Divine Providence, are gradually extending—that it is desirable the public should be made acquainted with the following details, which will doubtless prove especially interesting to the friends and supporters of the Church Missionary Society.

In the year 1845 the Society had thirty-five Missionary Stations in India, under the superintendence of sixty-five Ordained Missionaries, *four* of whom only were natives of India; 568 Lay Teachers—12 Europeans and 556 Natives—were then engaged in 296 Schools, at which 10,556 children were under Christian instruction; and the attendants on Public Worship at the several Stations were about 30,000, of whom 2991 were Communicants.

In 1851 the Society has forty-six Missionary Stations in India, under the superintendence of eighty-three Ordained Missionaries, of whom *thirteen* are Natives of India; the number of Schools is 454, in which 936 Masters and Teachers—20 Europeans and 916 Natives—are engaged in instructing 15,834 children, many of whom, in the higher classes, are studying and preparing for the ministry of the Gospel; the number of Communicants is 5000; and the attendants on Public Worship are estimated at 40,000.

In November 1850, Dr. Dealtry, Bishop of Madras, on visiting Bombay, ordained two Native Catechists Deacons of the Church of England, regarding whom he writes to the Secretaries of the Society—

My belief is, that the young men now sent forth, the first-fruits of your Western-India Missions, are the servants of God and ministers of Jesus Christ. I hope and trust their ministrations will be owned and blessed by Him who has called them to the holy office.

In February 1851, at a Visitation held at Palamcottah, in Tinnevely, Dr. Dealtry ordained five more Native Catechists Deacons of the Church of England, respecting whom he thus writes—

On the whole, I would remark that I was satisfied with their attainments, their knowledge of the doctrines of the Scriptures, their sound and correct views of the mysteries of the Gospel, and their experimental knowledge of them in their own hearts. I make no doubt they will do

credit to the character of the sacred ministry amongst their countrymen.

During January and February 1851, Dr. Dealtry confirmed 5448 Native Christians, converts from Heathenism. Of these, 3466 were presented to him by the Society's Missionaries in Travancore and Tinnevely, and of their attainments he says—

I was especially struck with the readiness with which the Candidates replied to the questions proposed to them during my address; and I was almost always surprised and gratified at the accuracy with which they repeated the facts, explanations, reasonings, doctrines, duties, &c., when catechized upon the subject subsequently: it showed me, not only that they had been attentive hearers of the Word, but that they had an extensive knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. I confess that my heart was often filled with gratitude, and I thought how few congregations in the populous villages in England could have answered with equal credit.

The result of Dr. Dealtry's observations during his visitation in South India is thus given in a Letter to the Secretaries—

I must express to you the grateful emotions and feelings which have been called forth in visiting your Missions. It has exceeded all that I anticipated. When I think of the throngs which flocked to the different Churches—literally “as doves to their windows;” of the earnest and devout manner in which they entered into the Services of the Church, both in the responses, in the prayers, and in singing to the praise and glory of God; when I think of the fixed look and attentive manner with which they listened to the word of exhortation, and the intelligence they manifested in the readiness of their replies when appealed to in confirmation of any doctrine, and of their knowledge of any Scripture statement; when, moreover, I call to mind the numbers of intelligent Catechists and Schoolmasters, and the crowds of young people, male and female, in the Schools; when I look at the Churches, Mission-houses, School-rooms, Prayer-houses, &c., which have arisen throughout these districts; then I say, If there is not reality—actual experience of Christian truth—in all this, then there is no such thing as reality in the world: all that we have taken for it is a name, a shadow, a delusion. But I am satisfied that it is a real and abiding work—the work of God—the power of His grace—the putting forth of His almighty arm in the sight of the nations, as in days of old. It is the same work which the Thessalonian Church experienced when the Gospel came to them, “not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance;” and the effects are identically the same, leading the people to be followers of Christ, and desirous to diffuse the light which has risen upon them, and to abandon their idols, and to look for the coming of the Son of Man to receive them to Himself.

I have given you thus a very hurried and hasty statement of my brief visit to some of the most interesting Mission-fields in the world. I am sure no devout mind will hear of these things without having his gratitude to God increased, his love to Christ and His cause promoted, and his conviction in the truth of the promises strengthened.

Applications for Missionaries are continually being received from every part of India; the desire of the Natives for religious instruction is increasing in every direction; and Christian England is called on by her sons and daughters residing in the East to listen to the cry of

those around them, who are earnest in their entreaties to be made acquainted with the glad tidings of salvation that have been preached and taught in this highly-favoured land for so many years.

Oh, let not the cry of "Come over, and help us!" be made in vain! Let those who are able, give liberally of their substance; and let all unite in prayer at the throne of grace for an abundant out-pouring of the Holy Spirit on all Missionaries, and that the Lord of the harvest may raise up and send forth faithful labourers into His harvest, to gather in the elect from every part of the world.

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THE LATE REV. C. A. A. LLOYD.

THE Church Missionary Society is full of labour: its objects are laboriously carried out abroad, and its means of usefulness are laboriously sustained at home. Many of our friends are little aware what a multitude of efforts is necessary to keep up interest, and to gather in the income of the Society—how many sermons are preached, how many meetings held, how many addresses delivered, how many kind friends use their influence, and willingly expend time and strength, that the Gospel of the Redeemer may be widely preached, and distant nations be gladdened with those tidings of great joy which are for all people. Nor is it merely expense and inconvenience and fatigue that are incurred: as abroad, so at home, health often suffers in this work. In many an earnest friend of the Society there is a secret wear and tear of constitution, and others see it, although he may be himself unconscious of it. And yet, if conscious of it, he would not wish it otherwise. It is his Lord's work, and on what could the energies of mind and body which he has given be so well bestowed? When anxious friends besought Paul not to go up to Jerusalem, his answer was, "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."

The deeply-lamented Clergyman whose name appears at the head of this article, the Rector of Whittington, Shropshire, was one whose influence and efforts were largely employed on behalf of the Church Missionary Society, so that he may truly be said to have been the parent of it in his own immediate neighbourhood. The two last sermons preached by him were in Whittington Church, on behalf of the Society, on Sunday, July the 13th. During the same week he presided at four Meetings. This unusual exertion and exposure to cold brought on, in the opinion of his medical adviser, abscess in the throat, and on Thursday, July 24, he entered into rest. We fully believe—in the language of his son, the Rev. Albany R. Lloyd, when communicating the painful event of his father's death—that "the Church Missionary Society never had a warmer friend."

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv. 13.

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THE  
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THE CHINESE "WELCOMING OF SPRING."—*Vide* p. 218.

## NATIONAL FEASTS AND PROCESSIONS IN CHINA.

THE Chinese have "gods many, and lords many," and of one true and eternal God are altogether ignorant. Although "the heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handy-work," yet they have not "retained Him in their knowledge." Instead of Him in whom they "live, and move, and have their being," they have set up false gods without number, each of them having his own place, or season, or circumstance over which he is supposed to preside, and in which they believe him to have power. Thus, there are gods of the hills, of the rivers, and of the plains; gods of the spring, summer, &c.; of the thunder, rain, wind and clouds, &c. In honour of these deities, who are supposed to be capable of exercising over men a powerful influence for good or evil in matters connected with this present life, with which alone the Chinese concern themselves, these poor deluded people have many holidays, festivals, and processions. They are accompanied with theatrical exhibitions, raree-shows, and various kinds of low dissipation, in which the Chinese take pleasure. In one direction may be seen a company of fortune-tellers, with the sticks of fate; in another, tumblers, ball-throwers—amongst them one man balancing on his forehead a little building consisting of very many pieces of wood piled one on another. There are puppet-shows around, to which the people crowd, the movements of the puppets being regulated by the combined music of a pair of cymbals, a drum, and a clarinet, all played by one performer, the hands and mouth being appropriated to the latter instrument, while the right foot beats the drum, and the cymbals respond to the movements of the left. Thus, on the occasion of these idolatrous ceremonies, business is exchanged for pleasure; and, amidst pleasure and business, life is passed in utter forgetfulness of death and eternity.

The welcoming of spring, of which we have given an engraving, is one of the most singular of these national processions, and is thus described by our Missionary at Ningpo, the Rev. R. H. Cobbold—

*Feb. 4, 1851: Tuesday, 1st Moon, 4th day*—To-day was the commencement and welcoming-in of spring; and as we have before, from various reasons, always missed seeing this ceremony, we were glad to have a good opportunity of seeing it to-day. We started at about ten o'clock for the larger Parade-ground, situated across the Bridge of boats, about two miles from our house. Immediately on leaving our house, we met a shabby procession, whose destination was the same as our own: it had the usual accompaniment of the dragon; and some very plain, and very dirty children, daubed with patches of paint, were borne along on stages. The most interesting part was, that in front of all were borne various kinds of grain and pulse, and cotton, representing the commodities on which this people depend for their food and clothing. One could but sigh to think that the gracious Giver of these bounties should yet be so unknown. Taking our way through the city by the less thronged streets, we arrived on the ground before the procession, and went at once to the temple of the "divine husbandman," situated at the back of the ground. Here we found that the district officers, with the exception of the chief,



had arrived, so we were just in time. They all wore their handsomest robes, embroidered with the dragon and the white stork. On the arrival of the chief officer, the mud ox, which plays a prominent part in the ceremonies of the day, was borne out of this temple, and carried to the Taoist monastery near to the north gate of the city. I noticed that the ox was chiefly black and white, while the usual colours are yellow and red. A bystander told me that the yellow and the red would betoken that there had been full crops and much sun during the past harvest while the white and the black showed that there had this year been an unusual quantity of rain and wind. Whether the black is the emblem of the wind, and the white of the rain, the people are not agreed: the teachers say that the water (rain) is properly black from the clouds, and the appearance of the water in the canals, &c., is dark, but that the people have now made a mistake, and look upon the white as denoting water. The god of the year—that is, of this year of the cycle of sixty—a clay figure, painted and gilded, was in a side compartment of the temple; and after tea and pipes, the officers, six in number, went and made their prostrations before the clay, of which their own bodies were made, defiling their souls, and dishonouring their Creator in their ignorant and debased worship. A miserable spectacle it certainly is, to see men of talent and of rank so demeaning themselves as to cast a reproach upon our common humanity. This was all the morning's ceremony.

In the afternoon, about three o'clock, the beating to pieces of the mud ox took place. The officers assembled at the Taoist monastery, whither it had been carried, and again went through their abominable idolatries; and then the ox was placed in the court, and they made several circuits of it, walking round it, and striking it with small wands given them for that purpose. Then they left it, and instantly all the people rushed pell-mell upon it, tearing it and stamping it to pieces, and carrying away handfuls of the dirt, or bits of stick, of which it was composed. I asked the use of this, and they said it was to put in the rice-jar, that the rice might swell out more in boiling, and so go further. Captain Hall was telling me to-day of a custom in North India which my account of the beating to pieces of this mud ox brought to his mind. He says that there they have a human sacrifice, whose bones are first broken by the priest or chief minister of the religion, and that directly he leaves him all the people rush in and tear the victim to pieces, each trying to secure some small portion for himself as a charm.\*

How completely sin has put out the eyes of the human understanding, and rendered man blind as to every thing of a spiritual nature! and how justly the heathen are described by the inspired Apostle, when he speaks of them as "having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart!"

Mr. Cobbold also mentions the feast of lanterns, the most magnificent, perhaps, of all the national festivities of the Chinese. It takes place at the time of the new-year's holydays, when, for the

\* This seems to refer to the human sacrifices among the Khunds, of which an engraving and description were given in our "Quarterly Paper" for Lady-day 1839.

period of forty days, all labour is suspended. The literary Mandarin, the merchant, and the agriculturist, all alike, rich and poor, observe a general cessation from their usual employments, and engage in visiting and feasting, occasionally making offerings at the temples of those deities whose peculiar aid they wish to implore. Amongst other festivities of the season, the feast of lanterns is celebrated, when two hundred millions of lanterns, of every variety of form, and of various materials, are said to be lighted up throughout the empire. They are hung on every elevated point—house-tops, mast-heads, the many-storied pagodas, and the twisted roofs of temples. They are borne along on the tops of poles, and illuminated forms of fishes, dragons, beasts, &c., are carried about in different directions to the temples.

Alas! poor China is in midnight darkness, and needs the kindling of a better light. May the Lord hasten the time when "the day-spring from on high" shall visit these deluded millions, "to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide their feet into the way of peace!" when the Lord shall give the word, and great shall be "the company of the preachers," and many native evangelists, raised up from the midst of them, "hold forth the Word of Life!"

Our readers will rejoice to hear that our Missionaries at Ningpo were enabled, on Easter Sunday last, to baptize two Natives, whom they believe to be taught of God. This fact, the particulars of which we hope to give in a future Number, has much encouraged and strengthened them in their work.

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### JOHN, ONE OF THE KILLED AT ABBEOKUTA.\*

ABBEOKUTA and its people have been indeed rescued from very imminent danger, the late attack of the Dahomians having been of a much more formidable character than we had supposed. The Rev. Samuel Crowther, who has recently arrived in England, has made us acquainted with some remarkable circumstances in which we may clearly see the protecting providence of God. When the Missionaries were first made aware that the King of Dahomey intended to attack the city, they requested that a meeting of the Chiefs might be convened, and the opportunity afforded them of communicating the important intelligence they had received. Some of the Chiefs were disposed to make light of the danger; but others felt it to be serious, and that defensive measures ought to be immediately adopted; especially the repair of the city walls, which were in a very imperfect state. Accordingly, on a day appointed, Sagbua appeared on the wall with basket and working implements in his hands; and the head Chief setting such an example soon brought numbers to the spot, so that a considerable portion of the wall was put in good repair. The wall is of mud: the base on which it rests is broad, and from thence it gradually slopes upwards, so as to form

\* See our Number for August last.

on the inside a parapet, over which the defenders can fire, but on the outside presenting to the enemy a defence of some eight or ten feet high. Having done so much of the wall, and the danger not being imminent, the work ceased, the defences in other directions being left in the same unfinished state as they had been before.

The Dahomian army which moved to the attack was 16,000 strong, well disciplined and organized. Arms and ammunition had been abundantly supplied by the slave-dealers, at whose instigation Gezo had decided to attack the city. In fact, it was a grand effort on the part of all who were engaged in the slave-trade to destroy Abbeokuta, whose Chiefs and people prefer legitimate trade to slave-traffic, and desire earnestly the removal of the slave-dealers from the coast, that they may have full opportunity of carrying on lawful trade. In Abbeokuta there is no regular army, and of fighting men, who in time of danger might be expected to assemble under the Chiefs of their respective districts, there were not more than 8000. But the Dahomians lost the advantage of superior numbers by directing their attack against that very portion of the wall which had been repaired. They fought desperately, especially the amazons. At one particular spot, where the defences had been comparatively weak, and the conflict more severe, eighty dead bodies were counted, of which only three were the bodies of men.

It also appears that no orders had been issued by Gezo to spare the White Men, much less the Native Missionaries and converts, and that, had the enemy succeeded in forcing their way in, all would have been involved in one indiscriminate massacre.

The Chiefs and people ascribe their deliverance to the God of the Christians. Indeed, it was manifest that neither the Mahomedan nor heathen priests, nor their respective superstitions, were in any way concerned in it. The attack on the Monday morning was so sudden, that there was no time to consult the babbalawos. A Mahomedan priest, indeed, had buried a charm outside the city wall, which, he said, would suffice for its protection, as the enemy would be unable to pass over it. It was exactly over that spot that the ranks of the Dahomians marched; and after the excitement was over, and the danger repelled, this man found himself exposed to the taunts of the people.

The Christians had united in prayer the previous evening on behalf of the city, committing themselves and their townspeople to the Divine protection; but on the Monday morning, the sudden appearance of the Dahomian army prevented the possibility of their doing so again, as they had to join, without delay, the district parties to which they respectively belonged. It had been arranged that the Christians of each district should keep together in a little body, and this they endeavoured to do. One of the converts fell in defence of the town. The only particulars we have of him are contained in the following extract from Mr. Crowther's Journal. Before we introduce it, however, to the attention of our readers, we would remark that this man's death may be productive of good, by

convincing the Chiefs and people that the converts are not the less good citizens, or less interested than before in the welfare of their country, because they have become Christians. We now give the extract.

*March 23, 1851: Lord's-day*—I administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to fifty-five Communicants. It was to us a season of heart-felt gratitude to our heavenly Father for the spiritual and temporal mercies we have received from Him since the last persecution, which separated us for a time; as well as for the late deliverance from destruction through the hand of violence, by which John, one of our number, was removed from us. These afflictions and mercies were calculated to impress upon each and all our minds the vanity of earthly things, and the necessity of following the Lord fully, because of the uncertainty of time, as evidenced in the case of our dear friend John. We had heard nothing of him since the day of the battle at noon, when the Egbas were driven back from the river, and compelled to retreat within the walls. We had searched for him on the day after, but in vain. In the afternoon of the next day, the 5th instant, his brother, who would not give up, found his body in a bush, at a place remote from any other, where, it appeared, he had attempted to screen himself when he was separated from his friends, and there was killed, and his head taken away. He was one of those who were early impressed by the preaching of the Gospel. He soon enlisted himself as a Candidate for Baptism, and one of his two wives followed his example. After two years' trial and instruction, he chose his fellow Candidate for his wife, and dismissed the other, amidst much trouble and family trial, and was at last baptized into the Church, choosing for himself the name of John Baptist, because he was so much taken with the character and life of that holy man of God. John being a son of a late Chief, he was particularly singled out in the persecution of 1849, and was cruelly treated because he would not follow the example of his late father, neither showed any inclination to fill his office. He was heavily fined, and forced to become a member of the Ogboni; but nothing could shake off the faith of John in Christ as his Saviour, nor would he exchange his Christian profession for another. When the Converts could not openly come to Church nor to my house, I cannot now tell how many tearful nights he spent at my house, when I endeavoured to comfort them under their trying circumstances. John was the first who pushed his way to Church on Christmas-day 1849, and made way for his fellow converts. As he was better circumstanced than others, he was liberal, and was a succour to many in time of distress. From him we had much of our correct information of the state of the slave-trade at Lagos. As he was an active trader in it in time past, so he became averse to it after his conversion, and hoped and longed for its abolition. He was not bright in acquiring the art of reading, but he had a remarkably retentive memory, and many a time, at our Saturday Meeting of Communicants, very accurately related the sermon preached on the preceding Sunday. The history of Christ's sufferings soon melted him, when he thought how far man had fallen—that Jesus, who came into our miserable world to save us from death, should be thus treated by us sinners whom He came to save! We trust he is now resting with his Saviour in heaven, whom we believe he faithfully served on earth.

What a cause of thankfulness and encouragement when they who have gone before us have left such memorials behind them! Enoch's epitaph, "He walked with God," is the happiest remembrance. Is it so with you who are now perusing these words? Can it with truth be said of you now, and remembered of you hereafter?

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THE OUTCAST FROM CHINA BROUGHT SAFELY HOME.

BELOW is the portrait of a Chinese youth, John Dennis Blonde,



who died at Ashcroft, near Wentworth in Yorkshire, in the beginning of last year. He is one of the few from amongst that numerous people, who, so far as our knowledge extends, having received the Truth in the love of it, have gone to sleep "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ." His history is very affecting and interesting, manifesting as it does the tender mercy of God towards this poor youth, and affording a beautiful illustration of the Psalmist's saying, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Of this

history, which was published at large in the well-known "little green book," the "Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor,"\* we can introduce only a brief summary. The following extract, chiefly in Dennis's own words, gives an account of his early life in China, and how it happened that he came to England—

His father was a fisherman at Shanghai: he had a brother who was some years older than himself, who was always very kind to him, but his father was cruel. His poor mother died when he was quite young. She appears not to have had good health some time before her death, and it was not improved by the cruelty of her husband, who used to beat her most unmercifully. He would go a-fishing, and stay away a great length of time without providing for his family; and when he returned he was very angry with his wife for getting into debt, and would often beat her. They then resided in the country; but after the death of his mother, in consequence of his father being so much from home, Dennis was left under the care of an uncle and aunt at Shanghai. This uncle "was a wicked man:" he used to rob the poor boy of his clothes, and to steal the money which was given to pay for his schooling. On one occasion an alarm of "Thief!" was given. "The house had been broken into, and all Dennis's clothes and money had been taken. Dennis's father sent for Mandarin. Mandarin come and examine great hole cut in the wall of house, where thief get in. He say, 'Thief live in house. Hole not made *outside*, but *inside*.' He go and look in uncle's room, and there find all my clothes! Father then take me away: he say I not live there any longer; and I live with grandmother—my mother's mother, not father's mother. But I then not like to go to School, because I got into bad ways when I live with uncle, and had no clothes to go in; so I run about, and nobody know I not go to School. It was very wicked of me, but I did not know any better: I did not know I was doing wrong."

At length his father married again; and he, in consequence, went home. His second mother was very kind to him; at least till she had a family of her own. She used to take the poor boy's part, and not allow his father to beat him; and, being much stronger than her husband, he was afraid of her, and dared not use her so cruelly as he had done his former wife, for "she was master of him."

But Dennis had now become too old to submit to the restraint of School, having been so long accustomed to ramble about instead. He used, therefore, to stay away, unknown to his mother.

When his father was at home from his fishing excursions, Dennis would frequently run away for days and nights together, that he might escape the chastisement of his cruel and passionate parent. At these times he used to live on what he could get by begging from his friends. During some of the Chinese festivals, it is customary among them to make presents to all their friends; and whatever Dennis got in this way, he used to lay by, that he might have something to fly to when his cruel father returned. He used, on these occasions, to sleep in the open air; and the only shelter he had was the projecting front of the shops, which are made with a sort of verandah to protect the articles of sale from the sun. Once, after a severe beating, he ran away, and went to an uncle of his,

\* June and July 1850.

who lived at Chusan, where he was kindly treated; but he was taken back again to his father, who had become uneasy about his long absence, and his uncle begged that he might not be beaten any more. On another occasion, after his father had been very severe with him, he was so afraid to go home, that, instead of doing so, he went to the fishing-vessel, where he found his brother, and there he passed the night. Early the next morning, when his father came, the brother interceded for the boy before he entered the boat, and obtained a promise that he would not hurt him. Having made this promise, he kept his word; but, as Dennis related it, "He look very cross, and he very angry with me for running away, but no more: he not beat me *that* time. At night, when we go home, as we go through the streets, when we get near home, he take me up wrong street: he want to do so, but I say, 'No, I not go: I know what you want; you want to take me up there and throw me into deep river from high wall, and I get drowned: I not go that way.' So I run away: I afraid of him; and I not go home till he gone to sea again."

When the war broke out, as soon as the English ships came to Shanghai, Dennis's friends all left the town, and went—he did not know where; for he never saw them again. He appears to have remained, and, along with another boy, to have wandered about, as he had often done before.

One night, when they were asleep under a theatre, which was occupied by some English soldiers, they were discovered, in consequence of the noise they made by snoring. One of the men gave them some straw to sleep on, and, in the morning, let them have some breakfast. As they were not unwilling to work, the soldiers used to employ them to light the fire, and clean the shoes, and go errands, &c., and purchase things for them. When the boys did what they were bid, they were kindly treated; but when they neglected to do so, the sergeant "gave them some stick." Dennis's young countryman soon got tired of being with the English, and returned to his friends: but Dennis's parents not having come back, he was glad to remain with his new acquaintances, who continued to employ him; and, on one occasion, he appears to have been of essential service to them. One day, when he was taking a walk, he observed one of his countrymen put something black out of a paper into the well, from which the English were accustomed to take the water for their tea. He immediately suspected it was poison. "Well," he said, "I say nothing—I take no notice: I go on my walk. I not go to English directly, for fear man see, and then run away, but I go back a long way round. I say nothing when I get to soldiers, but *wait*. Presently one of them get bucket to go for water. I say 'No, not go there.' I shake my head to make him know water bad. I take soldiers to shop of Chinaman that put poison into the well. We tell him to come, but he say, No, he won't. But then we make him come: and when we get to well, one of soldiers fill bucket, and tell him, 'Drink;'; but he say, No, he would not. They say they shoot him if he do not drink; but still he say, 'No.' So they were sure that I had told them true, and they take Chinaman to Mandarin to be punished, and destroy his shop. I still stay with English; and when they come away they give me my choice—either they give me money, or take me with them to England, because I tell them about the well. I say, 'I go to England: I not have money. If I stay in China, Mandarin beat me when English gone, perhaps kill

me, because I help English, and tell about the well.' So I go with soldiers, and they take me on board the 'Blonde;' and then Captain Foster bring me all over the sea to England, where God has given me kind friends, who tell me about Jesus Christ."

The poor boy, on his arrival in England in 1843, having been brought under the notice of Earl Fitzwilliam, was placed by that nobleman at Mr. Beardshall's academy at Ashcroft. The Christian instruction received by him there was blessed to his conversion. When he reached England he was as others of his countrymen, "without God;" but his dark mind gradually opened to the light of God's mercy in Christ, and, at his own request, he was baptized on Sunday, October 15, 1848. No doubt rested on the minds of those who knew him that he was taught of God, and, having found peace in believing, he earnestly desired to go back to China and instruct his countrymen. Some of his schoolfellows once asked him why he wished to be a Missionary. In the most animated manner he answered in words like the following—"Have you any brothers or sisters?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well, then, if any one told you of a great treasure, more than enough for the wants of all your family, and that it might be yours, would you not consider yourselves rogues if you did not let your brothers share with you? Now I have been told of such a treasure in Jesus Christ; and should I not be doing wrong if I did not go and tell my brothers and sisters—the poor ignorant people of China—all I know about Him?"

It pleased God, however, to order it otherwise, and to remove him from this world to join the spirits of just men made perfect, who, in the presence of their Lord and Saviour, await the promised resurrection. Severe disease attacked him, of a lingering character, but which admitted not the prospect of recovery; painful, yet patiently borne, and used by his Lord and Saviour as the refiner's fire to prepare him for his transfer to heaven. "I suffer," he said, "great pain: no one know what I suffer. But what is it? I deserve it all. It not one bit too much: it nothing like what Jesus suffer for me; so I'll bear it patiently." To a friend, who came to see him about this time, he said, "Oh, my sufferings so great, my pain so bad! What do you think it is keep me alive now?" Putting his hand on his Bible, he added, "It is this; *this* keep me alive. You know Jesus says, 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God;' and it is *that* keep me alive now: nothing else could."

He who brought Dennis to this country, and made him here a subject of grace, has deigned in his history to convey to us a lesson. What the Gospel did for him, it can accomplish for his countrymen. Dead as they are to every thing of a spiritual nature, "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." What Dennis wished to do, let us, then, do instead of him; and by diligent effort and self-denial provide that the Gospel be extensively preached to the Chinese, for, as we may each say in the words of this now happy youth—"How shall I meet the heathen in the day of judgment,



when they cry with a loud voice against me, that I lived on earth when they did, and that I got to know the way to heaven, and yet I went not [nor sent] to tell them!"

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THE CHIEF MAIKA, OF MANGAKAHIA.

IN our Number for June last we related the death of Heke, the New-Zealand Chief of the Bay of Islands. We regret to find that his tribe have not become more teachable in consequence of his removal; but that, on the contrary, they harden themselves against instruction. "Thou hast stricken them, but they have not grieved; Thou hast consumed them, but they have refused to receive correction: they have made their faces harder than a rock; they have refused to return." One of the Native Teachers from Kaikohi, a meek and humble Christian, returned from them recently with a very heavy heart. They had told him not to come again, as they all had books, and could read them, and knew quite as much as he did. They appear to be lifted up with the same pride by which their late Chief was characterized.

But there is another Chief not far distant, Maika, who, with his tribe, affords much encouragement to our Missionary, the Rev. R. Davis. When the war broke out, being then a heathen and a nephew of Kawhiti, one of the principal insurgent leaders, he joined his uncle, and fought against the British. Towards the close of it his mind began to change, and he became anxious for instruction. When one of the Native Teachers from Kaikohi, Mr. Davis's Station, heard of it, he went to visit him, and found that he had a person engaged to read for him whose conduct was very inconsistent with such an office. He ventured to point this out to Maika, who became very angry; and the Native Teacher, overhearing some angry threats which were uttered against him, and fearful lest he might meet with some injury, left as quickly as possible. He had not gone far when he perceived Maika following him with a hatchet in his hand, and, expecting death, he kneeled down to receive the blow. The Chief, although angry, was withheld from striking, and the Teacher, availing himself of the opportunity, spoke so faithfully and fearlessly to the Chief that he was silenced. From that time the Teacher, who is himself a Chief of note, acquired influence over him. Maika was afterwards baptized, with three other adults, before a Congregation of 200 persons. It was an impressive season. Many of those present were much affected; some fine young men especially, who during the war had been tattooed, felt so deeply that the tears ran down their cheeks. The Chief has since erected at his place a decent slab chapel, capable of accommodating 100 people. He now uses the influence which he possesses over his people for their spiritual welfare, and diligently endeavours to advance the kingdom of God among his neighbours. The following particulars concerning Maika are contained in a letter recently received from Mr. Davis—

I have lately visited Mangakahia. The old party are going on much as usual. They may be considered as being in a pleasing, hopeful state, but their progress in the knowledge of Divine things is very slow—much too slow to give me satisfaction. The reason is visible: they are not deeply sensible of the evil of sin; there is a want of watchfulness against sin, and of more attention to private prayer. They felt disappointed because I did not baptize any of their Catechumens, and one of the Chiefs told me he should take them to another Missionary to get them baptized, which led to a serious and not unprofitable discussion.

This Chief, and also the Teacher, accompanied me down the river to the new party at Reweti Maika's place. The first thing that struck me on my arrival was his bell, which was very conspicuous. The hand-bell you so kindly sent him he had put on two posts about fifteen feet high, and over it was built a neat kind of pigeon-house covering, while from the end of the clapper hung a string, wherewith to strike it. Soon after our arrival I entered into conversation with some of the Catechumens, and soon found I had a different people to deal with. Here the question presented itself to my mind in a reversed form. At the other chapel I did what I could to find one of their number that I could baptize, as they appeared so much disappointed. Here I found the Catechumens in such a state of discipline, that the difficulty would be as to whom I should not baptize. On the following day we repaired to the chapel at an early hour, and fairly commenced our examination; and after having examined them in the most close manner I was capable of, nine adults were admitted into the visible Church of Christ, having been, I trust, not only previously prepared for the sacred ordinance by the teaching of their Chief, but by the teaching of the Holy Ghost. Five children were also baptized at the same time. After the baptism, four couples of the newly-baptized were married. At this place the Redeemer appears to have a people, whom He is preparing for Himself. May they show forth His praise! The little Chief is very earnest, and is a great disciplinarian. These people belong to the tribe of which Kawhiti, the old leading Chief in the late war, is the head. One of his sons, I believe the only one who survived the war, is among the Catechumens preparing for the next baptism.

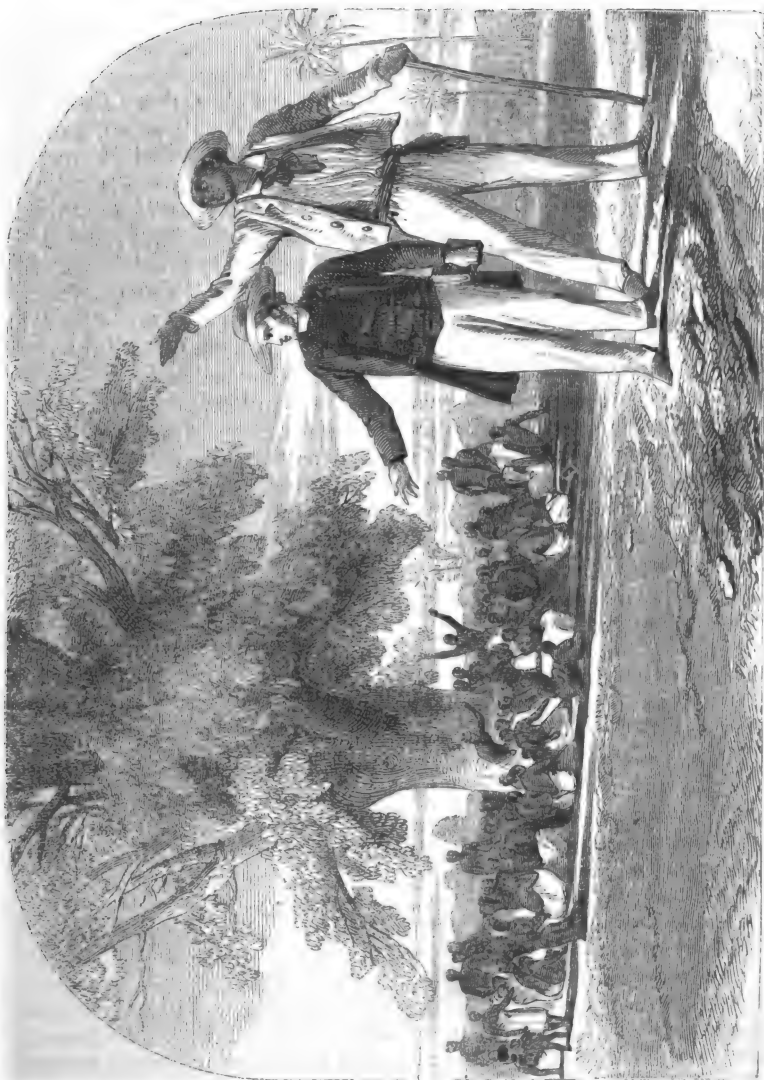
On the following day we left this place to retrace our steps homeward; but as the wet weather kept us in the neighbourhood I visited them again on the following Sunday. After the baptism, the Chief and Teacher, by whom we were accompanied from the upper chapel, most candidly acknowledged that they saw they had been in error in wishing their Catechumens to be admitted to baptism, and expressed their surprise at the examination that Reweti Maika's people had undergone.

It must be a great encouragement to Mr. Davis to find Maika amongst his people as "the salt of the earth;" that his Christianity will not suffer him to be inactive when others are in ignorance around him. Is our Christianity of this kind? Whatever be our position, whether high or low, rich or poor, are we endeavouring to do something for Him who did so much for us, like the woman when she brought the alabaster box of ointment, and poured it on the head of Jesus as He sat at meat, of whom the Lord said, "She hath done what she could?"

No. 20. NEW SERIES.]

[NOVEMBER, 185

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



SCENE AT IBERICO.—*Vide* p. 231.

## ANXIETY OF THE PEOPLE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF BADAGRY FOR INSTRUCTION.

THE anxiety of the Africans in the Yoruba Country for Christian instruction contrasts remarkably with the dulness and apathy of the Chinese. This Mission seems like a field broken up by the plough, and waiting for the seed. With the exception of Badagry, where slave-trading interests distract the minds of the people, the Missionaries are everywhere welcomed, and their instructions attentively and thankfully received. We have an interesting Journal now lying before us in connexion with this subject, that of the late valued and devoted Missionary, Mr. Eugene C. Van Cooten, who, in his anxiety to improve the opportunities for usefulness which opened in different directions, sacrificed his own life. It is the last document we were privileged to receive from him. It is impossible to read it, abounding as it does with the overflowings of that deep piety with which his heart was full, without feeling that he was no ordinary Christian. A holy and devoted man, tried and purified in the furnace of affliction, he had no other object in view than to live to the glory of that Saviour on whom his hopes rested for time and for eternity. To the Africans he was most acceptable. Gladly did they welcome him to their villages, and with open ears they seem to have hearkened to the blessed truths which he spake to them. They gathered round him in groups, and, as if conscious of their ignorance, pressed forward to be taught. It is to one of these interesting occasions that our Engraving refers. The following is our late valued friend's account of it—

Oct. 8, 1850—This morning, accompanied by Mr. Marsh, I walked to the village of Amunigun, distant about four miles N.E. of Badagry. It is a small place, with little or no cultivation, though the soil appears fertile. The headman appeared glad to see me. Having taken water,\* I delivered to him my joyful message, setting before him the leading events of the Old Testament, and the plan of salvation through a crucified Saviour. He said he had never heard these things before. While speaking, he several times interrupted me to tell the children, in Popo, what I had told him. I asked if he would collect as many people as he could in some convenient place. This he willingly did, by sending messengers to bring them together. As the people did not come as soon as I expected, I commenced speaking to those around me; but the old man urged me several times to leave off, and wait till all were assembled, as he wished each one to hear for himself. I soon had a large and attentive meeting, and set God's true and lively Word before them. Before leaving, I wished to take the measure of a very large oak, but the people would not suffer me, it being a sacred tree, and worshipped by them.

Leaving Amunigun, I came to Iberiko, a village distant about four miles. After taking water, and speaking to the elders, I requested them to assemble the people in an open space, as I had a very important message to deliver to them. Men, women, and children, soon came together under the shade of a noble tree, the women first sweeping the place clean. I then set before them some of the leading events of the Old and New

\* The emblem of peace is a draught of cold water.

Testaments. I felt much drawn out towards this people, and had some liberty of thought and speech. O that the Holy Spirit would seal the truth upon many of their hearts! The people are not Popos, but a mixture of Egbados, Ottas, and Popos. After I had left them, I again looked back to say good night, when a picture for an artist met my eye—the splendour of the setting sun, the soft shades of evening, and the deep shadow of a majestic tree, under which sat old men and old women, young men and young women, and youth of both sexes, all eagerly gazing after me. My heart rose in thankfulness to God, in permitting me to make known to them the glad tidings of salvation. I then returned home, through the villages of Bedu and Ajarra. This has been truly a delightful day. I would be content to spend my whole life in going from village to village, making known the knowledge of Jesus Christ. It is people, immortal souls, I wish to see and visit, and not places only.

His life indeed was so expended—gladly laid down for the good of Africa. Had there been a sufficiency of labourers, it might have been prolonged to us. But when sin-sick souls in multitudes are needing help around, and instant help—for death with each successive moment is removing them beyond the possibility of help—we can well conceive how one, who is like-minded with Him who had compassion on the multitudes, goes on dispensing the medicine of life, until his own strength has been unconsciously expended. So it was with Van Cooten. Are there none to come forward in his place? none willing to undertake the blessed office of distributing the bread of life and waters of life to hungry souls in Africa? Are there no bowels of compassion for a lost world amongst those who might be candidates for Missionary work? Must it be said of our young Christian professors, “All seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ’s?”

We add another extract from the same Journal, to which we shall return in a future Number.

*Oct. 14*—Early this morning I and Mr. Marsh set off for Mo, a large village, where most people stay the first night on their way to Abbeokuta. Owing to a heavy fall of rain, the path through high grass was rather unpleasant. Passing through Amunigun, at ten A.M. I reached Aradagun, a small village, with a still smaller hamlet attached to it. The people were very attentive, and ready to hear the word of life. O that it may please the Lord of the harvest to gather a few sheaves out of this and other villages visited. A tornado detained me nearly two hours. I sought to improve the time. While speaking in a palm-wine shed, a procession of women passed by, headed by an old one, followed immediately after by a little girl dedicated to the god Dadda, a sort of Nazarite god. No razor or knife is allowed to be used upon such persons till they have arrived at a certain age, when, if they are able, they make sacrifices to Dadda, as in the present case, and the child is released from the vow made by its parents. The little girl had a calabash half full of cowries upon her head, and threw herself into various postures, as if moved by a spirit. She is supposed to be under supernatural power, and—indeed in many instances these dedicated children appear as if possessed of a devil—capable of prophesying. During the tornado we had some very loud peals of thunder, which caused one man present to laugh aloud, and make a noise,

he being a worshipper of Sango, the god of thunder. I explained to him the cause of thunder, showed how absurd it was to worship it, and then pointed him to God, the maker of thunder. During the remainder of my stay his eyes were often fixed upon me.

The rain not ceasing, I went on to Mo. It is a dirty place, but the people gladly heard the good news of the Gospel. Afterwards I returned home, but found the path under water for about three miles.

#### PIRARA.

THE Indians of British Guiana consist of different tribes, of which the Macusie are the most numerous. They are furthest from the sea-coast, inhabiting the open savannahs and mountain chains in the interior. It is by this tribe that the poison called the worali is manufactured. Its effects are most deadly, and the mode of preparation is known only to themselves.

It was amongst this people that, in the year 1838, the late Rev. T. Youd commenced a Mission at a place called Pirara, on the borders of the lake Amucu. They had been long anxiously expecting a Missionary, and amidst their Indian huts, with dome-shaped roofs, they had erected two somewhat after the European model, the walls being plastered with the red clay of the savannahs, and the roofs, with gable ends, being neatly thatched with palm-leaves. One was intended for the dwelling-place of the Missionary, and the other, the larger of the two, as a place of Christian worship. This Chapel, the Sunday after Mr. Youd's arrival, was crowded with a singular-looking Congregation. "All except the Chief were well painted on the forehead, face, arms, and legs. Some had cutlasses, others bows and arrows. One had a monkey on his back; others wreaths and crowns of feathers; some with belts of wild-hogs' teeth from the top of their shoulders, crossing the breast and back, and falling on the hip on the other side; others with knives, sticks, and other things." Their deportment was as strange as their attire; but they had been in the darkness of heathenism all their days, and what could be expected from them? Soon they began to know better. As the glorious Gospel put forth its blessed influences among them, order and arrangement took the place of disorder and confusion. The hearts of many opened to God, and several of those who believed fell asleep in Jesus. But the boundaries between the British and Brazilian territories not being at the time accurately defined, the Brazilians, at the instigation of Popish Priests, who had vainly tried to establish themselves at Pirara, availed themselves of this circumstance to break up the Mission. Under pretence of pressing Natives for the Brazilian army, they marched a detachment thither, Mr. Youd being at that time absent, and changed the Church into a barrack. Our Missionary, on his return, found the peaceful and promising Settlement occupied with troops; and, compelled reluctantly to obey the order of the commanding-officer to withdraw, retired to a place called Urwa Rapids, where he proceeded to form a new Station.

In the subsequent arrangements between the two Governments,

it was decided that Pirara should be considered neutral ground; and the Church Missionary Society having decided that its Missionaries should pursue their labours within the recognised limits of the British territory, Pirara has since remained unoccupied.

Our Missionary the Rev. J. J. Lohrer, of Bartica Grove, has been lately on an extensive Missionary tour in the interior of British Guiana, the Journal of which we have received; and amongst other interesting matters which it contains is the following narrative of a visit to Pirara—

*May 2, 1851*—I made ready early this morning to pay a visit to the people at Pirara, or, as the place is called where they are living now, about six miles further south, Talinongkri (Red hill). The path was very rugged, crooked, and sometimes swampy, so that I thought, Is it worth while to have all this trouble? Perhaps the people will not care for you. It was not until three P.M. that I reached the settlement, after much exhaustion under the burning sun. Great was therefore my encouragement when the Captain came to meet me. He was dressed in white trowsers and shirt; and had a nice staff, with silver head, upon which was engraven "V. R.," in his hand, and a document under his arm, which he received about seven years ago from Sir H. Light, and according to which he has the oversight of the places and Indians between the Kanugu Mountains in the south, and Paharaima in the north. Arriving at the place, I found all on the alert, and eager to welcome me. A girl of about eighteen years said, when she came to shake hands with me, "How do you, Mr. Youd?" all the English she knows. I first counted them, and found there were about eighty—with some places in the nearest neighbourhood, a hundred. When the Captain had heard I was coming, he sent to a place about six miles S.W. to call the people from thence: he was therefore disappointed when he heard that I could only speak a few words to them, and must return the same evening. "Why?" he asked. "I have no provisions for my people: I must go down the river as fast as I can."—"We will give you provisions," he rejoined. "The other people will be disappointed if they do not see you. If I had known, I would not have sent; and I wish that you should speak to the people on Sunday." Many of the rest said I must stay with them altogether: they would go for my things to the Grove, or they would come and fetch me. Of moving from the savannah they would hear nothing; and if any thing is to be done for them, it must be here.

*May 3*—The people were early on the stir: they seemed much pleased when I went round to their huts, and brought me several curiosities and some provisions. Most of the men went to their fields, or to fish and hunt, to get provisions for my people: those that remained at home came constantly to see me, and followed me everywhere: the children also, who were shy yesterday, came nearer. Many people were present at Morning Prayer; and, though they do not know English, behaved very quietly.

*May 4: Lord's-day*—At nine the bugle sounded, and the people collected under a large hut, which was nicely swept and prepared: for benches they had trunks of trees and posts. Being quietly seated, I counted them, and found 120 above six years, and about 30 under that age. They sat very quietly while I spoke to them, and at the end expressed a desire that I might speak to them in the afternoon again. I spoke first

of creation and the fall, as I could speak on redemption in the afternoon. At eleven, I had English Service with my people. Many Macusie were present, and on the whole were quiet: they seemed much interested in our singing.

I had a little rest, and then assembled the people once more, and spoke of the Saviour—what He did for us, what He taught us, what He suffered for us. I also warned them against those deceivers who taught them bad things; and admonished them to think and speak every day of what I had told them. With regard to those impostors, a man said he “was sorry he had ever listened to them: he would not do it again. They told them the English soldiers would come and take them away, and frightened them in many ways, to get things from them, as hammocks, &c., and get them to do as they liked.” This man was sorry that they had nobody to teach them.

*May 5*—Early this morning I made ready for my return passage. About half-past five we left Talinongkri: the people were all up, and expressed regret at my departure, especially as I could not promise them that I would come and live among them. They had well taken care of provisions for us, as far as it was in their power. We had, indeed, to be satisfied with cassava bread and plantains, but they themselves had nothing else. Eight men and two women went with us to the landing-place, most of them carrying heavy loads of bread and plantains. About six miles from Talinongkri we came to a smaller settlement. The people from here had been with us yesterday, but returned in the evening, when one of their dogs caught a deer: this they prepared against our coming, and seemed full of joy that they had something to give us. We reached the landing-place about half-past eleven, and started about two P.M.

How gladly these poor Indians shared with Mr. Lohrer the unexpected prize of the deer which had fallen to them! Would that we all had as earnest a desire to share with them that better provision for the soul which God has bestowed so bountifully on us—to prepare for them a table in the wilderness, and spread it with “the feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined.” We add a little more from Mr. Lohrer’s Journal.

*May 6*—We reached Ayawa at noon. The water being so high made it impossible for me to go to the Settlement; but all the people came round to the water-side, and brought a quantity of cassava bread and three pines. The Captain said they would gladly move to Pirara, and make their houses and fields there, if a Minister went there. A few people here from Anai are likewise anxious to have a Minister. We stopped here till three P.M., and had several conversations with individuals. I found that their intellect requires only developement, and the enlightening of the Holy Spirit. They are very timid, which makes them ready to hear when comfort and encouragement are brought. When I bade them farewell they were evidently dejected, and said, when I told them I could not come to them unless their English friends sent me, “You must tell them they should send us another Minister. Nobody tells us what we must do. We have had no Minister with us since the time of Mr. Youd.”

Alas! alas! what importunate cries for help from Asia, Africa,



America! How many poor neglected heathen who may utter the same lament, and say, *Nobody tells us what we must do!* There are none to tell them where the "weary and heavy-laden" may find rest. Oh! how great the guilt of those who are satisfied to sit and be satiated with Christian instruction, and yet care nothing for the millions who are in the most pitiable destitution! What do we to help the heathen? "If thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?"

## A KANDIAN RATE-MAHATMEYA.

WHAT a singular specimen of national costume we have here presented to our readers! Singular indeed! nor does it look more singular than it is in reality.



The figure before you is that of a Rate-mahatmeya, an official of third-class dignity, under the old Kandian monarchy, in the

island of Ceylon, which was terminated by British conquest in 1815, after having continued with little interruption for the prolonged period of 2357 years.

On the head is a large white cloth cap of a round shape, well stuffed with cotton to keep it in due form. The jacket is of white cotton, with short sleeves, plaited and stuffed with cotton to keep them in shape. A tippet of white muslin, with gold edging, is worn over the shoulders. Around the middle, numberless yards of white cloth or muslin are twisted so as to form a kind of petticoat, called a topetty, reaching to the ankles and open in front. A broad gold or tinsel belt binds the cumbrous folds around the waist. In this is placed the betel-box, handkerchief, and knife or dagger of the owner, with its richly-carved handle. White trowsers, tied around the ankles, and ornamented with a deep frill, complete the costume. Twelve such figures, assembled in the Court-house at Kandy for the purpose of serving on a jury, must present to an English eye a very singular spectacle.

The Kandians are the highlanders of Ceylon, inhabiting the mountainous districts in the southern centre of the island. They are Buddhists in religion; and, according to one of the most popular tenets of that false faith, believe in the transmigration of souls. This renders them very careless and indifferent to every thing connected with death, as they consider it to be only a change into some other form of earthly existence. A youth, who had been condemned to death for murder, stated at the conclusion of the trial that he did not care, as he would become the venomous snake called the copra-capella, and in that form would avenge himself on all who had participated in his condemnation. Another, in similar circumstances, was persuaded he would become a coffee bush, and, for the sake of the berries he should bear, expected to be taken care of without any trouble to himself. Another threatened to be born a demon, and to torment his accusers. As the issue of these successive changes they look forward to Nirwana, when they shall cease to be—Nirwana signifying “extinct,” as a fire that has gone out. What must be the state of an entire nation, who, like him whom the Psalmist speaks of, say there is no God, and, expecting to become nothing themselves, turn every thing into a dreary blank.

The town of Kandy is inhabited principally by people from the sea-coast. They are despised by the true Kandians, who, regarding themselves as the proper owners of the soil, avoid Kandy, and live in their own villages. Our Missionary there, the Rev. W. Oakley, does not therefore confine himself to the town, but extends his labours, as far as circumstances permit him, to the neighbouring villages. The Rev. G. Pettitt, when recently at Kandy, accompanied Mr. Oakley to a village called Ratmawella, about twelve miles distant. A respectable Native has held for several years, in that village, the office of Schoolmaster in connexion with our Society. He is a Communicant of our Church, and, whatever may be the weather, is found at Kandy at the Morning Service every Sunday. His two brothers and their families have also embraced Christianity. The School

was filled with scholars and spectators. A number of the old man's former pupils, who had left School and grown up to manhood, sat down with the first class, about sixteen persons altogether, and read a chapter in the New Testament. The Schoolmaster's three daughters—thirteen, eleven, and nine years of age—and a fourth girl, a heathen cousin, twelve years of age, who had been married to a heathen, and had been left by him, also joined with them. Mr. Pettitt addressed to them a few observations on the chapter. The villagers are intelligent and interesting people, and seemed much pleased with the visit of the Missionaries. Some of them had just come in from their paddy-fields, as was evident from the spots of mud on their dark skins, received in ploughing.

The Kandians are our fellow-subjects. We have only one Missionary amongst them. Had we many amongst their mountain villages, how much of good, by the blessing of God, would be accomplished!

#### FIRST CONVERTS AT NINGPO.

THERE is no part of the wide Mission-field where the inadequacy of human effort, and the need of Almighty power, are more evident than in China. To turn a heart, or touch effectually a conscience, is, under any circumstances, beyond the reach of human eloquence or human effort; but in China man appears more diminutive, because seen in contrast with the greatness of the work. The Spirit of God must needs move over these vast waters of human life, lying in the stagnation and darkness of spiritual death, and the command of God be put forth on behalf of China, "Let there be light, and there shall be light." And this is our hope for that Mission—that, consciously weak in themselves, the Missionaries will be led to put forth the more earnest prayer; and that, amidst the manifest feebleness of the human agents, the power of God will be more mightily at work.

Proofs of that power to turn the hearts of sinners have not been wanting, even in China. The conversions which have taken place, although comparatively few, have sufficed to show that He who has done so much is able to do far more. Two converts at Ningpo, the first-fruits of their labour, have cheered the hearts of our Missionaries, and encouraged them to look for a more abundant in-gathering. Mr. Russell, in a letter dated May 1, 1851, thus writes respecting them—

One is a servant, who has been with us for nearly three years, an interesting young man, about twenty years of age, whose general conduct since he came to us has been very good, and who has, I trust, latterly, though not in a very prominent manner, shown decided proofs of piety and real conversion of heart to God. His general good conduct, fair acquaintance with essential truths, and apparent desire for baptism from pure motives, seemed plainly to intimate our duty in reference to him; and now we would in hope and prayer commend him unto the discerners of hearts, to take him for His own, or to reject him as a plant not of the Father's planting.

The other is a tailor, who for the last two years has been from time to time employed by us, giving much satisfaction by his industry and good behaviour. His views of the great truths of Christianity seem clearer, and

his general acquaintance with the Scripture larger, than the one already referred to; but this may be only from his natural superiority of intellect, he being a very clear-headed, sharp-sighted fellow. He is, I trust, equally sincere in his acknowledgment of Jesus alone as his only and all-sufficient Saviour, and in his professing a determination to renounce every other ground of confidence, and to place his whole and undivided trust and reliance on Him alone, and under His banner manfully to fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and to follow the commandments of his God, and walk in the same all the days of his life.

The resolutions, promises, and vows, which both have made, I trust have been made in the Lord's strength. On Easter-Sunday morning Mr. Cobbold administered to them the outward form of baptism in the little Chapel in the lower part of our house, after a short Service conducted by me according to our beautiful Liturgy, and the reading of the eighth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Mr. Cobbold concluded with an address, pointing out the meaning and nature of baptism, and ending with an exhortation to the baptized and unbaptized relative to their respective duties. The names we gave to these two converts have been those of their own selection—*Ling-teh*, meaning "spiritual virtue," chosen by our servant, and *Yüok-yi*, "a learner of righteousness," chosen by the tailor.

Let us pray that these first converts may prove "living epistles, known and read of all men," and serving to our Missionaries as letters of commendation to the Chinese people. They need our prayers; for in bearing testimony to Christ they will probably meet with much from their countrymen that is trying to flesh and blood. The Chinese boys, whom our Missionary the Rev. F. F. Gough has under his instruction, have all agreed in saying, that if any Native at Ningpo were to say to another, "Do not worship these idols: there is but one God," he would meet with reproaches from the better sort, and from others, blows. Amongst other things, they would revile him as having fallen away to foreigners. If they should be so tried, may they not be ashamed, but "glorify God on this behalf!"

#### RUPERT'S-LAND INTELLIGENCE.

RECENT despatches which we have received from Rupert's Land are full of interest and encouragement. God is blessing and prospering the work of the good Bishop and his Missionary Clergy. These barren lands promise to be inferior to none in spiritual productiveness. Even the most backward of the Stations, Manitoba, is beginning to put off its wintry aspect, and clothe itself with the hopefulness of spring. Of that Station we publish in the "Church Missionary Intelligencer" of this month a most interesting account which the Bishop has forwarded to us. From the Rev. R. Hunt, also, we have received letters dated November 28, 1850. The Bishop's letters, received by the same vessel, are dated June 25, 1851, seven months later; so shut out is Lac-la-Ronge, Mr. Hunt's Station, and so much longer the time which is necessary to hear from our Missionary brother in that lonely place. Our letters to him are of course similarly delayed. In his letter of November 28 he says—

As we anticipate that many communications from England and Red River are waiting at the Pas with our supplies from England—all of them much longed for—we purpose sending off to-morrow two sleighs, drawn by seven strong dogs, to bring as much hither from thence as they can drag, with the help of three Indians, through the thick pine forests and over frozen lakes and drifted snow. Both I and Mrs. Hunt have been suffering from influenza, but now, thank God! we are much better, and not at all disheartened—far, very far, from it. We would not exchange this little tabernacle in the vast wilderness, through which our widely-scattered Christian Indians wander in solitude, for the most stately hall—with the grove, and lawn, and mead, and flowery sod—of England's happiest home. We have here a field to cultivate which the Lord has blessed. Above 170 Indians were assembled at the Station this fall, of whom I baptized 17 adults and 35 children, and married 15 couples.

According to Mr. Settee's belief, every Indian—man, woman, and child—in this large but not populous district, is now a professed and baptized Christian.

Blessed be God for His goodness and tender condescension to His servants! If the natural character of the place be bleak and dreary, the spiritual aspect is far otherwise. Mr. Hunt's little farm has needed to have much labour bestowed upon it. The heavy wet clay and swampy mossy ground has required to be dried and warmed by draining; the surface of the stony, rocky ground to be cleared of the thickly-crowded stumps of fir-trees; the different kinds of earth and soil to be blended with each other—the sand from a more distant part being boated across the lake to lighten the heavy clay, while the rushy margin of the waters has contributed its plants for manure: all this has been necessary before crops of potatoes, oats, and barley could be raised; but, when raised, most glad some in the barren region of Lac-la-Ronge. And no doubt the moral soil has required pains and labour in its own way, for the Indian character, in its native aspect, is most unpromising. We may judge of it by the following description given by an intelligent and sensible Christian Indian to one of our Missionaries—

The Indians regard both the ice and snow as deities; the former as presiding over fish, beaver, otters, rats, &c., and the latter over land animals; and they offer them certain rites and ceremonies to propitiate their favourable regards. When the Indians are eating, they cast a small portion into the fire, saying, "I wish to live!" "Give me long life!" "Give me plenty of moose to kill!" "Give me plenty of fur to trade!" "Take from the life of another Indian and add it to mine!" These are specimens of the prayers of the poor heathen in their natural state: their desires are earthly and sensual, and the offerings they make are small, but they ask a great deal in return for them. Dirty rags, small pieces of tobacco, broken bits of iron, crockery, &c., they present to their deities, and in return they expect long life, and what they esteem the good things of this world.

But if Mr. Hunt's labours in his garden have not been in vain, neither have the pains and prayers bestowed by him on his Indian flock. God has helped him there, otherwise all would have been useless. Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God gives the in-

crease. Nor has it been withheld from Lac-la-Ronge, as Mr. Hunt is enabled to testify.

With respect to the spiritual state of the adults whom I baptized, the result of my examinations during many days was in every case very similar and very simple, to this effect—"I know that I am a sinner: my past life has been very bad, even since I have known better; but I wish to wash away my sins in the blood of Jesus Christ, and be baptized according to His commandment, and I will pray for the Holy Spirit to help me to do better." One young woman, of a very lively turn of mind, said, "I always much enjoy the means of grace, and then I feel how much I should like to do what Jesus Christ wishes; but when I go away I seem to leave all good behind me, and I do not then *feel my heart* when I pray." The last person I baptized, after much delay, was a woman upwards of seventy, who had been a medicine woman. With her I was not at first satisfied, but eventually she became very earnest in her wish to be baptized, "to wash away her sins," which she said troubled her mind so that she could not sleep. I warned her that baptism by water and human means would not avail without the cleansing and sanctifying aid of God the Holy Ghost, which she appeared fully to feel, and I no longer hesitated. I attributed her improved feeling to her son, aged twenty-two, who was baptized with her, having waited for his mother. We have had two deaths; the first an infant, mentioned in a former communication as not likely to live on account of being nearly frozen and starved to death last winter\*; the other, one of the school-boys, William Ralentine, who died of consumption following an attack of measles, from which he suffered about three years ago. He talked very little; but on Mrs. Hunt asking him what he thought would become of him when he died, he replied, in a feeling and nice way, "If my sins are washed away in the blood of Christ I shall go to heaven." I could seldom get a reply from him except as to the state of his health, appetite, &c., but all he did say was in the same spirit. At length, late on Saturday night, the 2d of November, after quietly waiting for many days, he started up suddenly, saying, "I am in a hurry to go now: send for Mr. Settee." While he prayed with him, William repeated his words, then shook hands with him, laid down, and fell asleep. We buried him on the following Tuesday, and I intend to have inscribed over his grave, in Cree, "Thy brother shall *rise* again"—John xi. 23.

The preparation of the Indians for the Lord's Supper—which was administered, for the first time, on the 13th of October 1850, to 23 Indians, 3 half-bloods, and 3 Europeans, inclusive of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt—was accompanied by circumstances of an equally touching character; and, while much remains to be done, yet the eagerness and punctuality of these poor people in availing themselves of the spiritual advantages afforded to them, encourage our Missionary to a continuance of prayerful diligence in his work. From Cumberland and Red River our accounts are equally satisfactory, but our limits force us to conclude. We have only room to add, that the Rev. Henry Budd was to have started in August last for Cumberland House, the Nêpowewin, and Carlton. "We shall now, I hope," writes Mr. Hunter, "be able to branch out in all directions, and carry the blessed sound of the Gospel far and wide!"

\* "Church Missionary Gleaner" for March last, p. 143.

NO. 21. NEW SERIES.]

[DECEMBER, 1851.]

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



THE BISHOP OF RUPERT'S LAND ON HIS WAY TO FAIRFORD, MANITOBA. — *Vide* p. 249.

## ADO, ITS CHIEF AND PEOPLE.

WE proceed to give some further extracts from the Journal of our dear brother Van Cooten, who has gone to sleep in Jesus, and now rests from his labours. In these simple details of his journeys and efforts to bring the Africans to know the true God, and Jesus Christ, whom He has sent, Van Cooten, being dead, yet speaks to us. He seems to plead with us for Africa. May it please God that some, as they read, may catch that fervent zeal for the salvation of souls which constrained him to press forward unceasingly from village to village publishing peace! Perhaps it might be, that some one might have his heart so touched as to offer himself in Van Cooten's place, to take up the "work of faith and labour of love" which has fallen unfinished from his hand. The Yoruba country is open, and waits for faithful Missionaries to visit its large towns and villages, which, like Ado, are now in darkness. It is like a field broken up and prepared, and ready to receive the seed into its bosom: and shall there be none to go forth and sow? for the two Missionaries at Abbeokuta are fully occupied with the spiritual wants of that city and the care of its growing Christian Church: and Mr. Hinderer, our third Missionary, has advanced to Ibadan, a large town two days' journey towards the Niger, where it is probable the Chiefs and people will hold him fast. But let us read Mr. Van Cooten's account of Ado, and consider how earnestly the Lord is calling His people to this work. God forbid that any of us, by unchristian cowardice, and striving against the conviction that the Missionary work has a claim upon us, and that we ought to go, should bring on ourselves the solemn reproof, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

*Dec. 3, 1850*—Early this morning, accompanied by Mr. Marsh, I set off for Ado, a small town distant about twenty miles N. E. of Badagry. After some hours paddling on the Ossa, we entered the deep narrow river Yewa, from Ye-wa, "our mother," I believe. An hour more brought us to Ado. The town has two principal entrances, east and west: the former by a gate, where taxes are received for loads brought into the town, the latter by a creek. It is an ancient town, and as yet has escaped destruction. The population I should say is between 6000 and 8000, chiefly of the Egba-do tribe. The houses are large, but irregular, made of mud, and thatched with palm-leaves. Two or three generations live in one compound. The streets are narrow and dirty. The wall encloses a quantity of uncultivated land, reserved for culture during war, should their out-farms be cut off. I think they are an industrious and intelligent people, cultivating the soil to a fair extent. The men weave cotton cloth, and the women are expert in making fancy mats, bags, baskets, and cloths, from palm-leaves. Their chief god is Odu-dua: he is said to reside in Ado. In other respects they much resemble the Egbas—in their worship, customs, and persons.

As I entered the town I was at once surrounded by a large and noisy multitude: it was very painful to feel that the living mass was dead in sin. I at once proceeded to the house of Ikoko, the head Chief, followed by the multitude. As soon as I entered the



house the door was closed, and the people shut out. The Chief gave me a kind reception, and at once provided two rooms for the use of myself and people—or rather, I should say, two dens, for they were almost without light or air. A stranger is not allowed to walk about till he has seen the King. Finding this to be the case, I told Ikoko that I was a great walker, and that I needed much air and exercise: he must therefore let me walk out. After some hesitation, he said I might go, and sent two of his sons to direct me. After prayers, Ikoko and several of his people came into my room, and sat till past ten P.M.

*Dec. 4*—This morning, directly after prayers, I stole out of the house, and got beyond the wall of the town. Finding a path, I followed it, and went nearly round the town, except the part defended by a deep morass. I then visited the place where the Egbas encamped some five years ago. It is a beautiful farm. It appears, when the Egbas encamped before Ado, they enclosed themselves within a wall, built houses, and cultivated large fields of Indian corn, yams, beans, bananas, &c. After supplying their camp, they disposed of large quantities. When they broke up the encampment, on the approach of the Dahomians, the Ado people took possession of the farms, and have since kept them in good cultivation. The wall is in a good state of repair, and the young men of the town are cleaning out the moat.

After breakfast I called upon the King: he kept me waiting half an hour, when I was led through seven court-yards into a neat square building. The King soon made his appearance, without any show or pomp. He appeared cleanly in person and dress—a man, I should say, about forty-five, of pleasing countenance, and, I should think, a man of peace. He spoke freely on several subjects. I told him why I had come to see him; and that, if he would allow me, I would deliver my message from God to him. I then set before him the all-important truths of the Gospel. When about to take leave, he said if I had any other word I must speak it in private, for a great many people were then present. I now felt at liberty to go amongst the people. Accordingly I spent the day in speaking to them in five different parts of the town. In each place I had a large number of attentive hearers. I have seldom met with more order and attention: it is quite refreshing, after the hard-heartedness of the Popos.

*Dec. 5*—This morning at three A.M. I arose, and was scarcely dressed before Ikoko came to conduct me to the King. I was told it was a mark of respect to be invited so early. I found the King waiting for me, seated on a chair with a country lamp before him, and two boys at his side. After saluting him, he addressed me at some length, the substance being as follows—“I thank you for coming to my town, and hope you will be my friend: I desire to hold you tight. I wish a White Man to come and settle in the town, to teach my people, and to bring lawful trade. I desire peace, and entreat you to make it known to the Chiefs of Abbeokuta, as you have brothers there. I wish you to look upon Ikoko as equal to myself, for it is by his power and influence I am sitting here now. He is, in fact, King, though I have the name: whatever he says and promises you, is as if I did it. War has reduced me and my people to much poverty. I have been obliged to sell the old King’s”—his father’s—“things, to purchase guns and powder. Peace only can restore us to our former state: my people are most anxious to culti-

vate their farms. *I have heard how much the great Queen of England has done to destroy the Slave-trade: I thank her for it, and hope she will not grow tired till it is put down. I thank her for all her great kindness.*" I replied to these and other points, and stated that the Consul would shortly visit us, when I would make known their gratitude to the Queen, and in his presence would mention their request to the Chiefs of Abbeokuta. I then left, after an interview of nearly two hours. The morning began to break as we left the house. I then stole into the bush for a little quiet time. My greatest outward privation, when staying in these towns and villages, is the want of air, light, and, above all, quiet. The soul needs this. After prayers I went into the town and spoke to the people: the rest of the morning I spent in visiting the chief men. In the afternoon I went a second time round the town, inside the wall, speaking in several places to a goodly number of attentive hearers. I believe, if the Gospel were statedly brought before these people they would receive it as willingly as the Egbae.

*Dec. 6*—The day spent in going about from place to place, speaking to the people. My out-door work generally commences at half-past six A.M. and closes at half-past five P.M. Whilst addressing a large number of people under a tree, a procession of thirty-five men in Indian file passed by, consisting of the elders and chief men of the town. The front man held a roll of calico before him. As they came in sight, the people around me fell prostrate to the ground, and continued singing certain words till the procession had passed by. I afterwards learnt that they had gone to a public sacrifice, for the peace of the town, to their god Odu-dua; by which, I believe, they mean the Almighty, as I frequently asked them, and they said he was a great Spirit. Osorun and Odu-dua, they said, were the same. Notwithstanding this, their light is darkness: they know not God, though ignorantly they worship Him. I cannot find that they know any thing of the immortality of the soul, of a future judgment, of the joy of heaven, or the misery of hell. I always ask the question in every place I visit. Here and there they have a faint knowledge of it, as is shown in worshipping their forefathers and their departed kings, transmigration, &c.; but I cannot find that they have any right perceptions relative to the union of body and soul, or the state of either after death. I have asked chiefs, priests, and people; and the only answers I can obtain from them are, "We do not know," or, "God only knows"—"No one has ever returned after death to say where he has been"—"We must leave this in the hand of God"—"It is not for man to know."

*Dec. 8: Lord's-day*—I went into the town, as usual, early this morning. After breakfast I assembled the men with me to read to them a part of the Service of our Church, and expound a passage of Scripture. I was anxious, also, to set before the heathen the way in which we worship God on His own day. Ikoko gave me his yard for that purpose, and attended himself, with most of his people, so that the yard was nearly filled. During the Service they were most attentive, but less so when I addressed them from John iii. 16. It was very comforting to feel that thousands were at the same time engaged in the same work, especially in happy England. O that all men were! The time, the set time for Africa, I believe is nigh at hand. I then went amongst the people, and addressed them in several places. After I had been speaking for

some time, an old man came forward and said, "We do not worship idols as gods: we only look to them as our messengers." I have found this to be a very general notion: how far it is true I cannot say. Like the Romanists, they may make them their gods to all intents and purposes. The old man was anxious to know what substitute I would give them if they put them away, saying that they "needed something they could see and handle." I answered him by proving that all idols were an abomination in the sight of God; that they were without power, and unable to help themselves, much less to protect others, as mentioned in Psalms cxv. and cxxxv., and Isa. xl. 20, xlv. 9—20. I said Christ was the only messenger or mediator between God and man, and then dwelt upon the fulness, freeness, and all-sufficiency of His atonement.

Whilst speaking, a young man urged me to visit his sister, as she wanted much to see me: this same man had followed me to almost every place where I had spoken. As I entered the house, a tall majestic woman followed me, dressed in a singular manner, holding a beautiful head-dress made of cowries in her hands. As she passed, the people knelt, when she waved this head-dress over their heads, promising children to the women, and success to the men in all their undertakings. She attempted to throw it over Mr. Marsh's head, but he pushed it from him. This woman is a priestess of Sango, and a fire-eater, and is supposed to possess supernatural power. I then spoke to the brother and sister—the latter is a priestess also—in the presence of many people. The young man replied, saying that the Word I had brought to them was good, and they were anxious to know more of it. He, and many of the young men of the town, would like to follow it, but they were afraid, because, when left to themselves, they would not know how to go on unless they had some one to teach them. If they attempted it, and failed, all the young men in the town would be against them. They had been brought up in idolatry by their fathers: they were strong in this, and knew how to serve their idols; but since I had told them that they were hateful in the sight of God, and came from the devil, they wished to give them up, and serve the White Man's God, if some one would teach them how. I felt the force and truth of his remarks, and gave him all the instruction I could.

It is often with much pain I leave a place, feeling that, unless the Word is again and again brought before the people, it is but of little use. *O Lord God! hasten the time when many shall go east and west, north and south, to gather Thy sheep into the fold of Jesus!*

### THE CONTRAST.

(Compare Matt. viii. 28, with Luke viii. 35.)

NEW ZEALAND was once a savage land indeed. Like the waves of the sea, agitated by fierce winds, the tribes were never at rest, and war, in its most cruel form, raged around. There was no security for property or life. The Natives, instead of dwelling in healthful hamlets scattered over the face of the country, were crowded in close villages, with a wooden stockade constructed round them. Stealthily, indeed, the taua (fight) was sure to come, and, if successful in surprising a weaker party, showed no mercy: there was the

murderous rush, and the horrid feast. Such was the habitual dread in which individuals lived in those sad times, that mothers have been known to put to death their infant children, lest, in the time of war and flight, they might be an hinderance to them. Then, in the dead of night, might be heard the doleful sound of the pahu, or war-bell, sounding from within the inclosure of some strongly-timbered Pa, the signal that an enemy was at hand; or the loud roaring of the putara putara, or war-horn. Of the pahu we have given an engraving below. It was an oblong piece of wood with a groove in



the centre, slung on a lofty cross pole. Immediately beneath it, on an elevated scaffold, sat the person who sounded it, which was done by inserting a heavy piece of wood into the groove, and striking back and forward, producing a dull heavy sound, which was heard far in the stillness of the night; while with every stroke the man still uttered the watch-word of alarm. It was a suitable prelude to the sad scenes which were sure to take place with the morning's

dawn, when the dreadful pukana,\* or war-dance, commenced, with which the Natives roused themselves to the work of mutual slaughter.

But the transforming power of the Gospel has interposed. He who of old rebuked the winds and waves has stilled the vindictive restlessness of human passions, and peace now prevails where once it was unknown. The well-stocked adze and carved houses within are left deserted; and there, perchance, amidst the rank vegetation which thrives undisturbed, the curious searcher after New-Zealand antiquities may find the remains of an old pahu, of the use of which a New-Zealand child of the present generation is as happily ignorant as one from our own happy land.

We introduce from the communications of our Missionaries some interesting facts illustrative of the change which has taken place in the character and habits of the New Zealanders. They show the healing power of the Gospel. Its blessed truths are, indeed, the leaves of that tree which are "for the healing of the nations." The first has been communicated to us by the Rev. J. Morgan, of Otawhao, in a letter dated March 24, 1851.

You will remember that before the introduction of the Gospel, Rauparaha and his tribe were driven away from this neighbourhood, having been conquered by the Waikato tribes. Rauparaha journeyed south, and conquered the tribes at Kapiti, where his tribe remain to the present time. About twelve months ago, a few of the leading persons of Rauparaha's tribe determined to visit the land of their fathers, from which, when children, they had been driven away. When their wish became known, invitations were sent to them from all the Chiefs now living in the country formerly belonging to Rauparaha. After a journey of several hundred miles on foot, they arrived, two months ago, at Arowena, thirty miles from Otawhao, and passed on to Maungatautari and Tauranga. Invitations were sent from every village on the line of road, and feasts prepared for them. They came unarmed: the deadly animosity of former years had passed away, and the conquerors and the conquered met in peace, and worshipped the Author of the Gospel of peace in the same house of prayer. It was an interesting sight to see several hundred once savage New Zealanders thus assembled together.

When at Orakau, Porokuru Titipa, the Chief of Otawhao, Haunui, and others, at the request of Te Werowero, returned to the strangers a large tract of country, including the west side of Maungatautari, that, in the event of their wishing to return to their old possessions, they might be able to do so.

We add another fact from the Kaitia District, to the extreme north of the island. It occurs in the Rev. J. Matthews' Journal.

Aug. 25, 1850: *Lord's-day*—A few days since there was one of the narrowest escapes of a battle at the Settlement bridge that ever I witnessed. This was owing to great imprudence on the part of our Chief, Busby Ripi, who had sent a heathen native to take a

\* *Pukana*, v. To grin, to make faces. During the dance the New Zealanders greatly distorted their countenances, especially thrusting out the tongue to a degree almost incredible.

native woman—the widow of an European lately deceased—for one of his young men whom he wished to see married. I never saw Natives more determined: and on the woman's protector, who is a brave native Chief, calling out to the women and children to "clear off" the bridge—for action—the opposite party stripped off their clothes and rushed with their bayonets to the bridge. I was sitting amongst the opposite party at the time, endeavouring to prevail upon them, as they had acted on wrong counsel, to return quietly. When they heard the words "Clear off," or "Stand clear," each one said, "Yes, yes!" "Indeed, yes!" "I respond to that!" and their clothes were off and spears in hand in a trice. They dared each other in an awful manner—another European and myself were on the centre of the bridge—but after a quarter of an hour's coaxing, with good words, the parties separated friendly, and left the woman with her friends. The Natives of New Zealand are something like the Arabs, and other free and independent nations. They must be dealt with according as they are. They are a race of soldiers—of men who know their own history well, and their country's capabilities: and it is, indeed, a wonderful thing to find that they have been so tamed by the Gospel that thousands have received the Truth in the love of it. In my opinion, a thousand Lazarus raised from the dead would not be a greater miracle than the reception of the Gospel by the Natives of these islands.

We would conclude this summary of facts, by which we would wish to keep the New Zealanders and the work of evangelization amongst them before our Christian friends, with the following touching circumstance, from Mr. Matthews' Journal—

Nov. 4—I went to the Poutaki, a village nine miles off, to visit an old blind woman of the name of Pore. She had been anxious for baptism for some time, of which I had been several times reminded by the Teacher, and also by the Chief, her relative. They would say, "The blind person wishes to be baptized; she will not live long; do not delay." This old woman has long attended the means of grace, and appeared truly serious. Our itinerant Native Teacher was present, and he inquired of her, "Do you know what it is to pray?" To which she answered, "Do you mean long prayers, as those used in Divine Worship?" "No," was the reply; "but short petitions, such as that used by the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'" She replied, "*That prayer is my sleeping friend,*" meaning, that that was the petition she mostly used, and her last prayer at night. She walked into the native-built Church with some Christians of the village and the Native Teacher of the place, and was baptized by the name of Keturah.

#### ~~~~~ VISIT OF THE BISHOP OF RUPERT'S LAND TO FAIRFORD, MANITOBA.

OUR Missionary Stations in Rupert's Land are very widely separated from each other. Cumberland Station is upwards of three weeks' voyage from the head-quarters of the Mission at the Red River. The great lake Winnipeg must first be crossed; and then the mouth of the Saskatchewan river is reached, about two miles from which are the Great Falls. Here the boats must be taken out of the water, drawn up a steep precipice by ropes, conveyed two

miles by land, and then lowered into the river above the falls. Ascending the channel of the river, the voyager is led first into Cedar Lake, and then into a smaller one called Muddy Lake, and then the strong current of the river must again be stemmed before the Station is reached. Lac-la-Ronge lies north-west from Cumberland, and is ten or twelve days' additional voyage up the river.

Manitoba is not so far from Red River as either of the Stations which we have mentioned. Its distance is about 200 miles. The Rev. A. Cowley commenced Missionary work in this district in 1842, and, until the beginning of the year, he has been labouring there amidst much difficulty and discouragement. The first place at which the Station was formed not being found favourable, he proceeded in the winter season to visit the present locality, Partridge Crop. The weather was most severe, a high wind drifting the snow so furiously in their faces that they could with difficulty travel. All around was desolation, the winter having stripped the trees of their leaves, and sealed the ground and the waters of the lake with ice. So hard have been the hearts of the Indians around him, so bare of encouragement his work, so wintry and chill its aspect. The heart of our Missionary has been often sad within him, and his health has suffered in consequence. It was to cheer him by Christian counsel and kindly sympathy that the Bishop of Rupert's Land journeyed, in February last, to Manitoba from the Red River. His conveyance was a light sledge drawn by dogs—the sledge just large enough to hold him. In this the Bishop sat, with a large beaver-skin cap, a heavy coat, and a few blankets and buffalo robes wrapped closely round him. The dogs had very gay trappings, saddle-cloths, and collars—of scarlet and blue. They went along with much speed and vigour, a whip being seldom necessary, a knock on the side of the sledge being sufficient to urge them on. The person who drives them runs by their side, or jumps on a board that projects from the sledge behind.\* The Bishop, on first setting out, had many a capsize, but soon learned so to balance himself in the sledge as to avoid being dragged along with his elbow on the snow. Another sledge followed, with baggage and food.

Mr. Cowley had been anxiously expecting him. We can well conceive how grateful it must have been to our Missionary in his secluded position, shut out from all clerical society, to have the Bishop with him, and seated at his own fire-side. One subject, however, had caused him some anxiety—how he should be able to find a sufficiency of useful and interesting employment for his guest during more than a week's visit at Manitoba. One Candidate for Baptism, and a few for Confirmation, were all that he had to present—scanty results to show, after so many prayerful and persevering efforts. But “who hath despised the day of small things?” Luke Shata, after due preparation by the Bishop, was baptized: and this appears to have touched the hearts of several Indians in whom the work of grace

\* The description here given is illustrated in our Frontispiece.

had been going forward, but who had kept the convictions which they experienced as much as possible secreted within their own breasts. But now they could no longer refrain: as they witnessed Luke's baptism, the smouldering fire within kindled into a flame, and they came forward with their voluntary and anxious application to be received as Candidates for Baptism. To these first applicants others were soon added, until the number reached twenty. Mr. Cowley, in relating this joyful circumstance, says—

So great was the effect of the disclosure upon my poor Schoolmaster, Charles Pratt, that he was quite overwhelmed with astonishment: he had been with me but a year, and had not, it would appear, perceived the change which was silently going on in the Indians' minds. Although it had an effect on myself, too, yet I was in a measure prepared for it by constant intercourse and observation for years past. Notwithstanding that the number of converts, compared with what has been accomplished in other places, is, after all, quite small, yet, as a triumph of the Gospel, the present case is perhaps second to none. For many years past it has been my painful duty to exhibit my people as, of all upon the face of the earth, the most callous and indifferent to spiritual things. Still, however, latterly there have been indications of a better state in embryo; yet that twenty-two should in one year, and twenty of them during the Bishop's visit, be added to the Church from among such a people, is matter for praise and thanksgiving to the whole Christian world.

To this we must add the Bishop's own testimony—

The full and detailed account of my visit to the Rev. A. Cowley's Station, in March, will reach the Society by the ship.\* Light is beginning to break over that dark spot, and, should his own health only be strengthened, he will, I do not doubt, soon perceive the good seed springing up. At my Confirmation there I had fifteen Candidates, regarding all of whom I satisfied myself by previous examination. But to my own mind the more hopeful feature was the baptism of some families, the reception into the outward Church, in two separate cases, of the grandparent, parent, and child. They were not converts of the moment or a day, but those whom Mr. Cowley had long kept back, even for years. The work is, in consequence, the surer. It now begins to look like a Christian village, clustering around his School. As many of the inhabitants were then receiving a new name, I thought the place also might well have one. It is not exactly at the Partridge Crop, which is to the north-west of the Society's Station, and is an awkward and unseemly name. Nor can it be called Manitoba, as it is six miles from Manitoba Lake, on a river of its own, between the Partridge Crop and St. Martin's Lake. I suggested, in consequence, the name of Fairford, the spot from which their good and devoted Missionary came, and I would only pray that the light of Divine truth may shine brightly on Fairford, Manitoba, and make it a name and a praise in this land.

The winter is long in Rupert's Land—from October until May the snow lies on the ground; but when the boundary of winter is once passed, the progress of vegetation is astonishingly rapid. On

\* This account is printed at length in the "Church Missionary Intelligencer" for November and December.



one day not a leaf will be visible; on the next day there will be abundance; and in a week all will be green. The moral winter at Fairfield has been long: it has seemed as though it would never give way. Instruction given to the Indians has seemed like good seed cast on the frost-bound earth, or the icy lake. But the boundary of this long winter has been at length passed, and we trust that now the work will advance rapidly, and ripen gloriously to its maturity.

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"A GOOD SOIL\* BY GREAT WATERS."

IN this, our concluding Number for the year, we have introduced notices from various Missionary fields—Africa, New Zealand, North America—all illustrative of the progress of the Gospel, and the anxiety of the heathen for instruction. There is another Mission-field, where there are millions willing and waiting to be taught, an important and populous field of labour indeed, over which, if we had only the men, the good seed of the Gospel might be thickly sown without any hinderance. India is that field. It lies open before us, and the Lord seems to say, "Go up, and possess it."

We have received an account of a Missionary tour accomplished by our Missionary the Rev. J. J. Weitbrecht, and the Rev. A. F. Lacroix, of Calcutta, in the Burdwan District, North India, at the commencement of the present year. Some few extracts from this deeply-interesting Journal will enable us to form some idea of the disposition of the people to hear, and the enlarged opportunity of usefulness which is open to us in India.

*Jan. 13, 1851*—We halted at Hajipur. As the tent was put up, we were surrounded by 250 people, and, after taking our simple meal, proceeded to preach. There was no lack of hearers in this populous place—weavers, shopkeepers, and peasants, all came to hear the Gospel. I spoke on the parable of the unfruitful fig-tree. They all agreed that a tree which bears no fruit is only fit for firewood. I pointed out the need of a change of heart in those who are spiritually barren and dead, and directed them to Christ, who could effect it. This was a delightful meeting. I felt that the power of the Spirit was amongst us. Many seemed to be moved. Looking at the mass of people before me—not less than 300—I inwardly prayed that the Lord would manifest Himself among them, and open their hearts.

I asked the people to show me another place where they were in the habit of meeting in the evening. They conducted me to a Shib temple, and requested that I would preach from its steps. I always like such a spot: it is carrying the lamp of the Gospel into Satan's dark corners. I had the honour to sit before the nose of the idol. I spoke on the text, "God so loved the world." Among about 400 hearers there were some thirty females peeping out between the nearest cottages, and listening with intense attention. It is very encouraging to see elderly females among our hearers, feelingly nodding assent.

*Jan. 14*—In the afternoon we went to Ramjibonpur, a place of 10,000

\* Or, Field.

inhabitants. What a densely-peopled country this is! No sooner had we arrived in the market-place than we were followed by at least 500 people. It is not likely that a Missionary ever saw this town, yet the people immediately found out who we were. "Ishu Krister lok"—Jesus Christ's people—"are come." This report was carried from mouth to mouth. Mr. Lacroix preached in the market to about 800 hearers. I went further on, and had as many as my voice could reach.

*Jan. 22*—We marched to Kamapuker. The people from the jungles bring loads of ebony-wood on bullocks to these parts. It is purchased by turners, who make hookah pipes of it for smoking. The piercing cold north wind made me quite stiff and lazy. In looking for a suitable spot to address the people, I was attracted to a shop, in which a decrepit old Brahmin was sitting and chanting verses from the Ramayun. While I was preaching to a small body of people, the pungent smell of red pepper, which was being winnowed by some women, caused a general cough among my hearers: soon my breath was affected by the same cause, and I was obliged to stop short. Some young people conducted me to another place, and invited me to sit down, when forthwith a door was opened and an image of Kali was displayed. I said, "Do you expect salvation from such a dirty, horrid figure?" "Yes."—"Oh, you misguided people! a thing which is made of mud and straw and bamboos! Are you not ashamed of your folly? It has eyes, and cannot see; a mouth, and cannot speak; feet, and cannot walk. If you knew how greatly you dishonour and insult the true God, our kind Creator and Father, by your idolatry! Do throw away the dirty idol, and pray to Him." An elderly man, with a pleasant look of honesty about him, said, "You are right; we are in great error: you have pointed to the right place"—he saw me lifting my hand towards heaven—"there is the true God. But we know Him not, and there is none to show us the right way." I said a short prayer, and made him repeat it—"Lord, have mercy upon me, a poor sinner, and show me the way of salvation by the help of Thy good Spirit." I once more repeated it, and he promised to pray it every day. "Please give me also a book in which I may read of this incarnation of love and mercy." He accompanied me to the tent, and I gave him the Gospels of Matthew and John. I sometimes think, after such an interview, What a blessed privilege it is, if, by our poor efforts here and there, only a desire after God and salvation is awakened in a Hindu!

We have now, in conclusion, to entreat our readers to be much in prayer to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that the hungry multitudes in various quarters of the earth may not be suffered to continue in destitution of the bread of life. "The harvest is plenteous"—Yes! what a plenteous harvest indeed! In Africa, India, &c. &c. "the fields are white to the harvest;" but "the labourers are few:" and we are like the agriculturist, who, with abundance before him, is without the means to gather it in. But He who has given the opportunity is able to give the men. He only waits that we should entreat Him. This, then, is our work—the special work to which we are called at the present moment. He who refrains prayer at a time like this, how can he have a true Missionary spirit?